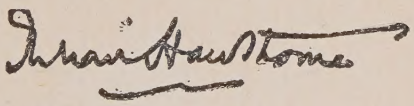
SPECIAL EDITION

THE LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL AGES



COPYRIGHT, 1900

PAUL WAGNER, PINX

MIGNON

COPYRIGHT, 1900

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/literatureofalln0008juli_s0d4

THE

LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS

AND ALL AGES

HISTORY, CHARACTER, AND INCIDENT

EDITED BY

JULIAN HAWTHORNE JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG

JOHN PORTER LAMBERTON

One Hundred Demi-Teinte Plates from Paintings by the World's Best Artists

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME VIII

CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA ST. LOUIS

E. R. DU MONT

1900

Copyright, 1899,
By ART LIBRARY PUBLISHING CO.

Copyright, 1900,
By E. R. DU MONT

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME VIII.

PAGE

GERMAN LITERATURE—PERIOD IV. 9

FREDERIC HAGEDORN 13

The Merry Soap-boiler 13

The Hen and the Diamond 15

C. F. GELLERT 16

The Cuckoo 17

The Two Heirs 18

The Painter and the Critics 18

W. L. GLEIM 19

War-Song 20

The Wanderer 20

The Bee and the Maiden 21

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK 22

Abbadona and Abdiel 23

Abbadona Beholds Christ in Gethsemane 24

Hermann and Thusnelda 25

G. E. LESSING 26

Nathan and the Templar 27

Nathan the Wise before Saladin 31

Ancient Imitation of the Beautiful 39

The Three Kingdoms of Nature 42

The Ape and the Fox 42

The Eagle and the Fox 42

The Swallow 43

The Peacocks and the Crow 43

The Pursuit of Truth 43

MOSES MENDELSSOHN 44

The Naïve 44

PAGE

GERMAN LITERATURE—PERIOD IV. (CONTINUED).

C. M. WIELAND 46

Sir Huon Enters the Sultan's Palace 48

J. H. VOSS 53

Luise's Eighteenth Birthday 54

THE STORMSTERS 57

GOTTFRIED A. BÜRGER 60

Lenore 60

GERMAN LITERATURE—PERIOD V. 67

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE 70

The Sorrows of Werther 76

Hermann and Dorothea 80

Mignon 84

Mignon's Song 86

The Mysterious Harper 88

Shakespeare's Hamlet 91

Vanitas! Vanitatum Vanitas! 93

The Fisher 94

The King in Thule 95

FAUST 96

The Frightful End of Doctor Faustus 102

Prologue in Heaven 108

Faust and Margaret 111

Admission to Heaven 115

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER 119

Fridolin; or the Message to the Forge 124

The Division of the World 130

Wallenstein's Daughter 131

Wallenstein's Treason 132

The Maiden's Lament 137

William Tell Leaving Home 137

William Tell and the Tyrant 141

Trooper's Song 144

PAGE

DANISH LITERATURE—PERIOD I. 145

King Oluf the Saint 148

The Elected Knight 151

JOHANNES EVALD 152

King Christian 152

LUDVIG HOLBERG 154

The Burgomaster's Wife 156

The Faithful Domestics 158

DANISH LITERATURE—PERIOD II. 165

J. E. BAGGESEN 166

Childhood 166

The Passport 167

A. G. OEHLENSCHLÄGER 174

Scandinavian Heroes and Bards 175

Hakon Jarl and Thora 176

Aladdin—Dedication to Goethe 181

Noureddin in Quest of the Magic Lamp 183

Aladdin's Prison-Hymn 185

SWEDISH LITERATURE 187

Sir Carl, the Cloister Robber 189

CARL M. BELLMAN 190

Up, Amaryllis 191

Drink Out Thy Glass 192

ESAIAS TEGNÉR 193

The Children of the Lord's Supper 194

The Veteran 196

King Charles's Guard 197

SPANISH LITERATURE—PERIOD V. 199

ERCILLA 201

The Araucanian Chief 201

CALDERON DE LA BARCA 205

The Scholar's Temptation 207

PAGE

SPANISH LITERATURE—PERIOD V. (CONTINUED).

St. Patrick 213
The Inflexible Prince 220
TOMAS DE YRIARTE 222
The Ass and the Flute 222
The Bear, the Monkey and the Pig 222
The Country Squire's Library 223
J. F. DE ISLA 225
Friar Gerundio's Sermon 226

FRENCH LITERATURE—PERIOD VII. 229
BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE 232
The Shipwreck of Virginia 233
J. F. DE LA HARPE 241
A Vision of the Revolution 241
ANDRÉ CHENIER 243
To Charlotte Corday 245
ROUGET DE LISLE 247
The Marseillaise 248
MADAME DE STAËL 249
Passion Week in Rome 251
JOSEPH DE MAISTRE 254
The Executioner 256
VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND 258
Chactas Relates the Death of Atala 259
ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS 266
Vision of the Future 267
Mother and Daughter 268
The Exile 270
ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE 271
My Childhood's Home 272
The Lover's Last Interview 273
The Cedars of Lebanon 275
The Trial and Death of Charlotte Corday 277

PAGE

CELTIC LITERATURE—SECTION III. 282

LATER IRISH LITERATURE 282

St. Patrick's Breastplate 283

Bran's Voyage to the Isle of Delight 285

The Epitaph of Œngus 287

The Heavenly Pilot 287

The Sea-Maiden's Vengeance 287

The Harp that Ransomed 289

Lament for Eoghan Rua O'Neill 291

The Song of Echo 292

SCOTCH LITERATURE—PERIOD II. 294

Sir Patrick Spens 296

WILLIAM DRUMMOND 299

Epitaph on Prince Henry 300

To His Lute 300

To a Nightingale 301

Sweet Rose 301

ALLAN RAMSAY 301

Lochaber No More 303

Rustic Courtship 303

The Maids' Dialogue on Marriage 304

ROBERT BURNS 308

Mary Morrison 311

The Cotter's Family Worship 312

To Mary in Heaven 314

Tam O'Shanter 315

ENGLISH LITERATURE—PERIOD VII. 320

BISHOP THOMAS PERCY 323

O Nanny, Wilt Thou Go with Me? 324

JOHN HOME 325

Lady Randolph Discovers her Son 325

R. B. SHERIDAN 330

Bob Acres' Duel 332

PAGE

ENGLISH LITERATURE—PERIOD VII. (CONTINUED).

EDMUND BURKE 341
Marie Antoinette 343
Burke's Tribute to his Son 344
WILLIAM COWPER 346
The Gipsies 347
The Stricken Deer 348
To Mary 349
John Gilpin's Ride 350
On the Loss of the Royal George 352
England 352
The Castaway 353
SIR WALTER SCOTT 355
Caledonia 361
The Parting of Marmion and Douglas 361
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu 364
The Storming of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle 366
The Betrothal of Lucy Ashton 374
Queen Elizabeth and Amy Robsart 380
Rob Roy in the Tolbooth at Glasgow 391

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME VIII.

	ARTIST.	PAGE
MIGNON	*Paul Wagner*	Frontispiece
LUISE'S BIRTHDAY FEAST	*J. Günther*	54
THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER	*E. Bosch*	78
FRIDOLIN'S MESSAGE TO THE FORGE	*H. Knöchl*	128
WILLIAM TELL MEETS THE VICEROY	*G. Schauer*	140
VIRGINIA CAST ON THE SHORE	*C. Von Bodenhausen*	234
ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE	*I. A. A. Pils*	248
THE BURIAL OF ATALA	*A. L. Girodet de Roussy*	264
THE LAST TOILET OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY	*E. M. Ward*	280
LUCY OF LAMMERMOOR	*A. Vely*	377

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD IV. 1650–1770.

AFTER the intellectual and religious stir of the Reformation, literature in Germany, instead of springing into new life and flourishing, as in England and France, became a dreary desert, slightly relieved by a few oases of little productiveness. The country was devastated with war and bloodshed; the princes, careless of letters, were competing for absolute power; the people, harassed and tax-ridden, were beaten into sullen silence. Pious souls turned in horror from the present evil world and expressed their longing for a better country in devout hymns. Learned men sought solace in peaceful studies. Those impelled to write imitated foreign works—English, French, Italian—or translated ancient classics. The German language, despised and neglected, became corrupt, and was then decked out with foreign phrases. Preachers interlarded their homely prose with Latin quotations, making what Leibnitz called "misch-masch." The most noted user of this medley was the eccentric popular preacher known as Abraham a Sancta Clara (1642–1700).

Yet in the same century there appeared some signs of improvement. In imitation of the Italian academies, societies were formed for the culture of the mother tongue. The earliest of these literary unions was "The Palm Order," or "Fruit-bearing Society," formed at Weimar in 1617, and including several princes and noblemen. Certain schools of

poetry are also recognized as belonging to this time. The most important was the First Silesian School, the head of which was Martin Opitz (1599–1639), pastoral poet and laureate to the emperor. Though this school imitated foreign models, it banished foreign words, and improved poetic metre and diction. Of the second Silesian school Hoffmanswaldau (1618–1679) was the chief representative; he was at times sentimental and sensuous, and again bombastic and extravagant. Lohenstein (1635–1683), who belonged to this school, was the first to make popular the story of the ancient German hero, Hermann, in his romance of "Arminius and Thusnelda." His dramas were full of absurdities, set off with spectacular effects.

In the seventeenth century no one could have believed that the reorganization and future greatness of Germany was to be wrought out from the little electorate of Brandenburg. In no part of the empire had the ravages of the Thirty Years' War been more disastrous. Berlin, the capital, had but three hundred citizens left. The Hohenzollern princes were unrelenting autocrats. The Great Elector (1640–1688) suppressed municipal freedom. His grandson, Frederick William, the first king of Prussia, built up the first standing army of Europe by trampling upon the rights of men. But these stern soldier kings made public service their watchword, and that principle has made Prussia the head of Germany to-day. The great Frederick, though as fond of literature as his father was a despiser of it, wasted no patronage on the poets of the Fatherland. He once exclaimed, in mingled German and French, "I have never read a German book, and I speak German like a coachman." Voltaire, when residing at his court in 1750, wrote, "I am here still in France. We all talk in our own language, and men educated at Königsberg know many of my poems by heart. German is left for soldiers and horses." Yet the leaven had then been working for a century.

The greatest genius of the interregnum, whose writings awakened philosophic thought, and gave a new impulse to the German mind, was Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz (1646–1716). Though he pleaded for the culture of his native

tongue, he composed his most important works in Latin and French. A statesman as well as a philosopher, he was often engaged in diplomatic service. As a mathematician he had a controversy with Sir Isaac Newton in regard to the discovery of the differential calculus, the honor of which both claimed. In his "Théodicée" he maintained that the actual world is the best possible, and that evil, whether physical or moral, is necessary to the attainment of strength and virtue. For this optimism Leibnitz was ridiculed by Voltaire, under the name of Dr. Pangloss. Christian Wolf (1679–1745), a disciple of Leibnitz, did much to propagate his master's ideas. Though banished from Prussia in 1723, he returned when the great Frederick ascended the throne in 1740. The philosophical labors of Leibnitz and Wolf prepared the way for the revival and reform of German literature, finally effected by the genius of Lessing.

Yet other causes tended to the same end. There was literary as well as religious sympathy between North Germany and England. An important controversy arose between the admirers of the French school and those who looked to England for better models. The pedantic Gottsched, of Leipsic (1700–1766), was the leader of the former party, and Bodmer, of Zurich (1698–1783), the exponent of the latter. Gottsched translated Racine and Addison's "Cato;" Bodmer translated Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Pope's "Dunciad;" and he also edited part of the "Nibelungenlied." Neither was successful in original work; the Saxon having tried dramatic and the Swiss epic poetry, taking the Deluge as his theme. As critics, Bodmer's party prevailed, and Gottsched, who had been a literary dictator, was driven into obscurity. Of the Anacreonticists of the time, F. von Hagedorn (1708–1754) was an imitator of Horace; but C. F. Gellert (1716–1769) in his "Fables" claimed originality. Most of the literary tribe translated or imitated the contemporary English poets and novelists. Macpherson's "Ossian," fully accepted as a revelation of ancient northern poetry, helped to spread the literary Anglomania. "Father Gleim" (1719–1803) was a noted patron of poets, and himself wrote patriotic songs for the Prussian cause.

But the most remarkable product of the sympathy for English literature is seen in Klopstock's epic, "The Messiah," which began to appear in 1748 and was completed in 1773. Undoubtedly inspired by Milton's work, it aimed to be a more truly evangelical poem, but the German's diverse genius failed to give unity and force to his undertaking. It was composed in hexameter verse, and its best parts are the similes and descriptions; yet even these are sometimes unduly prolonged.

A still more commanding genius was the learned Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729–1781). After writing on English models the drama "Miss Sara Sampson," he chose a national theme in "Minna von Barnhelm," and endeavored to establish a truly national drama. For this purpose he founded a theatrical review, in which he explained the principles of dramatic art. Later he became librarian at Wolfenbüttel, and among other work discussed in his "Laokoön" the theory of ancient art. In this he freely criticized the ideas of J. J. Winckelmann (1717–1768), who had sacrificed his life to the study of this subject. Important as was Lessing's influence on art and literature, his ultimate aim was to promote the unity of mankind in thought and action. This was set forth in his elaborate philosophical essay "On the Education of Mankind," published anonymously. His defence of religious toleration was presented in a more striking form in his drama, "Nathan the Wise," which was founded on the unique personality of Moses Mendelssohn.

C. M. Wieland (1733–1813), a disciple of Bodmer, began with pietistic verses, but soon adopting Epicurean views, devoted his busy pen to the amusement of the people, so that it was said that "Wieland's muse had cast off her nun's dress, and was attired as a fashionable lady." His best poem is the romantic story "Oberon," and his prose romances include "Agathon," "The Abderites," and "Aristippus," in which the form and scenery are ancient, but the spirit modern. His literary journal, *The German Mercury*, published at Weimar, was long regarded as an authority in its field. Wieland was the immediate precursor of Goethe, and though less able, manifested the same spirit.

FREDERIC HAGEDORN.

THE light-hearted Hagedorn in his mode of life resembled Charles Lamb. For twenty years he was clerk in the English factory at Hamburg, but devoted his hours out of office to literary work—songs, fables, and stories. Born in 1708, he had entered on the study of law when his father's death compelled him to leave the University of Jena. As secretary to the Danish minister, he spent two years in England and became well acquainted with English literature. His character is readily seen in his poem on "The Merry Soap-boiler." He died in 1754.

THE MERRY SOAP-BOILER.

A STEADY and a skillful toiler,
John got his bread as a soap-boiler,
Earned all he wished, his heart was light,
He worked and sang from morn till night.
E'en during meals his notes were heard,
And to his beer were oft preferred;
At breakfast, and at supper, too,
His throat had double work to do;
He oftener sang than said his prayers,
And dropped asleep while humming airs:
Until his every next-door neighbor
Had learned the tunes that cheered his labor,
And every passer-by could tell
Where merry John was wont to dwell.
At reading he was rather slack,
Studied at most the almanac,
To know when holidays were nigh,
And put his little savings by;
But sang the more on vacant days,
To waste the less his means and ways.

'Tis always well to live and learn.
The owner of the soap-concern—

A fat and wealthy burgomaster,
Who drank his hock, and smoked his k'naster,
At marketing was always apter
Than any prelate in the chapter,
And thought a pheasant in sour-krout
Superior to a turkey-poult;
But woke at times before daybreak
With heart-burn, gout, or liver-ache—
Oft heard our sky-lark of the garret
Sing to his slumber, but to mar it.

He sent for John, one day, and said:
"What's your year's income from your trade?"

"Master, I never thought of counting
To what my earnings are amounting
At the year's end: if every Monday
I've paid my meat and drink for Sunday,
And something in the box unspent
Remains for fuel, clothes and rent,
I've husbanded the needful scot,
And feel quite easy with my lot.
The maker of the almanac
Must, like your worship, know no lack,
Else a red-letter earnless day
Would oftener be struck away."

"John, you've been long a faithful fellow,
Though always merry, seldom mellow.
Take this rouleau of fifty dollars,
My purses glibly slip their collars;
But before breakfast let this singing
No longer in my ears be ringing:
When once your eyes and lips unclose,
I must forego my morning doze."

John blushes, bows, and stammers thanks,
And steals away on bended shanks,
Hiding and hugging his new treasure,
As it had been a stolen seizure.
At home he bolts his chamber-door,
Views, counts and weighs his tinkling store,

Nor trusts it to the savings-box
Till he has screwed on double locks.
His dog and he play tricks no more,
They're rival watchmen of the door.
Small wish has he to sing a word,
Lest thieves should climb his stair unheard.
At length he finds, the more he saves,
The more he frets, the more he craves;
That his old freedom was a blessing
Ill sold for all he's now possessing.

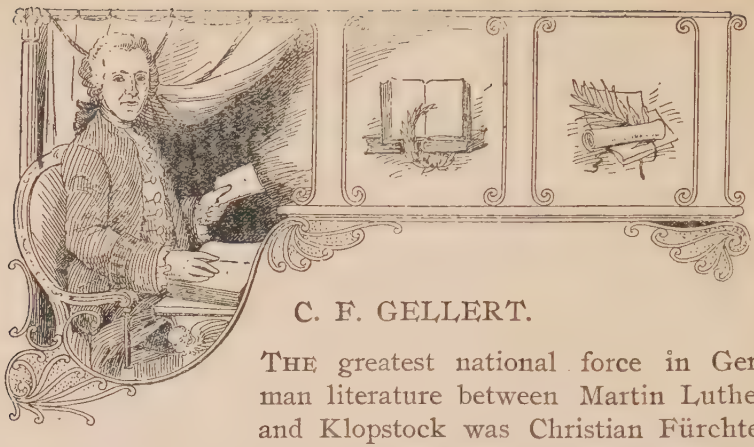
One day, he to his master went
And carried back his hoard unspent.
"Master," says he, "I've heard of old,
Unblest is he who watches gold.
Take back your present, and restore
The cheerfulness I knew before.
I'll take a room not quite so near,
Out of your worship's reach of ear,
Sing at my pleasure, laugh at sorrow,
Enjoy to-day, nor dread to-morrow,
Be still the steady, honest toiler,
The merry John, the old soap-boiler."

The Hen and the Diamond.

A hungry hen, in time of dearth,
Picked up a diamond of worth,
And buried it again in earth.

She spake, "What joy were it for me,
Could but the lovely stone I see
A grain of wheat or barley be!"

Well may abundance be deplored,
When all the treasures that we hoard
No real enjoyment do afford!



C. F. GELLERT.

THE greatest national force in German literature between Martin Luther and Klopstock was Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715–1769). He continued Luther's hymnody, but translated the stalwart faith of the great Reformer into a gentle, rationalistic piety. His writings, as Goethe has borne decisive witness, constituted, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the foundation of moral culture in Germany. The gentle piety of this timid bachelor professor inspired affection for him in the breasts of all classes of the people, while his reasoning method caused Frederick the Great to declare of him: "Gellert is the most rational of all the German savants." Both Goethe and Schiller were among his pupils at Leipsic. He was, indeed, the harbinger of the future individualism of German literature, as exemplified in its masters from Klopstock to Goethe. Professor Kuno Francke has remarked: "Gellert combined in himself those two tendencies which had come to be the chief forms of German literature after it had turned away from public life: rationalism and sentimentalism. He appeals to us, either by his humorous smile or his sympathetic tears. He dissects his own feelings as well as those of others. . . . In his 'Lectures on Morality,' not a single word about public or patriotic duties is to be found. The battle of Rossbach, the first national victory won by a German army since the days of Maximilian, an event which sent a thrill of joy through the hearts of all who still hoped for a great future of the German state, aroused in Gellert only feelings of horror and human compassion. 'Oh, that battle of Rossbach!' he wrote, 'I have lived through it, at a distance of only a few

miles; smitten with sickness, shaken by the roaring cannonade, with panting breast and shivering hands, in prayer for the dying—no, not in prayer, for I could neither pray nor weep, sighs only were left me.' . . . And thus Gellert, by making self-reflection and self-discipline the keynote of his life as well as of his literary work, did more than any other man of his generation to cultivate that spirit which was to find its highest expression in Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.'" And we also see a foreshadowing of the spirit of "The Sorrows of Werther," in Gellert's actually weeping over the English "Sir Charles Grandison," and his admiring exclamation, "Richardson, thou immortal man! Pride of human kind and prince of novelists!"

Gellert was fundamentally German in ideas and sentiment. He opposed the Frenchified pedant Gottsched and his school. When Frederick the Great asked Gellert concerning his own "Fables" (written in the fashion of Gay and Lafontaine), whether he had borrowed from the French fabulist, he proudly replied: "No, your Majesty, I am an Original." These "Fables" and his "Tales" remain now his meagre title to immortality. His best hymn is "Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur" (Praise of God in Nature).

The Cuckoo.

A Cuckoo to a Starling said,
Who from the city's din had fled:
"What say the city's busy throng,
What say they of our melody and song?
What of the Nightingale, I pray?"
"With one accord they laud her strain."
"And of the Lark?" he cried again.
"The half at least applaud her tuneful lay."
"And of the Blackbird?" he went on.
"Is also praised by more than one."
"I pray, one question more," he cried,
"What say they in the town of me?"
"I really cannot tell," his friend replied,
"For not a soul e'er speaks of thee."
"Then on ungrateful man my vengeance will I wreak,
And ever of myself will speak."

The Two Heirs.

A father left behind two heirs,
His Christopher was clever, George was dull and weak.
Ere fast approaching death dissolved his cares,
With grief on Christopher he looked, then thus did speak,
"My son, a melancholy thought torments my mind;
Thou'st talent, how wilt thou in future fare?
Now hear me,—in my chest thou'lt find
A little chest of jewels rare;
They shall be thine, take all, my son,
And give not to thy brother one!"
The son, alarmed, began to grieve,
"Ah! father," he replied, "If I so much receive,
How will my brother George get on?"
"He?" cried the father, "O my son,
I feel no anxious care for George's sake,
His dullness will his fortune make."

The Painter and the Critics.

A Painter, Athens his abode,
Who painted less for love of gain,
Than crowns of laurel to obtain,
Mars' portrait to a connoisseur once showed,
And his opinion of it sought.
The judge spoke freely what he thought.
'Twas wholly not unto his taste, he said,
And that, to please a practised eye,
Far less of art should be displayed,
The Painter failed not to reply,
And, though the critic blamed with skill,
Was of the same opinion still.

Then in the room a coxcomb came,
To scan the work with praise or blame.
He with a glance its worth descried,
"Ye gods! a master-piece!" he cried.
"Ah, what a foot! what skilled details,
E'en to the painting of the nails!

A living Mars is here revealed.
What skill, what art in light and shade,
Both in helmet and the shield,
And in the armor are displayed!"

The Painter blushed with humbled pride,
Looked at the judge with woeful mein,
"Too well am I convinced," he cried,
"Unjust to me thou hast not been."
The coxcomb scarce had disappeared
When he his God of Battle smeared.

If what you write offend the critic's rules,
It is an evil sign no doubt;
But when 'tis lauded to the skies by fools,
'Tis time, indeed, to blot it out.

W. L. GLEIM.

"FATHER GLEIM" was the fond appellation bestowed on Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim (1719–1803) by his contemporaries. In his youth he was the lyrist of the Seven Years' War of Frederick the Great. His popular "Preussische Kriegslieder eines Grenadiers" (War Songs of a Prussian Grenadier), published at Berlin in 1758, reflected the admiration of Prussia for its hero-king. These noble songs, inspired by those brilliant campaigns, show genuine feeling and vigorous force. The true significance of Gleim's poetry lies in the popular devotion to the man who could lead his country to a great destiny. In his old age the bachelor Gleim, blessed with a moderate fortune, was the ready patron of any verse-writers who claimed his attention. Thus he secured their affection and their praise.

War-Song.

We met, a hundred of us met,
At curfew, in the field:
We talked of heaven and Jesus Christ,
And all devoutly kneeled:

When, lo! we saw, all of us saw,
The star-lit sky unclose,
And heard the far-high thunders roll
Like seas where storm-wind blows.

We listened, in amazement lost,
As still as stones for dread,
And heard the war proclaimed above,
And sins of nations read.

The sound was like a solemn psalm
That holy Christians sing;
And by-and-by the noise was ceased
Of all the angelic ring:

Yet still, beyond the cloven sky,
We saw the sheet of fire;
There came a voice, as from a throne,
To all the heavenly choir,

Which spake: "Though many men must fall,
I will that these prevail;
To me the poor man's cause is dear."
Then slowly sank a scale.

The hand that poised was lost in clouds,
One shell did weighty seem:
But sceptres, 'scutcheons, mitres, gold
Flew up, and kicked the beam.

The Wanderer.

My native land, on thy sweet shore
Lighter heaves the breast;
Could I visit thee once more,
How I should be blessed!

Heart so anxious and so pained,
Fitting is thy woe;
My native land, what have I gained
By wandering from thee so?

Fresher green bedecks thy fields,
Fairer blue thy skies,
Sweeter shade thy forest yields,
Thy dews have brighter dies.

Thy Sabbath-bells a sweeter note
Echo far and near;
Thy nightingale's melodious throat
Sweeter thrills the ear.

Softer flow thy lavish streams
Through the meadow's bloom;
Ah! how bright the wanderer's dreams
'Neath thy linden's gloom!

Fair thy sun that flings around
Genial light and heat,—
To my father's household gate
Let me bend my feet;
There, forgetting all the past,
I will rest in peace at last!

The Bee and the Maiden.

Once a little Bee there flew
Busily about, and drew
Sweets from every blooming flower.
"Little Bee," the maiden cried,
Who was busy there at work,
"Oft therein doth poison lurk,
And thou sipp'st from every flower."
"Yes," said the Bee, "the sweets I sup,
But leave the poison in the cup."

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

INSPIRED by the enthusiasm of the Puritanical Swiss Bodmer for the English singer of "Paradise Lost," Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724–1803) aspired to become a religious bard of "mighty-mouthed harmonies," and he has long been styled the German Milton. But while his master-piece of "Der Messias" (The Messiah) reveals the most earnest study of that great poet, Klopstock was not fitted by his own genius to be an epicist. His "Messiah" is rather an oratorio in style than an epic. His temperament was lyrical. He feels instead of describes the Lord's sufferings. Schiller declares, "His sphere is always the realm of ideas, and he makes everything lead up to the infinite. One might say that he robs everything that he touches, of its body in order to turn it into spirit, whereas other poets seek to clothe the spiritual with a body." This lack of human interest to his characters, this ethereal bodiless abstraction of his creations, has rendered Klopstock a name rather than a living force to-day in Germany. Even Lessing, in his time, could ask: "Who will not praise Klopstock? Yet will any read him? No."

Nevertheless some critics venture to prophesy for Klopstock the advent of a new popularity with the dawn of a more appreciative understanding of his natural limitations and proper scope. He is full of noble emotions and lofty grandeur of spirit. He sympathizes deeply with his grand theme, from the scene in the opening canto, where Christ on the Mount of Olives consecrates himself to the work of redemption, through the councils of heaven and hell, through Gethsemane and Golgotha, to the Resurrection and Ascension, until at

last "the living heavens rejoice and sing about the throne, and a gleam of love irradiates the whole universe." There is, too, a dignity of beauty to the Klopstockian hexameter. In the first three cantos, which remain his best and outshine the seventeen succeeding cantos, Klopstock "sounded that morning call of joyous idealism and exalted individualism which was to be the dominant note of the best in all modern German literature. . . . By appealing to all that is grand and noble; by calling forth those passions and emotions which link the human to the divine; by awakening the poor down-trodden souls of men who thus far had known themselves only as the subjects of princes to the consciousness of their moral and spiritual citizenship, he became the prophet of that invisible republic which now for nearly a century and a half has been the ideal counterpart in German life of a stern monarchical reality." As this same critic has remarked, "Not Milton, but the great German composers of church music were Klopstock's spiritual predecessors; his place is by the side of Bach and Handel as the third great master of the oratorio."

Klopstock wrote also three historical dramas in prose (Bardiete, or plays of the bards, he fondly styled them)—"Hermansschlact" (Hermann's Battle), "Hermann und die Fürsten" (Hermann and the Princes), and "Hermanns Tod" (Hermann's Death). In going back thus to the history of the ancient Germans, Klopstock anticipated Freytag and Dahn, the modern novelists of the German migration.

Abbadona and Abdiel.

The fallen spirit Abbadona is the personification of remorse. He cannot forget that original brightness which Abdiel has retained.

Now mournfully he sits
Engrossed in thought, and muses o'er the scenes
Of youth and innocence, the morning fair
Of his creation, when to life and light
Abdiel and he, at God's first call, had sprung
Together forth. In ecstasy exclaimed
Each to the other, "Who are we? Oh say!
How long hast thou been here?" In dazzling beams

Then shone the distant glory of the Lord
With rays of blessing on them; round they looked
And saw innumerable multitudes
Of bright immortals near; and soon aloft,
Upraised by silvery clouds, were they conveyed
To the Almighty Presence.

Abbadona beholds Christ in Gethsemane.

O thou who yonder dost contend with death,
Who art thou? Com'st thou from the dust? A son
Of that dishonored earth which bears God's curse,
And, ripe for judgment, trembling waits the day
Of dissolution? Com'st thou from her dust?
Yes! Human is thy form But majesty
Divine around it beams! Thy lofty eye
Speaks higher language than of graves and death!
Ha! trace I not tremendous likeness there?
Cease, boding terror! Death eternal, cease
To shake my shudd'ring soul! But yes! Ah, yes!
I trace resemblance to the Son of God!
To him who erst, borne on the flaming wheels
Of his red chariot, from Jehovah's throne
Thund'ring pursued us!
Once, but once, I turned
My trembling head behind in wild affright,
Saw the tremendous Son, caught the dread eye
Of him who wielded thunder! High he stood
Above his burning car; midnight's deep gloom
Lay stretched beneath his feet! below was death!
Omnipotent he came.—Woe, woe is me! Ah, then
The whirl of his avenging sword, the sound
Of his swift thunderbolt with deaf'ning din
Affrighted nature shook! I saw no more.
In night my eyes were sealed; plunging I sunk
Through storm and whirlwind, through the doleful cries
Of scared creation, fainting in despair;
Yet was immortal! Lo, I see him now!
E'en now I view his likeness in the form
Of yonder man, who, prostrate on the ground,
Lies there! Is he—ah, can he be the great,
The promised Saviour?

Hermann and Thusnelda.

Hermann, called Arminius by Tacitus, was the leader of the Germans in their famous victory over the Romans in 9 A.D. Thusnelda, his beloved, even more heroic, inspired and cheered him.

Lo! with sweat on his brow, with Roman gore stained,
With the dust of the battle decked, he cometh,
Ne'er was Hermann so lovely,
Thus never flashed his bright eye.

Come! I tremble with joy; give me the eagle,
And thy sabre blood-reeking! come! breathe freely,
Rest here in my embraces
From the too terrible fight!

Rest, that I from thy brow may wipe the sweat-drop,
And the blood from thy cheek. Thy cheek how glowing!
Hermann! Hermann! Thusnelda
Never hath loved thee as now;

Not e'en when in the forest's shade so wildly
Thou with sun-embrowned arm didst seize me. Stopping,
I already beheld thee
With immortality crowned.

Now 'tis thine. Oh, proclaim in grove and forest,
That e'en now with his gods Augustus, trembling,
Drinketh nectar, that Hermann
Wears a more durable crown!

"Wherefore twin'st thou my locks? Lies not our father
Silent, dead at our feet? O had Augustus
Led his hosts to the battle,
Gorier would he lie there!"

Let me bind up thy waving hair, O Hermann,
That it may o'er thy wreath in ringlets threaten!
Siegmar dwelleth in heaven,
Follow, and weep not for him!

LESSING.

Saxony, the heart of Germany, gave birth to Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729–1781), who wrote the first German national comedy ("Minna von Barnhelm"), the first great German drama of serious import ("Nathan der Weise"), and laid the solid foundations of modern German literary and æsthetic criticism in his "Laokoon," a critical inquiry into artistic principles written in reply to Winckelmann's antiquarian theories. Lessing was a fine type of the clear-headed German truth-seeker. There was no mysticism nor etherealism in his intellectuality. He turned a keen searchlight on all questions, and applied a calmly logical mind to all his creative efforts. He was also the first to secure to Germany due estimation for the vocation of a man of letters. Lessing spoke of himself as a David who went out to slay the Goliath of Philistinism. Goethe afterwards thus sang of the departed master:

> While thou wast living we honored thee as one of the gods:
> Now thou art dead thy spirit over our spirits presides.

Lessing's calmly critical spirit was early revealed in his religious tolerance, or, perhaps, indifferentism. In a youthful work on "The Jew" he foreshadowed the charity for a despised race that he was so triumphantly to preach in "Nathan the Wise." In later years he enjoyed the friendship of one of the noblest Jews of his age, Moses Mendelssohn, a broad-minded leader of rare intellect and character. He determined to represent this man on the stage in a drama that should inculcate the necessity for mutual tolerance of creed to creed. A suitable plot was found in the story of "The Three Rings," already told in the old "Gesta Romanorum" and in Boccac-

cio's "Decameron."* In "Nathan der Weise" (1779), when Saladin seeks a pretext whereby to extort money from the rich son of Israel, the Jew outwits the Sultan by reciting this parable of the rings. Saladin is led to see that there may be as much doubt and need for charity regarding the true religion as concerning the magic ring of this parable. Not only in this central motive, but in the love romance and incidental scenes as well, Lessing has admirably contrasted narrow dogmatism and prejudice in all its ascending shades through the brutal fanaticism of the Patriarch, the conventionalism of Daja, the independence of the Templar, the humble piety of the Friar, the worldly contempt of the Dervis, the generosity of Saladin, to the enlightened virtue of Nathan.

Before "Nathan," however, Lessing had made his bow as a dramatist. In "Miss Sara Sampson," a curious tragedy founded on "Clarissa Harlowe," he had, as one critic says, "cracked the egg of Columbus for German dramatic art." In the comedy of "Minna von Barnhelm," he produced a national military drama, in which he typified German honor and valor in the hero—a veteran of the Prussian wars—and German womanhood of the best type in Minna, his sweetheart. His "Emilia Galotti" is a sort of Italian Virginia, and the play is directed against the tyranny of petty princelings.

"Lessing," says Professor Francke, "while combining in himself the enlightenment, the idealism, the universality of the best of his age, added to this an intellectual fearlessness and a constructive energy which have made him the champion destroyer of despotism and the master builder of lawful freedom."

Nathan and the Templar.

Nathan. I'm almost shy of this strange fellow, almost
Shrink back from his rough virtue. That one man
Should ever make another man feel awkward!
And yet—He's coming—ha!—by God, the youth
Looks like a man. I love his daring eye,
His open gait. May be the shell is bitter;
But not the kernel surely. I have seen
Some such, methinks. Forgive me, noble Frank.

* See Volume III., pp. 135–137.

Templar. What?
Nath. Give me leave.
Temp. Well, Jew, what wouldst thou have?
Nath. The liberty of speaking to you.
Temp. So—can I prevent it? Quick then, what's your business?
Nath. Patience—nor hasten quite so proudly by
A man, who has not merited contempt,
And whom, for evermore, you've made your debtor.
Temp. How so? Perhaps I guess—No—Are you then—
Nath. My name is Nathan, father to the maid
Your generous courage snatched from circling flames,
And hasten—
Temp. If with thanks, keep, keep them all.
Those little things I've had to suffer much from:
Too much already, far. And, after all,
You owe me nothing. Was I ever told
She was your daughter? 'Tis a templar's duty
To rush to the assistance of the first
Poor wight that needs him; and my life just then
Was quite a burden. I was mighty glad
To risk it for another; tho' it were
That of a Jewess.
Nath. Noble, and yet shocking!
The turn might be expected. Modest greatness
Wears willingly the mask of what is shocking
To scare off admiration: but, altho'
She may disdain the tribute, admiration,
Is there no other tribute she can bear with?
Knight, were you here not foreign, not a captive,
I would not ask so freely. Speak, command,
In what can I be useful?
Temp. You—in nothing.
Nath. I'm rich.
Temp. To me the richer Jew ne'er seemed
The better Jew.
Nath. Is that a reason why
You should not use the better part of him,
His wealth?
Temp. Well, well, I'll not refuse it wholly,
For my poor mantle's sake—when that is threadbare,
And spite of darning will not hold together,

I'll come and borrow cloth or money of thee,
To make me up a new one. Don't look solemn;
The danger is not pressing; 'tis not yet
At the last gasp, but tight and strong and good,
Save this poor corner, where an ugly spot
You see is singed upon it. It got singed
As I bore off your daughter from the fire.

Nath. (*taking hold of the mantle*). 'Tis singular that such an ugly spot
Bears better testimony to the man
Than his own mouth. This brand—Oh, I could kiss it!
Your pardon—that I meant not.

Temp. What?

Nath. A tear
Fell on the spot.

Temp. You'll find up more such tears—
(This Jew methinks begins to work upon me).

Nath. Would you send once this mantle to my daughter?

Temp. Why?

Nath. That her lips may cling to this dear speck;
For at her benefactor's feet to fall,
I find, she hopes in vain.

Temp. But, Jew, your name
You said was Nathan—Nathan, you can join
Your words together cunningly—right well—
I am confused—in fact—I would have been—

Nath. Twist, writhe, disguise you, as you will, I know you,
You were too honest, knight, to be more civil;
A girl all feeling, and a she-attendant
All complaisance, a father at a distance—
You valued her good name, and would not see her.
You scorned to try her, lest you should be victor;
For that I also thank you.

Temp. I confess,
You know how templars ought to think.

Nath. Still templars—
And only *ought* to think—and all because
The rules and vows enjoin it to the *order*—
I know how good men think—know that all lands
Produce good men.

Temp. But not without distinction.

Nath. In color, dress, and shape, perhaps, distinguished.

Temp. Here more, there fewer sure?
Nath. That boots not much.
The great man everywhere has need of room.
Too many set together only serve
To crush each others' branches. Middling good,
As we are, spring up everywhere in plenty.
Only let one not scar and bruise the other!
Let not the gnarl be angry with the stump;
Let not the upper branch alone pretend
Not to have started from the common earth.
Temp. Well said: and yet, I trust, you know the nation,
That first began to strike at fellow men,
That first baptised itself the chosen people—
How now if I were—not to hate this people,
Yet for its pride could not forbear to scorn it,
The pride which is to Mussulman and Christian
Bequeathed, as were its God alone the true one.
You start, that I, a Christian and a templar,
Talk thus. Where, when, has e'er the pious rage
To own the better God—on the whole world
To force this better, as the best of all—
Shown itself more, and in a blacker form,
Than here, than now? To him, whom, here and now,
The film is not removing from his eye—
But be he blind that wills! Forget my speeches
And leave me.
Nath. Ah! indeed you do not know
How closer I shall cling to you henceforth.
We must, we shall be friends. Despise my nation—
We did not choose a nation for ourselves.
Are we our nations? What's a nation then?
Were Jews and Christians such, ere they were men?
And have I found in thee one more, to whom
It is enough to be a man?
Temp. That hast thou.
Nathan, by God, thou hast.—Thy hand. I blush
To have mistaken thee a single instant.
Nath. And I am proud of it. Only common souls
We seldom err in.
Temp. And uncommon ones
Seldom forget. Yes, Nathan, yes, we must,
We shall be friends.

Nath. We are so. And my Racha—
She will rejoice. How sweet the wider prospect
That dawns upon me! Do but know her—once.

Nathan the Wise Before Saladin.

Scene.—*An Audience Room in the Sultan's Palace.*

Saladin (*giving directions at the door*). Here, introduce the
Jew, whene'er he comes,—
He seems in no great haste.
Sittah. May be, at first
He was not in the way.
Sal. Ah, sister, sister!
Sit. You seem as if a combat were impending.
Sal. With weapons that I have not learned to wield.—
Must I disguise myself? I use precautions?
I lay a snare? When, where gained I that knowledge?
And this, for what? To fish for money,—money,—
For money from a Jew. And to such arts
Must Saladin descend, at last, to come at
The least of little things?
Sit. Each little thing,
Despised too much, finds methods of revenge.
Sal. 'Tis but too true. And if this Jew should prove
The fair, good man, as once the dervis painted—
Sit. Then difficulties cease. A snare concerns
The avaricious, cautious, fearful Jew;
And not the good, wise man: for he is ours
Without a snare. Then the delight of hearing
How such a man speaks out; with what stern strength
He tears the net, or with what prudent foresight
He one by one undoes the tangled meshes!
That will be all to boot.
Sal. That I shall joy in.
Sit. What, then, should trouble thee? For if he be
One of the many only, a mere Jew,
You will not blush, to such a one to seem
A man as he thinks all mankind to be.
One that to him should bear a better aspect
Would seem a fool,—a dupe.
Sal. So that I must
Act badly, lest the bad think badly of me?

Sit. Yes; if you call it acting badly, brother,
To use a thing after its kind.
Sal. There's nothing,
That woman's wit invents, it can't embellish.
Sit. Embellish?—
Sal. But their fine-wrought filagree
In my rude hand would break. It is for those
That can contrive them to employ such weapons:
They ask a practised wrist. But chance what may,
Well as I can——
Sit. Trust not yourself too little.
I answer for you, if you have the will.
Such men as you would willing persuade us
It was their swords, their swords alone, that raised them.
The lion's apt to be ashamed of hunting
In fellowship of the fox;—'t is of his fellow,
Not of the cunning, that he is ashamed.
Sal. You women would so gladly level man
Down to yourselves!—Go, I have got my lesson.
Sit. What! must I go?
Sal. Had you the thought of staying?
Sit. In your immediate presence not, indeed;
But in the by-room.
Sal. You would like to listen.
Not that, my sister, if I may insist.
Away! the curtain rustles,—he is come.
Beware of staying,—I'll be on the watch.—
[*Sittah retires through one door; Nathan enters at another.*
Draw nearer, Jew; yet nearer; here, quite by me,
Without all fear.
Nathan. Remain that for thy foes!
Sal. Your name is Nathan?
Nath. Yes.
Sal. Nathan the Wise?
Nath. No.
Sal. If not thou, the people calls thee so.
Nath. May be, the people.
Sal. Fancy not that I
Think of the people's voice contemptuously;
I have been wishing much to know the man
Whom it has named the Wise.
Nath. And if it named

Him so in scorn? If wise meant only prudent;
And prudent, one who knows his interest well?
Sal. Who knows his real interest, thou must mean.
Nath. Then were the interested the most prudent;
Then wise and prudent were the same.
Sal. I hear
You proving what your speeches contradict.
You know man's real interests, which the people
Knows not,—at least, have studied how to know them.
That alone makes the sage.
Nath. Which each imagines
Himself to be.
Sal. Of modesty enough!
Ever to meet it, where one seeks to hear
Dry truth, is vexing. Let us to the purpose:—
But, Jew, sincere and open——
Nath. I will serve thee
So as to merit, Prince, thy further notice.
Sal. Serve me?—how?
Nath. Thou shalt have the best I bring,—
Shalt have them cheap.
Sal. What speak you of?—your wares?
My sister shall be called to bargain with you
For them. (*Aside.*) So much for the sly listener;—I
Have nothing to transact now with the merchant.
Nath. Doubtless, then, you would learn what, on my journey,
I noticed of the motions of the foe,
Who stirs anew. If unreserved I may—
Sal. Neither was that the object of my sending:
I know what I have need to know already.
In short, I willed your presence——
Nath. Sultan, order.
Sal. To gain instruction quite on other points.
Since you are a man so wise,—tell me, which law,
Which faith, appears to you the better?
Nath. Sultan,
I am a Jew.
Sal. And I a Mussulman:
The Christian stands between us. Of these three
Religions only one can be the true.
A man like you remains not just where birth

Has chanced to cast him, or, if he remains there,
Does it from insight, choice, from grounds of preference.
Share, then, with me your insight,—let me hear
The grounds of preference, which I have wanted
The leisure to examine,—learn the choice
These grounds have motived, that it may be mine.
In confidence I ask it. How you startle,
And weigh me with your eye! It may well be
I'm the first sultan to whom this caprice,
Methinks not quite unworthy of a sultan,
Has yet occurred. Am I not? Speak, then,—speak.
Or do you, to collect yourself, desire
Some moments of delay? I give them you.—
(*Aside.*) Whether she's listening?—I must know of her
If I've done right.—Reflect,—I'll soon return.

[*Saladin steps into the room to which Sittah had retired.*

Nath. Strange! How is this? What wills the sultan of me?
I came prepared with cash,—he asks truth. Truth?
As if truth, too, were cash,—a coin disused,
That goes by weight,—indeed, 't is some such thing;—
But a new coin, known by the stamp at once,
To be flung down and told upon the counter,
It is not that. Like gold in bags tied up,
So truth lies hoarded in the wise man's head,
To be brought out.—Which, now, in this transaction,
Which of us plays the Jew? He asks for truth,—
Is truth what he requires, his aim, his end?
That this is but the glue to lime a snare
Ought not to be suspected,—'t were too little.
Yet what is found too little for the great?
In fact, through hedge and pale to stalk at once
Into one's field beseems not,—friends look round,
Seek for the path, ask leave to pass the gate.—
I must be cautious. Yet to damp him back,
And be the stubborn Jew, is not the thing;
And wholly to throw off the Jew, still less.
For, if no Jew, he might with right inquire,
Why not a Mussulman?—Yes,—that may serve me.
Not children only can be quieted
With stories.—Ha! he comes;—well, let him come.

Sal. (*returning*). So there the field is clear.—I'm not too quick?

Thou hast bethought thyself as much as need is?—
Speak, no one hears.
Nath. Might the whole world but hear us!
Sal. Is Nathan of his cause so confident?
Yes, that I call the sage,—to veil no truth;
For truth to hazard all things, life and goods.
Nath. Ay, when 't is necessary, and when useful.
Sal. Henceforth I hope I shall with reason bear
One of my titles,—"Betterer of the world
And of the law."
Nath. In truth, a noble title.
But, Sultan, ere I quite unfold myself,
Allow me to relate a tale.
Sal. Why not?
I always was a friend of tales well told.
Nath. Well told,—that's not precisely my affair.
Sal. Again so proudly modest?—Come, begin.
Nath. In days of yore, there dwelt in East a man
Who from a valued hand received a ring
Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,
That shot an ever-changing tint: moreover,
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man beloved, who, in this view,
And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
The Eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
For ever to his house? Thus he bequeathed it,
First, to the most beloved of his sons,—
Ordained that he again should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children,—and,
That without heeding birth, the favorite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house.—You hear me, Sultan?
Sal. I understand thee,—on.
Nath. From son to son,
At length this ring descended to a father
Who had three sons alike obedient to him;
Whom, therefore, he could not but love alike.
At times seemed this, now that, at times the third
(Accordingly as each apart received
The overflowings of his heart), most worthy
To heir the ring, which, with good-natured weakness,

He privately to each in turn had promised.
This went on for a while. But death approached,
And the good father grew embarrassed. So
To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise
He could not bear. What's to be done? He sends
In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
Upon the model of the real thing,
He might bespeak two others, and commanded
To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
Quite like the true one. This the artist managed.
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
Could not distinguish which had been the model.
Quite overjoyed, he summons all his sons,
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
His blessing and his ring, and dies.—Thou hear'st me?
Sal. I hear, I hear. Come, finish with thy tale;—
Is it soon ended?
Nath. It is ended, Sultan;
For all that follows may be guessed of course.
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
Come questions, strife, complaint,—all to no end;
For the true ring could no more be distinguished
Than now can—the true faith.
Sal. How, how?—is that
To be the answer to my query?
Nath. No,
But it may serve as my apology,
If I can't venture to decide between
Rings which the father got expressly made,
That they might not be known from one another.
Sal. The rings,—don't trifle with me; I must think
That the religions which I named can be
Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink, and food.
Nath. And only not as to their grounds of proof.
Are not all built alike on history,
Traditional or written? History
Must be received on trust,—is it not so?
In whom now are we likeliest to put trust?
In our own people surely, in those men
Whose blood we are, in them who from our childhood
Have given us proofs of love, who ne'er deceived us,

Unless 't were wholesomer to be deceived.
How can I less believe in my forefathers
Than thou in thine? How can I ask of thee
To own that thy forefathers falsified,
In order to yield mine the praise of truth?
The like of Christians.

Sal. By the living God!
The man is in the right,—I must be silent.

Nath. Now let us to our rings return once more.
As said, the sons complained. Each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring, as was the case;
After he had long obtained the father's promise
One day to have the ring, as also was.
The father, each asserted, could to him
Not have been false: rather than so suspect
Of such a father, willing as he might be
With charity to judge his brethren, he
Of treacherous forgery was bold to accuse them.

Sal. Well, and the judge,—I 'm eager now to hear
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.

Nath. The judge said, "If ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring should here unseal its lips?
But hold,—you tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man beloved: let that decide.
Which of you do two brothers love the best?
You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself? Ye're all deceived deceivers,—
None of your rings is true. The real ring,
Perhaps, is gone. To hide or to supply
Its loss, your father ordered three for one."

Sal. Oh, charming, charming!

Nath. "And," the judge continued,
"If you will take advice, in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you,—to take up
The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.

'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him,
By favoring one, to be of two the oppressor.
Let each feel honored by this free affection
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavor
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the Godhead;
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children
After a thousand thousand years, appear
Before this judgment-seat,—a greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide."—
So spake the modest judge.

Sal. God!

Nath. Saladin,
Feel'st thou thyself this wiser, promised man?

Sal. I, dust,—I, nothing,—God?

[*Casts himself upon Nathan and takes hold of his hand, which he does not quit.*

Nath. What moves thee, Sultan?

Sal. Nathan, my dearest Nathan, 't is not yet
The judge's thousand thousand years are past,—
His judgment seat 's not mine. Go, go, but love me.

Nath. Has Saladin, then, nothing else to order?

Sal. No.

Nath. Nothing?

Sal. Nothing in the least,—and wherefore?

Nath. I could have wished an opportunity
To lay a prayer before you.

Sal. Is there need
Of opportunity for that? Speak freely.

Nath. I have come from a long journey, from collecting
Debts, and I've almost of hard cash too much;—
The times look perilous,—I know not where
To lodge it safely;—I was thinking thou—
For coming wars require large sums—couldst use it.

Sal. Nathan, I ask not if thou saw'st Al-Hafi,—
I'll not examine if some shrewd suspicion

Spurs thee to make this offer of thyself.
Nath. Suspicion?—
Sal. I deserve this offer. Pardon!
For what avails concealment? I acknowledge
I was about——
Nath. To ask the same of me?
Sal. Yes.
Nath. Then 't is well we 're both accommodated.
That I can't send thee all I have of treasure
Arises from the templar;—thou must know him;—
I have a weighty debt to pay to him.
Sal. A templar? How? thou dost not with thy gold
Support my direst foes?
Nath. I speak of him
Whose life the sultan——
Sal. What art thou recalling?
I had forgot the youth. Whence is he? know'st thou?
Nath. Hast thou not heard, then, how thy clemency
To him has fallen on me? He, at the risk
Of his new-spared existence, from the flames
Rescued my daughter.
Sal. Ha! Has he done that?
He looked like one that would. My brother, too,
Whom he's so like, had done it. Is he here still?
Bring him to me. I have so often talked
To Sittah of this brother, whom she knew not,
That I must let her see his counterfeit.
Go, fetch him. How a single worthy action,
Though but of whim or passion born, gives rise
To other blessings! Fetch him.
Nath. In an instant.
The rest remains as settled.

Ancient Imitation of the Beautiful.

(From the "Laokoon.")

Whether it be fable or history, that the first essay in the plastic arts was made by Love—this much is certain, that Love was never weary of guiding the hand of the great old masters. For, whereas at the present day, painting is pursued, in its whole extent, as that art which imitates bodies in

general, upon surfaces, the wise Greek confined it within much narrower limits. He restricted it to the imitation of those bodies which are beautiful. Their artists painted nothing but the beautiful. Even vulgar beauty, the beauty of inferior orders, was, with them, only an incidental theme —their exercise, their recreation. Their works aimed to please by the perfection of the object itself. They were too great to demand of the spectator, that he should content himself with the mere cold enjoyment arising from a successful likeness—from the contemplation of their own skill. Nothing in their art was dearer to them, nothing seemed to them more noble than the aim of the art. . . .

With the ancients beauty was the highest law of the plastic arts. It follows necessarily that everything else, to which the plastic arts might likewise extend, must yield altogether, where it was found incompatible with beauty; and where it was compatible with beauty must, at least, be subordinated to that.

I will go no further than the expression. There are passions and degrees of passion which manifest themselves in the countenance, by the ugliest distortions, and throw the whole body into such violent attitudes that all the beautiful lines which define it in a state of rest, are lost. Accordingly, the ancient artists either abstained altogether from the representation of these passions, or they reduced them to a lower degree—one in which they are susceptible of some beauty.

Rage and despair disfigured none of their works. I venture to affirm that they have never represented a Fury. They reduced anger to earnestness. With the poet, it was the angry Jupiter who hurled the lightning; with the artist, it was only the earnest.

Lamentation was softened into concern. And where this could not be done—where lamentation would have been as belittling as it was disfiguring—what did Timanthes in that case? His picture of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, wherein he apportions to each of the spectators the degree of sorrow, proper to each, but covers the face of the father, which should have exhibited the most intense of all—is well known, and many handsome things have been said con-

cerning it. One says: "The painter had so exhausted himself in sad countenances that he despaired of his ability to give the father a sadder one." "He confessed by this," says another, "that the grief of a father, in such a case, is beyond all expression." For my part, I see here neither the incompetence of the artist nor the incompetence of the art. With the increase of the passion, the traits of countenance corresponding to that passion, are proportionally marked. The highest degree of it has the most decided expression, and nothing in art is easier than to represent what is decided. But Timanthes knew the limits which the Graces have assigned to his art. He knew that the degree of lamentation which became Agamemnon, as father, manifests itself in distortions, which are always ugly. He carried the expression of grief only so far as beauty and dignity could be combined with it. What was ugly he would fain have passed over, or would fain have softened; but since his composition did not allow of both, what else remained but to conceal it? What he might not paint he left to be conjectured. This concealment is a sacrifice which the artist made to beauty. It is an example showing, not how expression may be carried beyond the bounds of art, but how it must be made subject to the first law of art, the law of beauty.

Now, applying this to the Laocoön, we see clearly the reason which I am seeking. The master labored for the highest beauty possible, under the given conditions of bodily pain. Bodily pain, in all its deforming vehemence, was incompatible with that beauty. It was necessary, therefore, that he should reduce it—that he should soften cries into sighs. Not because crying betrays an ignoble soul, but because it disfigures the countenance in a manner which is disgusting. Do but tear open the mouth of Laocoön, in imagination, and judge! Let him scream and see! Before, it was a creation which inspired compassion, because it united pain with beauty. Now, it has become an unsightly, an abominable creation, from which we are fain to turn away our faces, because the sight of pain awakens displeasure; and that displeasure is not converted into the sweet sentiment of pity by the beauty of the suffering object.

The Three Kingdoms of Nature.

I sought, while drinking, to unfold
Why nature's kingdoms are three-fold.
Both man and beast, they drink and love
As each is lifted from above;
The dolphin, eagle, dog and flea,
In that they love and drink, agree:
In all that drink and love then we
The first of these three kingdoms see.

The plants the second kingdom are,
But lower in creation far;
They do not love, but yet they drink,
When dripping clouds upon them sink;
Thus drinks the clover, thus the pine,
The aloe-tree, the branching vine:
In all that drink, but love not, we
The second of these kingdoms see.

The stony kingdom is the last,
Here diamonds with sand are classed;
No stone feels thirst, or soft desires,
No love, no draught its bosom fires:
In all that drink not, love not, we
The last of these three kingdoms see.
For without love, or wine, now own!
What wouldst thou be, O man?—A stone.

The Ape and the Fox.

Name to me an animal, though never so skillful, that I cannot imitate! So bragged the Ape to the Fox. But the Fox replied: And do thou name to me an animal so humble as to think of imitating thee!

Writers of my country! Need I explain myself more fully!

The Eagle and the Fox.

Be not so proud of thy flight! said the Fox to the Eagle. Thou mountest so high into the air for no other purpose but to look farther about thee for carrion.

So have I known men who became deep-thinking philosophers, not from love of truth, but for the sake of lucrative offices of instruction.

The Swallow.

Believe me, friends! the great world is not for the philosopher—is not for the poet. Their real value is not appreciated there; and often, alas! they are weak enough to exchange it for a far inferior one.

In the earliest times the Swallow was as tuneful and melodious a bird as the Nightingale. But she soon grew tired of living in the solitary bushes, heard and admired by no one but the industrious countryman and the innocent shepherdess. She forsook her humbler friend and moved into the city. What followed? Because the people of the city had no time to listen to her divine song she gradually forgot it, and learned, instead thereof, to—build!

The Peacocks and the Crow.

A vain Crow adorned herself with the feathers of the richly-tinted Peacocks, which they had shed, and when she thought herself sufficiently tricked out, mixed boldly with these splendid birds of Juno. She was recognized, and quickly the Peacocks fell upon her with sharp bills, to pluck from her the lying bravery.

Cease now! she cried at length; you have your own again! But the Peacocks, who had observed some of the Crow's own shining wing-feathers, replied: Be still, miserable fool! these, too, cannot be yours! And they continued to peck.

The Pursuit of Truth.

(From his "Theological Writings.")

If God should hold all truth inclosed in his right hand, and in his left only the ever-active impulse to the pursuit of truth, although with the condition that I should always and forever err; and should say to me: Choose! I should fall with submission upon his left hand, and say: Father, give me this! Pure Truth is for Thee alone!

MOSES MENDELSSOHN.

THIS greatest of modern Jews deserves honorable mention in German literature for his own work, as well as for inspiring Lessing with the character of Nathan the Wise. Small and deformed in body, he was large and winning in spirit. Mendelssohn was born at Dessau in 1729, and was the son of a teacher of a Jewish school. So wretchedly poor was the father that the son's body was enfeebled, while his mind was stored with the Talmud. When fourteen years old he went to Berlin to get more learning, and after a time his thirst for knowledge attracted some patrons. His noble heart won the friendship of Lessing, who, having induced him to write his "Philosophical Dialogues," then put them in print. After years of severe privations Mendelssohn became rich and married. For one of his sons he wrote his "Morning Hours," giving instruction in the rudiments of religion. He wrote also "Phædon" on the immortality of the soul. But when his name became well known as an author, controversy arose, and the zealous Lavater dedicated to him a work on the evidences of Christianity, urging that he should either refute it or openly embrace its doctrines. Mendelssohn, though prostrate with illness, wrote a noble letter in reply. Another controversy, which involved his friend Lessing, gave him further vexation. He died in 1786. His mission was to bring the Jews into harmony with the spirit of the age. His grandson Felix was the famous musical composer.

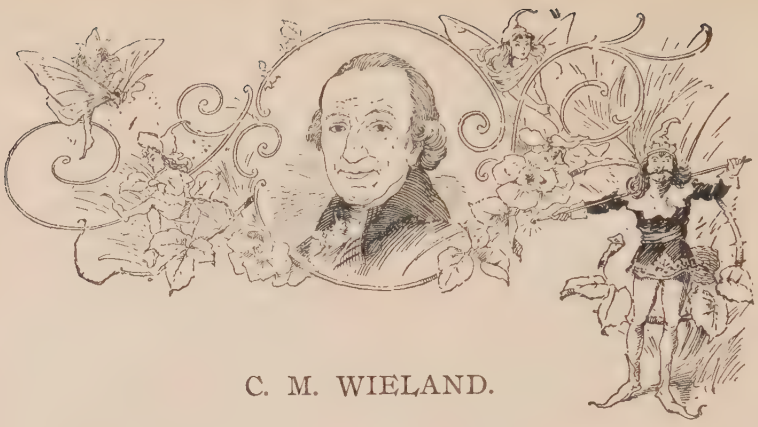
The Naïve.

Generally, the naïve in moral character consists in an external simplicity, which unintentionally discovers internal worth; in ignorance of the world's ways; in unconcern about

false interpretation; in that confiding manner which is not founded in stupidity and want of ideas, but in magnanimity, innocence, goodness of heart, and an amiable persuasion that others are not worse disposed toward us than we are toward them. If, therefore, we regard the external conduct of men as the sign of their internal character and worth, the naïve, here too, will require simplicity of expression, together with dignity and significance in the thing expressed.

It is the same with the naïve in the human countenance, which is so essential to the painter and sculptor. It is always the unstudied, the artless in exterior, undesignedly evincing internal excellence. Since the features, the airs and gestures of men are signs of their propensities and sentiments; since every feature in the countenance expresses a propensity, and every mien an emotion corresponding to it, a naïve character is ascribed to the *tout ensemble* of all the features and gestures, when, as it were, without design, without pretence, without self-consciousness, they discover a happy and harmonious combination of tendencies and sentiments. Hence the naïve in the character of a child, when, amidst the otherwise monotonous features of a childish face, tender germs of meekness, love, innocence and graciousness appear.

Grace, or elevated beauty in movement, is also connected with the naïve, inasmuch as the movements which charm us are natural, have an easy flow, and slide gently one into another, and unintentionally and unconsciously indicate that the motive forces in the soul, from which these voluntary motions flow, sport and unfold themselves in the same unstudied, harmonious and artless manner. Hence, the idea of innocence and of moral simplicity is always associated with a lofty grace. The more this beauty of motion is combined with consciousness and appears to be the work of design, the more it departs from the naïve and acquires a studied character; and, when the accompanying internal emotions do not agree with it, an affected character. Nothing is so disgusting as insipid naïveté, or an outward simplicity which appears to have designs and makes pretensions.



C. M. WIELAND.

In "Oberon" Christoph Martin Wieland (1733–1813) achieved what Klopstock failed to accomplish in "The Messias"—a genuine epic. Wieland substituted vivid fancy for Klopstock's cold unreality, and he deeply studied fairy lore and chivalrous romance before taking what he styled "his ride into the ancient realm of Romance." He had drunk fine draughts of fancy from the dramas of Shakespeare, translations of which were an inestimable boon to subsequent German literature; and he had sought further inspiration in Ariosto and the old French romances. From all of these he secured the basis for the twin plots of his fairy epic, "Oberon." In mediæval mythology, as early as the thirteenth century, Oberon had become recognized as the king of the fairies. He had first appeared in the old French *chanson de geste*, "Huon de Bordeaux," as the son of Julius Cæsar and Morgan the Fay, and was thus connected, in a sense, with the Arthurian legend. Shakespeare had introduced him in a quarrel with his fairy queen, Titania, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The incidents in the "Oberon" of Wieland are nearly the same with those in the old French romance. Huon of Bordeaux is a peer of Charlemagne's court, but he kills a son of the emperor, and is sent on a whimsical adventure as punishment. He must ransom himself by bringing four grinders from the Sultan's jaw. With the aid of Oberon he succeeds, however, in performing the perilous feat, and wins the love of Rezia, daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad. On his return to France he breaks a vow, and suffers a series

of tribulations as a result; after which true love is crowned with joy. This fragile theme Wieland wove into gracefully tripping eight-line stanzas. The style remains clever and witty, and not too subjective. Goethe, who had formerly satirized Wieland's classic attempts, praised this poem in the extravagant verdict: "So long as poesy shall remain poesy, gold gold, and crystal crystal, so long will 'Oberon' be loved and honored as a masterpiece of poetic art."

But ere Wieland conceived the idea of "Oberon," his mobile genius had passed through two curious stages. Being the son of a Lutheran clergyman of Suabia, he began by composing religious poems, and succeeded to Klopstock's religious audience. Then he surrendered himself to the classical fever. But he showed his true fibre, nevertheless, in his novel of "Agathon," in which the story of his own mental and moral development is set in an artificial framework of Greek cities. Lessing spoke of "Agathon" as "the only novel for thinking men." Agathon is a guileless idealist. He is conquered by the beautiful Danaë and falls a prey to the sensuality of this ex-mistress of Alcibiades; but he awakens in her, indeed, a higher nature.

Wieland also wrote a poetic tale, "Musarion," in which he taught the true Epicurean philosophy of joy and beauty. And, in strange contrast, he painted in his novel of "The Abderites"—founded on the tale of Democritus and his vain attempt to enlighten the inhabitants of his native Abdera—a richly-humorous picture of Philistine parochialism. The lawsuit about a donkey's shadow, and the episode of the Frogs of Latona, are happy inventions of the comic spirit. But above all stands his "Oberon," with its shifting panorama "of rustic simplicity and Oriental splendor, of city tumult and hermit life, of fearful deserts and Elysian meadows, of knightly combats and magic dances, of joyful feasts and miserable shipwreck." And, as Goethe has declared, "all High Germany owes its style to Wieland."

Sir Huon Enters the Sultan's Palace.

(From "Oberon.")

Now through the outward court swift speeds the knight;
Within the second from his steed descends;
Along the third his pace majestic bends:
Where'er he enters, dazzled by his sight,
The guards make way,—his gait, his dress, his air,
A nuptial guest of highest rank declare.
Now he advances towards an ebon gate,
Where with drawn swords twelve Moors gigantic wait,
And piecemeal hack the wretch who steps unbidden there.

But the bold gesture and imperial mien
Of Huon, as he opes the lofty door,
Drive back the swords that crossed his path before,
And at his entrance flamed with lightning sheen.
At once, with rushing noise, the valves unfold:
High throbs the bosom of our hero bold,
When, locked behind him, harsh the portals bray:
Through gardens decked with columns leads the way,
Where towered a gate incased with plates of massy gold.

There a large fore-court held a various race
Of slaves, a hapless race, sad harem slaves,
Who die of thirst 'mid joy's o'erflowing waves!
And when a man, whom emir honors grace,
Swells in his state before their hollow eye,
Breathless they bend, with looks that seem to die,
Beneath the weight of servitude oppressed;
Bow down, with folded arms across the breast,
Nor dare look up to mark the pomp that glitters by.

Already cymbals, drums and fifes resound;
With song and string the festive palace clangs;
The Sultan's head already heaving hangs,
While vinous vapors float his brain around:
Already mirth in freer current flows,
And the gay bridegroom, wild with rapture, glows.
Then, as the bride, in horror turned away,
Casts on the ground her looks that never stray,
Huon along the hall with noble freedom goes.

Now to the table he advances nigh,
And with uplifted brow in wild amaze
The admiring guests upon the stranger gaze:
Fair Rezia, tranced, with fascinated eye
Still views her dream, and ever downward bends:
The Sultan, busy with the bowl, suspends
All other thoughts: Prince Babekan alone,
Warned by no vision, towards the guest unknown,
All fearless of his fate, his length of neck extends.

Soon as Sir Huon's scornful eyes retrace
The man of yesterday, that he, the same
Who lately dared the Christian God defame,
Sits at the left, high-plumed in bridal grace,
And bows the neck as conscious of his guilt:
Swift as the light he grasps the sabre's hilt;
Off at the instant flies the heathen's head;
And, o'er the Caliph and the banquet shed,
Up spirts his boiling blood, by dreadful vengeance spilt!

As the dread visage of Medusa fell,
Swift flashing on the sight, with instant view
Deprives of life the wild-revolted crew;
While reeks the tower with blood, while tumults swell,
And murderous frenzy, fierce and fiercer grown,
Glares in each eye, and maddens every tone,—
At once, when Perseus shakes the viper hair,
Each dagger stiffens as it hangs in air,
And every murderer stands transformed to living stone!

Thus, at the view of this audacious feat,
The jocund blood that warmed each merry guest
Suspends its frozen course in every breast:
Like ghosts, in heaps, all-shivering from their seat
They start, and grasp their swords and mark their prey;
But, shrunk by fear, their vigor dies away:
Each in its sheath their swords remain at rest:
With powerless fury in his look expressed,
Mute sunk the caliph back, and stared in wild dismay.

The uproar which confounds the nuptial hall
Forces the dreamer from her golden trance:
Round her she gazes with astonished glance,

While yells of frantic rage her soul appal:
But, as she turns her face towards Huon's side,
How throbs his bosom, when he sees his bride!—
"'Tis she,—'tis she herself!" he wildly calls:
Down drops the bloody steel; the turban falls;
And Rezia knows her knight, as float his ringlets wide.

"'Tis he!" she wild exclaims: yet virgin shame
Stops in her rosy mouth the imperfect sound:
How throbs her heart, what thrillings strange confound,
When, with impatient speed, the stranger came,
And, love-emboldened, with presumptuous arms
Clasped, in the sight of all, her angel charms!
And, Oh, how fiery red, how deadly pale
Her cheek, as love and maiden fear assail,
The while he kissed her lip that glowed with sweet alarms!

Twice had his lip already kissed the maid:—
"Where shall the bridal ring, Oh, where be found?"
Lo! by good fortune, as he gazes round,
The elfin ring shines suddenly displayed,
Won from the giant of the iron tower:
Now, all-unconscious of its magic power,
This ring, so seeming base, the impatient knight
Slips on her finger, pledge of nuptial rite:—
"With this, O bride beloved! I wed thee from this hour!"

Then, for the third time, at these words, again
The bridegroom kissed the soft reluctant fair:
The Sultan storms and stamps in wild despair:—
"Thou sufferest, then,—inexpiable stain!
This Christian dog to shame thy nuptial day?—
Seize, seize him, slaves!—ye die, the least delay!
Haste! drop by drop, from every throbbing vein,
By lengthened agonies his life-blood drain,—
Thus shall the pangs of hell his monstrous guilt repay!"

At once, in flames, before Sir Huon's eyes,
A thousand weapons glitter at the word;
And, ere our hero snatches up his sword,
On every side the death-storms fiercely rise:
On every side he turns his brandished blade:
By love and anguish wild, at once the maid

Around him wreathes her arm, his shield her breast,
Seizes his sword, by her alone repressed:—
"Back! daring slaves!" she cries, "I, I the hero aid!

"Back!—to that breast,—here, here the passage lies!—
No other way than through the midst of mine!"—
And she, who lately seemed Love's bride divine,
Now flames a Gorgon with Medusa's eyes!
And ever, as the emirs near inclose,
She dares with fearless breast their swords oppose:—
"Spare him, my father! spare him! and, O thou,
Destined by fate to claim my nuptial vow,
Spare him!—in both your lives the blood of Rezia flows!"

The Sultan's frenzy rages uncontrolled:
Fierce on Sir Huon storm the murderous train;
Yet still his glittering falchion flames in vain,
While Rezia's gentle hand retains its hold:
Her agonizing shrieks his bosom rend.
And what remains the princess to defend?
What but the horn can rescue her from death?—
Soft through the ivory flows his gentle breath,
And from its spiry folds sweet fairy tones ascend.

Soon as its magic sounds, the powerless steel
Falls without struggle from the lifted hand:
In rash vertigo turned, the emir band
Wind arm in arm and spin the giddy reel:
Throughout the hall tumultuous echoes ring;
All, old and young, each heel has Hermes' wing:
No choice is left them by the fairy tone:
Pleased and astonished, Rezia stands alone
By Huon's side unmoved, while all around them spring.

The whole divan, one swimming circle, glides
Swift without stop: the old bashaws click time:
As if on polished ice, in trance sublime,
The iman hoar with some spruce courtier slides:
Nor rank nor age from capering refrain:
Nor can the king his royal foot restrain;
He, too, must reel amid the frolic row,
Grasp the grand vizier by his beard of snow,
And teach the aged man once more to bound amain.

The dancing melodies, ne'er heard before,
From every crowded antechamber round,
First draw the eunuchs forth with airy bound;
The women next, and slaves that guard the door.
Alike the merry madness seizes all.
The harem's captives, at the magic call,
Trip gaily to the tune and whirl the dance:
In party-colored shirts the gardeners prance,
Rush 'mid the youthful nymphs and mingle in the ball.

Entranced, with fearful joy, while doubt alarms,
Fair Rezia stands almost deprived of breath:—
"What wonder! at the time when instant death
Hangs o'er us, that a dance the god disarms!
A dance thus rescues from extreme distress!"
"Some friendly genius deigns our union bless,"
Sir Huon says. Meanwhile amid the throng
With eager step darts Sherasmin along,
And towards them Fatma hastes unnoticed through the press.

"Haste!" Sherasmin exclaims; "not now the hour
To pry with curious leisure on the dance,—
All is prepared,—the steeds impatient prance,—
While raves the castle, while unbarred the tower,
And every gate wide open, why delay?
By luck I met Dame Fatma on the way,
Close-packed, like beast of burden, for the flight."
"Peace! 't is not yet the time," replies the knight;
"A dreadful task impends,—for that must Huon stay."

Pale Rezia shudders at the dreadful sound,
And looks with longing eye, that seems to say,
"Why, on the brink of ruin, why delay?
Oh, hasten! let our footsteps fly the ground,
Ere bursts the transient charm that binds their brain,
And rage and vengeance repossess the train!"
Huon, who reads the language of her eyes,
With looks of answering love alone replies,
Clasps to his heart her hand, nor dares the deed explain.

And now the fairy tones to soft repose
Melt in the air: each head swims giddy round,
And every limb o'ertired forgets to bound;

Wet every thread, and every pore o'erflows.
The breath half-stopped scarce heaves with struggling pain;
The drowsy blood slow creeps through every vein;
Involuntary joy, like torture, thrills:
The king, as from a bath, in streams distills,
And pants upon his couch, amid the exhausted train.

Stiff, without motion, scarce with sense endued,
Down, one by one, the o'erwearied dancers fall,
Where swelling bolsters heave around the wall:
Emirs and lowly slaves, in contrast rude,
Mix with the harem goddesses, as chance
Tangles the mazes of the frantic dance:
At once together by a whirlwind blown,
On the same bed, in ill-paired union thrown,
The groom and favorite lie confused in breathless trance.

J. H. VOSS.

GERMANY is indebted to Johann Heinrich Voss (1751–1826) for faithful translations of Homer and other ancient classics, and of Shakespeare. Born at Sommersdorf in Mecklenburg, he was educated at Göttingen, and there became a leader of the Hainbund, a group of poets who sought to maintain Klopstock's nationalism in opposition to Wieland's Gallic tendencies. Voss edited the *Musenalmanach*, and published many original poems, the most noted being the idyll "Luise," in which he applied the classical metres and style to the expression of modern sentiment. For a long time it was popular, even after it was surpassed in its own field by Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea." Voss became a village pastor, but still prosecuted his classical studies. His translations prove his sound scholarship, and his use of the hexameter and other ancient metres has given them a permanent place in German poetry. Voss was made a professor at Heidelberg in 1805, and held this place till his death in 1826.

Luise's Eighteenth Birthday.

(From "Luise," Idyll I.)

Under the sweet, cool shade of two umbrageous lime-trees,
Which, with their gold bloom gay, with the bees' song drowsily ringing,
Shading the parlor front, o'er the mossed roof whispered waving,
Cheerfully held his feast the worthy Pastor of Grunau,
For his Louisa's sake, domestic, yet grand in his home-gown.
Round the table of stone stood three cane chairs, which the houseboy
Carved in his private hours, as a gift for the maid on her birthday,
Fit for guests; for the master an arm-chair grander in structure.
After his meal sat the old man there at his ease, and delighted
With his instructive speech and his tales himself and his hearers.
At the well-known tale soft smiling, gently the mother
Plucked in secret the sleeve, close by, of the listening daughter,
And, near leaning her head, thus spoke in whispering accents:
"Say, shall we go to the wood, my child? or wouldest thou rather,
Since that the sun is so hot, by the brook, in the arbor of woodbine,
We should thy birthday keep? How shy thou lookest and blushest!"
Started with sweet surprise, rose-blooming, and answered the maiden,—
"Not in the arbor, my mother; the woodbine's scent in the eve is
All too strong; where the lilies shed, and where the reseda
Odors too; and the flies swarm, teasing, over the water.
Beautiful looks the sun, and the wooded bank has its coolness."
Nodded the mother assent. And now the story was ended,
And to her husband quick turn'd then the intelligent housewife.
"Wilt thou now say grace? Louisa had rather her birthday
Kept in the wood, than below at the brook in the arbor of woodbine:
Beautiful looks the sun, and the wooded bank has its coolness.
Now my advice. Let Master Walter and Charles the unwearied
Go with Louisa before, choose ground and gather us firewood.
Pity the gentlefolks are kept away at the castle,
Mother and daughter alike, by a stupid visitor. Sweeter
Were with Amelia the walk. Clear sound in the echoing forest
Songs that you sing. We old folks quietly over the water

COPYRIGHT, 1900

J. GUNTHER, PINX

LUISE'S BIRTHDAY FEAST

Come by a shorter way. The steward, I know, for the birthday
Gladly will lend us a boat. But yet it were well that your father
Rest for a while. Noon sleep is good for elderly people,
When the air is so hot and full of the scent of the bean-flower."
Thereto answeredst thou, O honored Pastor of Grunau!—
"There! only hear, son, the mistress! she orders it! Well, I must yield me
Quietly; every thing yield to the birthday feast of my Luise.
Children! pray we to God the Eternal! Pray, and be reverent."
So saying, bared he his head, the honored father, and show'd it
Shining bald, ring'd round with locks of silvery whiteness;
Humbly he sank his eyes, and with folded hands did his prayer make:—
"Hear, O God, our Father! that fillest with food and with gladness
All that has life, the thanks thy children stammer before thee.
We are but dust. Do thou us guard, in this life of temptation,
Both from evil and woe, and from pride and vanity's swelling.
Give to us daily bread of our own, till, guided by thee still,
These vain cares are past, and we enter into thy glory.
Children! to you may this meal be blest, and be blessings for ever."
Thus the old man spake, and they all came near him and kissed him.
Grateful, kissed and embraced her father his roseate daughter;
Then, to his cheek close pressing, caress'd him. And with emotion
He to his heart press'd her, and rock'd his child on his bosom.
Now to the steward hied, full charged with his errand, the house-boy,
That he would lend to his friends, for the birth-day feast of the maiden,
Kindly the boat; that solidly built, on the strand of the Ostsee,
Steer'd out e'en when the waves rose high, for rowing or angling.
Out spoke Hans his commission, and quick did the steward reply make:—
"Ask for the boat, or for aught that I can. The maiden is welcome."
Spoke—and the key to the hasty messenger gave. But the maiden
Took, for Charles much urged, the arm of the well-manner'd Walter,
So by the dashing wheel of the mill, and down to the meadow,

Pleased they winded along. To the well-turn'd feet of the maiden
Clung her garment of white, all gay with rose-color'd ribands:
Silken gauze betray'd, while it wrapt, her bosom and shoulders,
Decked in front with the bud of a rose, and skillfully plaited.
Shaded her fair frank face her straw hat cover'd with corn-flowers;
And, by her breath moved, flow'd in the wind her dark-colored ringlets,—
Glossy, shining in light, and carefully bound with a riband.
White show'd forth from the brown glove's verge the hand of the damsel,
Plump and tender, oft cooling her face with the breeze that her fan made;
And as the left in the arm of the youth lay gently, he felt there
Play in his hand all warm the damsel's delicate fingers,
And to his heart ran a thrill of delight. Hard breathing and speechless
Press'd he the tiny hand, and folded with fingers that trembled.
And thus loiter'd the pair through grass and blossoming field-flow'rs
Slowly; the grasshoppers chirped all around; and then, as bewilder'd,
Thoughtful and shy, shunn'd meeting of looks, and little they utter'd.
As they now, sighing oft, stept down to the dell and its thicket,
Where, by the stile, all swampy and red, the source from the sandbank
Sluggishly crept, 'mid clumps rush-cover'd, and patches of mare's-tail,
Timidly, then, by the hand of the youth assisted, the damsel
Stept from each to the next of the stones, for travelers placed there,
And for the neighbors who took the shortest path to the churchyard;—
Timid, in fear the morass might soil the skirts of her garment,
Shrinking away from the startling frog with maidenly terror.
And now she stood by the stile, and her small foot carefully lifted
Over the bar, that still would reveal the clock of the stocking;
Quickly she order'd her robes, and over she sprang like a roe-deer.
Then through the hazel-bush, on the path scooped out by the rain-stream,
Up the precipitous bank, and obliquely round by the hawthorn;
And arriv'd at the top, thus spake, rose-cheeked, the damsel:—

"Stay for a moment here. My heart so beats! How refreshing
Over the lake the cool gales sweep! and see how the prospect
Laughs around! Down there, alternate, darker and lighter
Corn-fields stretch and wave, all checker'd with blossoming field-flow'rs.
There, amid orchard wealth, the village so friendly shelter'd,
By the meandering brook, and the tow'er with its glittering wind-vane.
White amid chestnuts the castle above; and red in the meadow
Lowing herds! and the stork, how familiar! stalking among them.
Then the quivering blue of the lake, as it sweeps round the headland:
Haymakers there, and there are mowers. Sit we on the bank here
'Mid the hum of the laboring bees, and the odor of bean-fields."

THE STORMSTERS.

By this name George Henry Lewes has designated the champions of the "Sturm und Drang" (Storm and Stress) period of German literature. They represent the great German revolution of the eighteenth century, which was fought out in the realm of letters, instead of on the battle-field. It is plain that the works of Maximilian Klinger (1752–1831), Reinhold Lenz, Heinrich Leopold Wagner, William Heinse and Christian Daniel Schubart (1739–1791) teem with bitter invective against the nobility and against the risen militarism, and the sentiment finds its fiercest expression in such lyrics as Fritz von Stolberg's famous "Ode to Liberty" (1775), and Schubart's "Fürstengruft" — "Sepulchre of Princes"—(1781), which gives all princes to the worms. And yet individualism, rather than mere political independence, was the stormy demand of this school. Thus, the hero of Klinger's "Sturm und Drang" (1776)—the drama which gave the name to the entire group—comes to America to fight in the existing War for Independence, not for the sake of liberty, but of individualism. Listen to him: "I had to run away to get out of this fearful restlessness and uncertainty. Have been everything. Became a day-laborer to be something. Lived on the Alps, pastured goats, lay day and night under the boundless vault of the heavens, cooled by the winds,

burning with an inner fire. Nowhere rest, nowhere repose. See, thus I am glutted by impulse and power, and cannot work it out of me. I am going to take part in this campaign as a volunteer; there I can expand my soul, and if they do me the favor to shoot me down,—all the better."

If Klopstock was the nominal patron saint of this school, it is easy to be seen that Jean Jacques Rousseau with his "Nouvelle Héloïse" and "Émile" had exerted the major influence. As Professor Kuno Francke has remarked: "Never, with the one exception of the Romantic movement, which as a matter of fact was nothing but a revived 'Sturm und Drang,' has individualism been preached with greater vehemence and aggressiveness than it was preached by the leaders of this agitation. Destruction of every barrier to individual growth; war against authority of whatever kind; the glorification of primitive, uncorrupted nature, of instinct, of passion, of genius; the vilification of the existing social order, of regularity, of learning, of conscious effort—these were their watchwords." Its apotheosis may be seen in Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" and Schiller's "The Robbers."

The poet Bürger is a vivid illustration of the Stormster actually putting these literary principles into practice in his life. "A heart without passions," the renowned Hamann had said, "is a head without ideas;" and these hearts were aflame. In his drama, "Ardinghello" (1787), Wilhelm Heinse, who preaches absolutely unbridled license, relates the following parable which may be taken not only as the motto of this one novel, but as a keynote to the entire school:

"A waxen house-god, left out of sight, stood by the side of a fire in which beautiful Campanian vases were being hardened, and began to melt. He bitterly complained to the flames. "Look,' he said, 'how cruelly you treat me. To those vessels yonder you lend durability, and me you destroy.' The fire answered: 'Complain rather of your own nature. As to myself, I am fire everywhere.'"

Jacob Reinhold Lenz (1751–1792) was also another sad spectacle of the Stormster in real life. Possessed of positive genius, he at last became insane and had to be banished from the court of Weimar by no less a personage than Goethe.

It is supposed that Goethe had Lenz in view in portions of his drama on "Torquato Tasso."

Among the most notable plays of the Stormsters may be mentioned Klinger's "Die Zwillinge," a tragedy of fratricide, and his "Faust's Life, Deeds, and Journey to Hell," and Friedrich Müller's horrible "Golo and Genovefa" and his "Faust's Life." It will be seen that Faust, the rebel against tradition, was a favorite hero of these revolutionary dramatists. Here is Müller's explanation of this fact, in the preface to his own Faust drama:

"Faust was one of the favorite heroes of my childhood, because I early recognized him as a great fellow, a fellow who feels all his power, feels the bridle which Fate has put upon him, and tries to throw it off, who has the courage to hurl everything down that steps in his way to check him.—Is it not in human nature to lift one's self as high as possible, to be fully what one feels he might be? The grumbling, too, against Fate and the world, which hold us down, which force our noble self, our independent will into the yoke of conventions, is in human nature. Where is the lowly, long-suffering creature which never would wish to soar upward, which would resign itself of its own accord, which would delight in its own degradation? I have no feeling for such a creature; I should consider it a monstrosity which had issued prematurely from the womb of nature and in which nature has no part.—There are moments in life—who does not known them?—when the heart overleaps itself, when the best, the noblest fellow, in spite of justice and law, cannot help being carried beyond himself."

GOTTFRIED A. BÜRGER.

THE ballads of Gottfried August Bürger (1747–1794) are full of fire and headlong force. The most weird and unearthly of these lyrics is his familiar poetic tale of "Lenore." This masterpiece of its type relates how a ghostly lover—or Death himself in the shape of the lover—gallops away with his doomed bride in a frantic race through the moonlit night. Sir Walter Scott translates the grim triumph of the refrain—"Hurrah! Hurrah! The dead can ride!" What has been said of Antonin Dvorak's cantata on the same legend may be fittingly repeated of Bürger's original version—"It is a poem in which horror itself is made beautiful, and darkness lightened with flashes of electric genius." Scott has also translated another of the wild ballads of Bürger's, such as the later Romantic School fed on—"Der wilde Jäger" (The Wild Huntsman). Bürger possessed a magnificent talent, as full of tenderness as of savage weirdness; but he ruined his life and genius in emotional excesses and sensual dissipation. In many of his poems we see only the wraiths of an irate father, a boisterous student, a host of unrelenting creditors and a faithless sweetheart.

LENORE.

(Translated by H. D. Wireman.)

LENORE, at glow of morning red,
From dreams oppressive started:
"Art faithless, William! or art dead?
How long must we be parted?"
At Prague, with Fred'rick's proud array,
He bravely dashed into the fray,—
Since then no word to gladden
The heart, suspense doth sadden.

The King and Empress weary grew
Of feud and war's disaster,
They curbed their wills, swore friendships true,
And Peace again was master;
Each host came home, with sing and song,
With trumpet blast, and ding and dong,
Bedecked with wreaths of laurel,
O'erjoyed, healed was the quarrel.

And everywhere, in lane and street,
With fear and hope and yearning,
The old and young went forth to meet
The shouting troops returning.
"Thank God!" the son and mother cried;
And "Welcome!" many a happy bride.
Sad for Lenore this meeting,
Lost every kiss and greeting.

She asked them all if aught they knew
Of William, but not any
Could give to her the slightest clue,
Not one, of all the many.
When all were passed, and he not there,
She wildly tore her raven hair,
To earth herself prostrated,
Lenore, the poor, ill-fated!

Then quickly came her mother mild,
Imploring Heaven's blessing,
And to her heart she drew her child,
With kisses her caressing.
"My heart now, mother, 's turned to stone,
World, all farewell, since hope hath flown;
'Gainst me closed Heaven's portal,
Woe, woe is me, poor mortal!"

"Lord, help in this our greatest need;
Child, ask God's benediction;
What God decrees, is well decreed;
He'll help us in affliction!"
"These notions, mother, now dispel,
For God to me hath not done well:
My prayers were unheeded,
And now they are not needed!"

"God, pass not judgment on the child
Of her before thee praying,
Too great her grief, O God! be mild,
She knows not what she's saying.
Away, with earthly woes away,
Of God, salvation think, I pray,—
No bridegroom then will tarry,
Thy soul, my child, to marry."

"O mother, what is bliss, what hell?
Dispel thy vain illusion,
Salvation 's where my Love doth dwell,
Without him all 's confusion!
Out, out, forever out, my light!
Die 'mid these horrors black as night!
Without him bliss were baneful
On earth—in Heaven disdainful!"

Thus in her brain, in every vein,
Did rage wild desperation,
She rashly railed, with cries profane,
'Gainst God without cessation;
She wrung her hands and beat her breast
Till sank the sun far in the west,
Till golden stars above her
Night's azure vault did cover.

Now clatter, clatter, click and clang,
Were sounds on night air swelling;
From reeking steed a rider sprang
And stood before her dwelling;
Hark! Hark! how clear resounds his ring
Through stilly night—ting-ling-a-ling.
Impatiently he mutters;
These words distinctly utters:

"Halloo! my child, quick ope the door!
Art thou awake, or sleeping?
Art true to me, my own Lenore?
Art laughing, or art weeping?"
"What, William, William, can it be?
I've watched and wept so long for thee—
Till flown, I thought, my reason:
Whence comest at this season?"

"At nightfall we did saddle, late!
Rode from Bohemia hither!
I started late, long cannot wait,
And thou must with me thither."
"Dear William, first come in to me:
Cold rush the winds through hawthorn tree;
And warm 'tis under cover,
Warm in my arms, my lover!"

"Oh, let it whistle, howl around,
My love, why heed the weather?
My charger snorts and paws the ground,
Away we must together.
Quick, tie thy dress; to horse, away!
Three hundred leagues, ere break of day,
To nuptial couch must carry,—
No longer dare we tarry."

"A hundred leagues with me away,
Ere stars do wane from Heaven?
Oh, list! the clock is striking, stay!
It tolls the hour eleven!"
"See here, see there, the moon shines clear,
We and the dead ride quickly, dear;
Thou'lt be, ere this night's closing,
On bridal bed reposing."

"Thy chamber, where? thy couch?—explain!"
"Far from thy home and mother!
But eight rough boards doth couch contain,
Small, still and chill's the other!"
"Is room for me?" "For me and thee!
Quick, swing and spring, sit back of me.
The guests are congregated,
With longing we 're awaited."

She tied her dress and swung and sprung
Upon the steed beside her;
Her lily arms she fondly flung
Around the faithful rider;
And hurry, hurry, click, click, click,
They fly, e'en like the whirlwind quick,
And as they onward clatter,
The sparks and pebbles scatter.

On right and left, like lightning flashed,
Past meadow, field and heather!
The bridges thundered as they dashed
On to their goal together!
"The moon shines clear; Love, dost thou dread?
Hurrah! how quickly ride the dead!
The dead, my darling, fearest?"
"Oh, let them slumber, dearest!"

What did yon song and clang foretell,
The hideous raven's whirring?
Hark, tolling bell! Hark, funeral knell!
"The body we're interring!"
The mourning train, with hearse and bier
And lamentations, now drew near.
Like croaking frogs the singing,
From bogs and marshes ringing.

"At midnight dust to dust confide,
With sing and song, bewailment!
Now I lead home my youthful bride—
Come, come to the regalement!
Come, sexton, bring the choir and sing,
And let the song right merry ring;
Pronounce the blessing, Friar,
Ere we to bed retire!"

Hushed song and clang—gone bier and pall,
Pell-mell they now dashed after,
The corpse and all, obeyed his call,
With shrieks and hideous laughter;
In furious gallop on they fly,
Like fiery meteors through the sky,
With click and clang and clatter,
And sparks and pebbles scatter.

On right and left how swiftly flew
Trees, mountains, hedges, flowers!
On right and left flew swiftly too
Town, hamlets, cots and towers.
"The moon shines clear; Love, dost thou dread?
Hurrah! hurrah! fleet ride the dead!
The dead, beloved, fearest?"
"Oh, let them slumber, dearest!"

"See here, see there, around they wheel,
The spirits flit like vapors,
Moon doth reveal their phantom reel,
Their hideous grotesque capers.
Soho! ye rout, come, follow here,
Come, follow us, come, follow near.
With dancing and with singing
To nuptial couch us bringing."

And quick, quick, quick, so close behind,
The rabble rout did bustle,
As when young Winter's whirling wind
Through Autumn leaves doth rustle.
And fast and faster on they fly,
Like fiery meteors through the sky,
With click, and clang, and clatter,
And sparks and pebbles scatter.

Quick did the moon's round shadow fly,
As on the steed was bounding,
And swiftly aye, the starlit sky,
The earth and all surrounding.
"The moon shines bright; Love, dost thou dread?
Fast do we ride, we and the dead!
The dead, beloved, fearest?"
"Oh, let them slumber, dearest!"

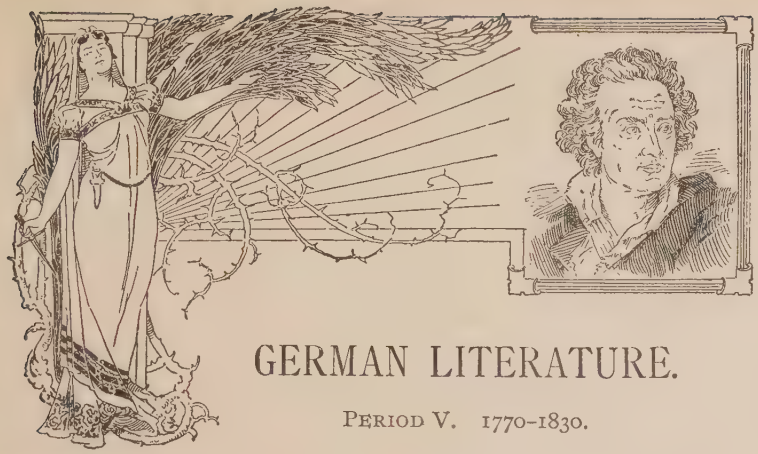
"Steed, steed, the sand is well nigh spent,
Methinks the cock is crowing,
E'en now the morning air I scent,—
Must quick from hence be going.
Wide openeth now the bridal bed,
Our course is run—fast ride the dead.
They ride with desperation—
We're at our destination!"

On to a gate with loosened rein,
The foaming steed did thunder,
A single blow, a loud refrain,
And locks were burst asunder;
The doors swung open with a crash,
And over graves they then did dash.
By moon's pale, silvery shimmer,
How weird the tombs did glimmer.

Behold a sight to freeze the heart,
So ghastly and appalling;
The rider's jerkin lo! apart
Now piece for piece was falling.
His head, a naked skull, alas!
A skeleton.—An hour-glass
One fleshless hand was grasping,
A scythe the other clasping.

The courser snorted, plunged and reared,
Distended nostrils flaming,
Earth quaked and groaned, horse disappeared,
The earth her own reclaiming.
And shriek on shriek did rend the air,
Above, below, ay, everywhere.
Lenore for Life contended,
O'er brink of Death suspended.

In giddy dance, by moonlight pale,
The spirits round were whirling,
And at Lenore, with shriek and wail,
Thus retribution hurling:
"'Though break thy heart—be still, be still,
Rail not 'gainst God, Oh, speak not ill,
Thou diest now 'mid terrors,
May God forgive thy errors."



GERMAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD V. 1770–1830.

GOETHE, by the supremacy of his genius and the manifold character of the products of his long career, stands apart and above all his contemporaries. Yet like the universal Shakespeare, he was also a truly representative product of his time and country. Schiller, closely associated with the Teutonic literary monarch by personal friendship, by intellectual force and by similarity in artistic work, cannot be separated in any historical consideration. These noble authors, eminent above all others of their time, as poets, dramatists, and prose-writers, constitute in German literature a separate section, which is justly recognized as its Golden Age.

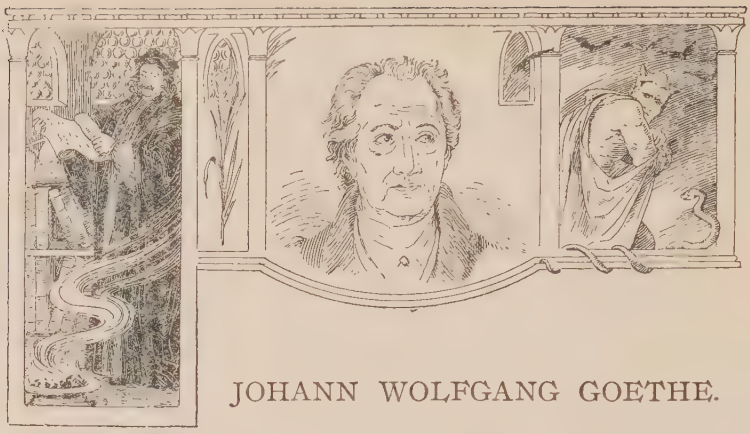
The dignified and evangelical poet Klopstock had already struck the note of nationalism, and in spite even of Frederick the Great had maintained the worth of the German language as a literary medium. The Epicurean Wieland had imported from ancient Greek and modern French a playful spirit necessary to humanize the too sombre and severe piety of his predecessor. Wieland recognized in the young Goethe a kindred spirit with his own and a greater genius whose sweetness and light refreshed his soul. Yet it was more directly to J. G. Herder (1744–1803) that Goethe owed the proper direction of his early work. Herder, though learned and full of sympathy for genius, had no fluency of expression. But by his "Voices of the Peoples"—free translations from the songs and ballads of various nations—and by his "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry" he

aroused a cosmopolitan spirit in imaginative literature. He made his contemporaries acquainted with the Scandinavian lyrics and long-forgotten old German songs, and directed their attention to the poetic wealth of the Orient. He accepted as genuine the poems ascribed to Ossian. What Herder felt but was unable properly to express, was accomplished by Goethe. This master in the successive stages of his career reflected the movement of his times. In his national drama of "Götz von Berlichingen" he gave vigorous expression to the spirit of human brotherhood which underlay the French Revolution, though he transferred it to the period of the Reformation. In his sentimental romance, "The Sorrows of Werther," he combined imitations of the English Richardson and the French Rousseau, yet incorporated parts of his own experience. Becoming director of the theatre at Weimar, Goethe composed a succession of noble dramas, chiefly historical. They comprise "Egmont," which relates to the revolt in the Netherlands, "Iphigenie," a remarkable revival of the Greek drama, "Tasso," which sets forth the genius and love of the Italian poet. Returning to the familiar German ground in his idyll of "Hermann and Dorothea," Goethe surpassed his predecessor Voss in describing an ideal country life. In his minor poems and ballads there is an extraordinary variety of themes and modes of treament, yet in artistic merit they have never been equalled, save perhaps by Heine. But the great life-work of Goethe was his unique tragedy of "Faust," which was commenced as early as 1772, first published in part in 1790, and not completed until 1831. The drama has called forth innumerable criticisms and controversies, yet is universally accepted as the modern expression of the conflict of good and evil in man and the world. Taking the familiar story of Dr. Faustus as a basis, it rises to a sublime height, interweaving heaven, earth and hell, and their inhabitants, and closes with the triumph of mercy in the admission of the redeemed soul of the sinner into eternal bliss.

Schiller was more of a visionary and enthusiast than Goethe, and his career was checkered with troubles. His first drama, "The Robbers," was so wild and violent in tone as to alarm the authorities. Other dramas followed, composed

under difficulties, but full of the love of freedom. His grandest drama is the trilogy of "Wallenstein," which sets forth the ambition, treason and fate of the great German warrior. In other historical plays, such as "Mary Stuart" and "The Maid of Orleans," the idealizing poet departed so widely from the recorded facts as to distress truth-loving critics. Yet Schiller was himself a historian and has related "The Revolt of the Netherlands" and "The Thirty Years' War." At intervals while composing his dramas and histories, Schiller sent forth his splendid lyrics and ballads, inspired by noble ideas. His last work was his drama, "William Tell," which enshrines for the admiration of mankind the liberty-loving spirit of the Swiss mountaineers.

While Schiller was throughout his career an ardent champion of freedom, personal and political, Goethe was a liberal aristocrat, regarding self-culture as the highest aim of life. During their companionship at Weimar they produced in friendly competition lyrics and ballads; Schiller's were more effective and popular; Goethe's more subtle and suggestive. After the early death of the younger poet, the aged Goethe derived fresh inspiration from the recently-revealed treasures of the Eastern world, and with remarkable sympathy and lyric force presented in his "West-Easterly Divan" the combined mysticism and sensuousness of Oriental poetry. It was then also that he drew idealized pictures of his own early life in his "Poetry and Truth," and completed in mystical style his drama of "Faust" as his legacy to the world.



JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

Goethe is the great Olympian of the German Parnassus, the giant representative of Teutonic literature at the Court of the Muses. His only approximate compeer in German poetry is Schiller, with whom his friendship became so close and reciprocally beneficial that their memories are inseparably linked in fame. In their personal relations at Weimar these noble poets were like twin stars. Both lie entombed together in the ducal mausoleum of that little court of their living glory, and in the square of Weimar their statues stand side by side, their perfect friendship thus symbolized in bronze. There they hold a laurel wreath between them, as though each were crowning the other. As Goethe once remarked: "Instead of arguing as to which of us, Schiller or Goethe, is the greater genius, the Germans should be proud that they have two such men."

Schiller is the more loved of the two; Goethe the more admired. Schiller was the more human in his art; Goethe the more universal. As it has been pithily expressed: "Goethe strove for æsthetic universality, Schiller strove for moral freedom." Both poets were idealists; but while Schiller's flight was winged towards the dawn of an ideal liberty and humanity, Goethe's genius gazed aloft and far away to the all-illuminating sun of universal culture. In art Schiller has himself thus defined their differentiation: "The naïve poet is nature; the sentimental poet seeks nature. The one imitates the natural, the other the ideal."

In a word, the world to-day speaks of these great brother spirits as the good Schiller and the great Goethe.

As for Goethe's life, it would be a vain task to seek to analyze it here. The earnest student may well follow it in the elaborately minute biography by the German scholar, Dr. Düntzer, in Lewes's popular English biography, and in the poet's own charming autobiography. Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born on August 28, 1749, in the proud commercial city of Frankfort, the grandson of a tailor and innkeeper, the son of an imperial councillor and a magistrate's daughter. He studied first at Leipsic, fell seriously ill, recovered at home, and went to Strasburg, where he studied jurisprudence and graduated. But he also met and was inspired by Herder, who played a vital part in the young man's literary development. While at Strasburg Goethe had the love affair with Friederike Brion, which was later to supply him with the basis of the Gretchen romance. At Wetzlar, whither he went to practice law, he met Charlotte Buff, the Lotte of Werther. Meanwhile he had felt the influence of the Storm and Stress movement, and when only twenty-four years old he made himself famous in a day by his revolutionary drama, "Götz von Berlichingen." In this earliest drama he presented an idealized portrait of the old robber-knight of the sixteenth century, the Knight of the Iron Hand. Goethe chose this "noblest of Germans," not as a national type, but as one who foreshadowed the modern struggle for individualism.

Passing quickly to the languidly sentimental vein, he told the story of his hopeless love for Charlotte Buff in "The Sorrows of Young Werther." In a series of letters the hero relates how, enamored of a married woman, he flees from temptation and at last determined on suicide. Under the pretext of starting on a journey, he borrows the husband's pistols, reflecting that Charlotte will take them down and dust them before sending them to him. Despite its remarkable beauties of style, the mawkish and false character of this prose novel of passion and suicide has been cleverly revealed by Thackeray's bald and doggerel relation of the incidents themselves. Goethe himself had not loved Lotte to the point

of despair, and the suicide was suggested by the self-murder of a more sentimental lover, young Jerusalem at Wetzlar. Nevertheless, "The Sorrows of Werther" struck a sentimental chord all over the Europe of that day. Even the unsentimental Napoleon carried the book with him on his Egyptian campaign, and read of Werther's sorrows under the shadow of the Sphinx. Later in life he discussed the work with Goethe, who eventually outgrew its mood and mocked his early indiscretion. But at the time Goethe sent a copy to Lotte, declaring: "I have kissed it a hundred times." Mme. de Staël asserted that the book was responsible for more suicides than the most beautiful woman had ever been. It may here be repeated of Goethe that in love matters he was always "both the patient and the physician." Soon after he had a new spell of romance with Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, who figures as the Lili of many of his lyrics.

But in 1775 Goethe was suddenly summoned to the Court of Weimar, to become the Apollo of modern German literature. Until his death he dwelt there with honors, public esteem and literary glory. Another woman, Frau von Stein, became a factor in his life. Her influence and the inspiration of his Italian journey (1786–7) are to be seen in his dramas of "Iphigenie" and "Tasso." The works produced at Weimar may be briefly characterized.

"Egmont" is a drama of the Netherlands' struggle for liberty, in which Goethe's hero is not the Egmont of history, but an unmarried, high-minded patriot standing almost alone against relentless despotism and bigotry, personified in Alva. The Brussels mob refuse to stand by him. Egmont has been styled as "Götz's weak, aristocratic twin-brother." His love romance with Clärchen is exquisite. "Iphigenie" is a drama in noble iambic verse, in which Goethe, like his heroine, "sought Greece with all his soul." "Iphigenie" typifies the classic spirit of idealism conquering man's passions, the Furies of Orestes. It is his first great dramatic work free from the early impetuosity and revolutionary bitterness. The drama of "Torquato Tasso" was founded upon the Italian poet's unhappy love for the Princess Leonora. Tasso represents the idealist, as opposed to Antonio, a realist.

The remarkable "Reineke Fuchs" is the definitive High German poetic version of the Low German Willem's fox fable.

"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" and "Wilhelm Meister's Wander-year" are novels in which Goethe presents on the surface a realistic picture of life, ending in a rosy-hued romance. The hero's development of culture is, however, the underlying motive. In Wilhelm's experience with a troupe of actors, Goethe reviewed his own entire theatrical studies, from his youthful puppet shows to his ripest Shakespearean criticism. "Hamlet" is analyzed in this first book in almost classical style. In the sequel Wilhelm passes through an experience of coquetry with the vivacious and worldly actress, Philine, to find a little pearl of womanhood in the waif Mignon (rendered still more familiar through Ambroise Thomas's opera). Her songs express well Goethe's longing for Italy. The character of the mysterious Harper is also highly romantic. The "Italian Journey," "Roman Elegies" and "Venetian Epigrams" are the critical and lyrical fruits of Goethe's travels.

"Hermann and Dorothea" is the chief German idyllic epic. Goethe founded this tender hexameter tale on an incident of the expulsion of a band of Protestants from Salzburg in 1731, but he transplanted it to the time of the French Revolution. A band of German emigrants leave their homes beyond the Rhine to escape the French pillagers. Among them is the orphaned Dorothea, whom Hermann, the son of the host of "The Golden Lion," leads home as his bride. Dorothea is Goethe's type of woman, helpful and pure. This idyll has well been pronounced a "hymn to the family" and "the pearl of Germany's art." The "West-Easterly Divan" is a series of Oriental lyrics, inspired by Hafiz. In one of these, "Timur," Napoleon's invasion of Russia is noticed. Goethe's "Pages from My Life: Poetry and Truth," is one of the most fascinating autobiographies ever written. In it he has described the most impressionable period of his life, but has presented many episodes in a fanciful rather than realistic way. Thus, in his retrospect of his love intrigue with Friederike Brion, he has undoubtedly idealized her remembrance and painted his relations with her in darker and

more romantic colors than the facts, soberly related, would warrant. But through a long life of deep meditation, the aged Goethe had come to look upon that early indiscretion as a sad episode. He possessed to the last a distinct vein of sentimentality in regard to all women, and a study of his life reveals one feminine influence after another. It is scarcely possible to see in Friederike more than a mere suggestion of the Gretchen of "Faust." The poet utilized many events of his experience for an artistic purpose, idealizing and transmuting them by the alchemy of his genius. Indeed, no truer characterization of his entire art and life could have been invented than his own expression of "Poetry and Truth" or "Fact and Fancy."

Goethe was less noble and pure than Schiller in his personal life. His multitude of love affairs ended in a liaison with an uneducated Gretchen of Weimar (Christiane Vulpius), whom he only married after the birth of a son. He was a pantheist in religion, believing that evil exists in appearance only, and in many of his actions he justified Heine's caustic description of him as "the great heathen." Perhaps this gives us the key to the inner significance of Heine's other saying, that "Nature wanted to see how she looked, and she created Goethe." Despite the languid sentimentality of his youthful "Sorrows of Werther" and the artificial note of some of his later writings, Goethe was what Schiller called a naïve poet, a poet of Nature. Thus, in his lyrics, he mirrored her true self. In "Hermann and Dorothea" he achieved a genuine pastoral idyl. In "Götz" he could be violent and headlong as a mountain torrent; in "Faust" as varied and bafflingly incongruous as life and humanity.

Personally he passed through a whole category of changes. His autobiography shows him as the typical, even if precocious, child of the commercial classes of the old "Free cities," such as his native Frankfort was. To Herder he seemed "a good fellow, somewhat frivolous and sparrow-like." On his arrival at the court of Weimar, in the strength and beauty of youth, he enjoyed a period of luxurious indulgence before settling down into the sedate and titled councillor of the kingdom.

As to his egoism, Goethe stood as the confessed champion and apostle of self-culture. German culture had reached, in his day, the state described in his own words: "Germany as a whole is nothing, the individual German is everything." It was in this spirit that Goethe composed his "West-Easterly Divan," his Oriental songs, during that stirring period when Körner and other patriotic poets were hymning the hopes of the Fatherland and the great War of Liberation was being waged against Napoleon. Goethe had a high admiration for the wonderful individual greatness of the French Emperor, and he thought the struggle would be in vain. He was not indifferent to the ideals of Freedom, Fatherland, People. "Germany is dear to my heart," he once wrote to Luden; but he wrote to Eckermann: "As a man and citizen, the poet will love his fatherland, but the fatherland of his poetic strength and his poetic activity is the good, noble and beautiful, which is confined to no special province or land, which he seizes and forms where he finds it." Of his lyrics, it is only necessary to add that no other German poet has equaled him, save only Heine. Many of his finest songs were set to music by Schubert. Goethe's world masterpiece, "Faust," is analyzed in a separate article. The commendation which the poem has received far and near may be perhaps owing to this quality, that it permanently preserves the period of development of a human soul which is tormented by all that afflicts mankind, shaken also by all that disturbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellant and made happy by all that it desires.

As a slight testimony to the universality of Goethe's genius, a word may be added concerning his scientific researches. He deserves the title of Father of Comparative Anatomy. He suggested the study of the morphology of plants and recognized in the human skull the highest type of vertebra. He also opposed Newton's corpuscular hypothesis of light, and originated a theory of colors which Tyndall has refuted.

The universality of Goethe's genius makes him a most difficult character to understand. He is full of seeming contradictions, irreconcilable, except in a broad view of his mind and art. His large egoism often presents, when

narrowed down to particular aspects, the appearance of egotism. There is a certain harsh grain of seeming selfishness and coldness of culture about him. This led Emerson in "Representative Men" to treat the German thinker as the type of the ultra-critical, almost devoid of heart and nearly all head. It has also led to Professor Edward Dowden's severe arraignment of Goethe's ideals of culture.

It has been well said of this greatest of the Germans: "Rather than cavil at his statuesque repose, we should learn to admire the self-conflict and self-command which molded the exuberance of his impulsive nature into monumental symmetry and proportion. . . . As Homer concentrated in himself the spirit of antiquity, Dante of the Middle Ages and Shakespeare of the Renaissance, so Goethe is the representative of the modern spirit, the prophet of mankind under new circumstances and new conditions, the appointed teacher of ages yet unborn."

The Sorrows of Werther.

(Werther writes to his friend Wilhelm.)

Oh, what a night, Wilhelm! I can henceforth bear anything. I shall never see Charlotte again. Oh, why cannot I fall on your neck, and with floods of tears and raptures, give utterance to all the passions which distract my heart! Here I sit, gasping for breath, and struggling to compose myself. I wait for day, and at sunrise the horses are to be at the door.

And she is sleeping calmly, little suspecting that she has seen me for the last time. I am free. I have had the courage, in an interview of two hours' duration, not to betray my intention. And oh! Wilhelm, what a conversation it was!

Albert had promised to come to Charlotte in the garden, immediately after supper. I was upon the terrace under the tall chestnut-trees, and watched the setting sun,—I saw him sink for the last time beneath this delightful valley and silent stream. I had often visited the same spot with Charlotte, and witnessed that glorious sight, and now—I was

walking up and down the very avenue which was so dear to me. A secret sympathy had frequently drawn me thither, before I knew Charlotte, and we were delighted when, in our early acquaintance, we discovered that we each loved the same spot, which is indeed as romantic as any that ever captivated the fancy of an artist.

From beneath the chestnut-trees there is an extensive view. But I remember that I have mentioned all this in a former letter, and have described the tall mass of beech-trees at the end, and how the avenue grows darker and darker as it winds its way among them, till it ends in a gloomy recess which has all the charm of a mysterious solitude. I still remember the strange feeling of melancholy which came over me, the first time I entered that dark retreat, at bright midday. I felt a secret foreboding that it would, one day, be to me the scene of some happiness or misery.

I had spent half an hour struggling between the contending thoughts of going and returning, when I heard them coming up the terrace. I ran to meet them ; I trembled as I took her hand and kissed it. As we reached the top of the terrace, the moon rose from behind the wooded hill. We conversed on many subjects, and without perceiving it, we approached the gloomy recess. Charlotte entered and sat down. Albert seated himself beside her; I did the same, but my agitation did not suffer me to remain long seated. I got up and stood before her, then walked backwards and forwards, and sat down again. I was restless and miserable. Charlotte drew our attention to the beautiful effect of the moonlight, which threw a silver hue over the terrace, in front of us beyond the beech-trees. It was a glorious sight, and was rendered more striking by the darkness which surrounded the spot where we were. We remained for some time silent, when Charlotte observed : "Whenever I walk by moonlight, it brings to my remembrance all my beloved and departed friends, and I am filled with thoughts of death and futurity. We shall live again, Werther !" she continued, with a firm but feeling voice ; "But shall we know one another again—what do you think, what do you say?"

"Charlotte !" I said, as I took her hand in mine, and my

eyes filled with tears, "we shall see each other again—here and hereafter we shall meet again." I could say no more. Why, Wilhelm, should she put this question to me just at the moment when the fear of our cruel separation filled my heart?

"And oh! do those departed ones know how we are employed here, do they know when we are well and happy, do they know when we recall their memories with the fondest love? In the silent hour of evening the shade of my mother hovers round me; when seated in the midst of my children, I see them assembled near me as they used to assemble near her! and then I raise my anxious eyes to heaven, and wish she could look down upon us and witness how I fulfill the promise I made to her in her last moments, to be a mother to her children. With what emotion do I then exclaim, 'Pardon, dearest of mothers, pardon me, if I do not adequately supply your place. Alas! I do my utmost; they are clothed and fed, and still better, they are loved and educated. Could you but see, sweet saint! the peace and harmony that dwell amongst us, you would glorify God with the warmest feelings of gratitude, to whom, in your last hour, you addressed such fervent prayers for our happiness.'" Thus did she express herself; but O Wilhelm, who can do justice to her language? How can cold and passionless words convey the heavenly expressions of the spirit? Albert interrupted her gently. "This affects you too deeply, my dear Charlotte: I know your soul dwells on such recollections with intense delight, but I implore"——"O Albert," she continued, "I am sure you do not forget the evenings when we three used to sit at the little round table, when papa was absent, and the little ones had retired. You often had a good book with you, but seldom read it; the conversation of that noble being was preferable to everything—that beautiful, bright, gentle, and yet ever-toiling woman. God alone knows how I have supplicated with tears on my nightly couch that I might be like her."

I threw myself at her feet, and seizing her hand, bedewed it with a thousand tears. "Charlotte!" I exclaimed, "God's blessing and your mother's spirit are upon you." "Oh! that

COPYRIGHT, 1900

E. BOSCH, PINX

THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER

you had known her," she said, with a warm pressure of the hand; "she was worthy of being known to you." I thought I should have fainted; never had I received praise so flattering. She continued: "And yet she was doomed to die in the flower of her youth, when her youngest child was scarcely six months old. Her illness was short, but she was calm and resigned—and it was only for her children, especially the youngest, that she felt unhappy. When her end drew nigh, she bade me bring them to her. I obeyed, the younger ones knew nothing of their approaching loss, while the elder ones were quite overcome with grief. They stood around the bed, and she raised her feeble hands to heaven, and prayed over them, then kissing them in turn, she dismissed them, and said to me, 'Be you a mother to them.' I gave her my hand. 'You are promising much, my child,' she said, 'a mother's fondness, and a mother's care! I have often witnessed, by your tears of gratitude, that you know what is a mother's tenderness; show it to your brothers and sisters, and be as dutiful and faithful to your father as a wife: you will be his comfort.' She inquired for him. He had retired to conceal his intolerable anguish—he was heart-broken.

"Albert! you were in the room. She heard some one moving, she inquired who it was, and desired you to approach. She surveyed us both with a look of composure and satisfaction, expressive of her conviction that we should be happy—happy with one another." Albert fell upon her neck and kissed her, and exclaimed, "We are so, and we shall be so." Even the composure of Albert was moved, and I was excited beyond expression.

"And such a being," she continued, "was to leave us, Werther! Great God, must we thus part with everything we hold dear in this world? Nobody felt this more acutely than the children; they cried and lamented for a long time afterwards, complaining that black men had carried away their dear mamma."

Charlotte stood up. It aroused me, but I continued sitting, and held her hand. "Let us go," she said; "it grows late." She attempted to withdraw her hand; I held it still. "We shall see each other again," I exclaimed, "we shall re-

cognize each other under every possible change. I am going," I continued, "going willingly, but should I say for ever, perhaps I may not keep my word. Adieu, Charlotte! adieu, Albert; we shall meet again." "Yes, to-morrow, I think," she answered, with a smile. To-morrow! how I felt the word! Ah! she little thought, when she drew her hand away from mine. They walked down the avenue. I stood gazing after them in the moonlight. I threw myself upon the ground and wept; then I sprang up, and ran out upon the terrace, and saw, under the shade of the linden-trees, her white dress disappearing near the garden gate. I stretched out my arms, and she vanished.

Hermann and Dorothea.

This pastoral idyl, written in dactylic hexameters, proved that the young Goethe was well able to surpass his predecessor Voss on his own ground. Hermann, the beloved son of the host of the Golden Lion, is backward and taciturn. Both his parents are anxious for him to choose a suitable wife, but the youth finds that the village girls only laugh at him. His father scolds him, and his mother strives to embolden him. At last some exiles, driven from their homes by French revolutionists, appear in the neighborhood, and Hermann is attracted by the patient Dorothea. His mother discovers his attachment; his father gets the pastor, surgeon, and magistrate to make inquiry about the girl, and the young man's choice is approved.

As the wandering traveler, shortly before the sun's setting,
Gazes upon the full orb, too soon from his sight disappearing,
Until his eye the bright image retains, and constantly sees it,
Or in the gloom of the thicket, or on the face of the mountain,
Dancing before him, and glancing and waving in glorious colors;
So, to the fancy of Hermann, the magical form of the Maiden
Sweetly appeared, and it seemed the path of the corn-field to follow.
But from the startling dream he awoke, and unto the village
Slowly wended his footsteps; yet did his wandering fancy
Once more picture the Maiden standing in beauty before him.
Steadfastly gazed he upon her; this time it was no illusion,
It was herself, and she had in her hands a large and a small crock;
Holding each by the handle, she busily went to the fountain.
Joyfully stood he before her; her presence imparted new courage,

And he addressed her thus, she greatly wondering to see him:
"Do I thus meet thee, good Maiden, again so busy and active,
Others to serve, and willing to bear to thy fellows refreshment?
But wherefore com'st thou alone to the fountain, which lies at this distance,
While the rest are content with the streams that flow through the village?
Truly this water hath virtues especial, and pleasant the taste is;
'Tis for yon invalid lady, whom thou so timely didst rescue?"

Forthwith the Maiden bestowed on the Youth her heartiest greetings,
And said: "Surely my way to the fountain is fairly requited,
Since I thus meet the kind friend, whose bounty so largely we've shared;
For the sight of the giver, as well as the gifts, maketh gladsome.
Come now, and see for thyself the people thy bounty hath gladdened,
And accept of the heartfelt thanks of those thou hast served.
But that thou quickly may'st know why hither I'm come to draw water,
Here where the fountain streams up with a pure and continual gushing,
Then I will tell thee: the men, without thought of the future, have troubled
All the water that's found in the village; their horses and oxen
Have waded through at the source that brings a supply to the people.
Also with washing and all sorts of cleansing they've made the troughs muddy,
And all the wells have disturbed. Each of himself alone thinking,
How the demand of the moment he best may supply, and most promptly,
Cares little how it may speed with his neighbor who after him follows."

Then did she speak, and with her companion descended the broad steps;
Both took their seats on the low wall; she, to draw water, stooped forward:
He also took up the other crock; he, to draw water, stooped forward.

Then did they see in the blue of the sky, by the water reflected,
Each one his own waving form, and they nodded and greeted each other
In the liquid mirror. "Give me to drink," said the young man,
Full of excitement. She handed him the crock, and familiarly sat they,
Leaning upon the full vessels, and then of her friend she inquired,
"Tell me why thus do I find thee here without carriage and horses,
Far fom the place where I met with thee first. How camest thou hither?"

Thoughtfully Hermann looked downwards. Then raising his eyes full upon her,
Gazed on her friendly and calm, and felt himself soothed and tranquil.
Yet not an accent of love did he dare to breathe to the Maiden,
For in her eyes he read not the language of love; but he did read
That of intelligence, seeming to ask for intelligent converse.
Quickly collecting himself, he frankly said to the Maiden:
"Listen to me, fair Damsel, and I will reply to thy questions.
Thou art the cause of my coming: why should I try to conceal it?
For thou must know that I happily live with two beloved parents,
Whom I endeavor to serve in the house and the farm as I best can.
I am an only son, and our various duties are weighty;
I attend to the fields, and my Father to business within doors,
While the concerns of the household fall to the lot of my Mother.
But I need scarcely inform thee how troublesome are the domestics;
How by frivolity or by untruth they vex the good housewife,
So that she often makes changes, but changes one fault for another.
Therefore my mother has long wished to have in the house some good maiden,
Who with the hand not alone, but with the heart might assist her,
Taking the place of the daughter that she was too early deprived of.
Now when I saw thee to-day, in joyful activity walking;
Saw, too, the strength of thine arm, and the glowing health of thy visage;
When, too, I heard thee utter intelligent speech, I was moved
Homeward to hasten, and speak to my parents and friends of the stranger

As she deserved; and now I am come to speak of their wish, and
Also of mine—but I pray thee excuse my stammering story."

"Pray, do not shrink," she replied, "from declaring fully your meaning;
You will not wound me; for, grateful, already I guess at your purpose;
Only I wish you to speak it out plainly; your words no offence give.
You would engage me as servant unto your Father and Mother,
Well to look after the house that you wish to maintain in good order;
And you believe you will find in me an industrious maiden,
Well adapted to work, and not too rough in demeanor.
Short was your offer, and so the answer shall equally short be.
Yes! I'll accompany you, and follow where Providence leads me.
I have performed my duty and brought the sick mother in safety
Unto her relatives, who are all in the rescue rejoicing;
Most of them now are together, the others will shortly assemble;
And they all think of a surety in a few days to turn homeward.
Thus do the poor, banished people deceive themselves with illusions;
But I allow not my own mind thus with false hopes to be flattered,
In these sorrowful days, which betoken sorrow in future;
For the world's ties are unloosed, and who shall pretend to restore them,
Save some terrible need, such as that which now stands before us?
If in the house of the worthy man I can earn my bread daily,
Under the eye of the excellent housewife, willing I'll do so;
Since a wandering maiden ever is lightly esteemed.
Yes! I'll accompany you, as soon as I've taken the pitchers
Back to my friends, and have asked them to give me a blessing at parting.
Come! you must see them, and from their hands you must also receive me."

Joyfully heard the Youth the willing resolve of the Maiden,
Doubting whether he yet should reveal the true cause of his coming;
But it appeared the best course to leave her with present impressions,
And to conduct her home and there to declare his passion.

MIGNON.

(From "Wilhelm Meister," Book II., Chapter 14.)

TO WILHELM this fencing contest completed the representation of his own state of mind. He could not but perceive that he would willingly have taken up a foil against the Stallmeister; a sword still more willingly, though evidently much his inferior in the science of defence. Yet he deigned not to cast one look on Philina; he was on his guard against any word or movement that could possibly betray his feelings; and after having once or twice done justice to the health of the duellists, he hastened to his own room, where a thousand painful thoughts came pressing round him.

He called to memory the time when his spirit, rich in hope and full of boundless aims, was raised aloft and encircled with the liveliest enjoyments of every kind as with its proper element. He now clearly saw that of late he had fallen into a broken, wandering path, where, if he tasted, it was but in drops what he once quaffed in unrestricted measure. But he could not clearly see what insatiable want it was that nature had made the law of his being; and how this want had been only set on edge, half satisfied and misdirected by the circumstances of his life.

It will not surprise us, therefore, that, in considering his situation and laboring to extricate himself, he fell into the greatest perplexity. It was not enough, that by his friendship for Laertes, his attachment to Philina, his concern for Mignon, he had been detained longer than was proper in a place and a society where he could cherish his darling inclination, content his wishes as it were by stealth, and, without proposing any object, again pursue his early dreams. These ties he believed himself possessed of force enough to break asunder: had there been nothing more to hold him, he could have gone at once. But, only a few moments ago, he had entered into money transactions with Melina; he had seen that mysterious old man, the enigma of whose history he longed with unspeakable desire to clear. Yet of this, too, after much balancing of reasons, he at length determined, or

thought he had determined, that it should not keep him back. "I must go." He threw himself into a chair, he felt greatly moved. Mignon came in and asked whether she might help to undress him. Her manner was still and shy; it had grieved her to the quick to be so abruptly dismissed by him before.

Nothing is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence, of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last comes forth in the hour of need and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account. The bud, which had been closed so long and firmly, was now ripe to burst its swathings, and Wilhelm's heart could never have been readier to welcome the impressions of affection.

She stood before him and noticed his disquietude. "Master!" she cried, "if thou art unhappy, what will become of Mignon?" "Dear little creature," said he, taking her hands, "thou too art part of my anxieties. I must go hence." She looked at his eyes, glistening with restrained tears, and knelt down with vehemence before him. He kept her hands; she laid her head upon his knees and remained quite still. He played with her hair, patted her and spoke kindly to her. She continued motionless for a considerable time. At last he felt a sort of palpitating movement in her, which began very softly and then by degrees, with increasing violence, diffused itself over all her frame. "What ails thee, Mignon?" cried he; "what ails thee?" She raised her little head, looked at him, and all at once laid her hand upon her heart, with the countenance of one repressing the utterance of pain. He raised her up and she fell upon his breast; he pressed her towards him and kissed her. She replied not by any pressure of the hand, nor by any motion. She held him firmly against her heart, and all at once gave a cry, which was accompanied by spasmodic movements of the body. She started up and immediately fell down before him, as if broken in every joint. It was an excruciating moment! "My child!" cried he, raising her up and clasping her fast; "my child, what ails thee?" The palpitations continued, spreading from the heart over all the lax

and powerless limbs; she was merely hanging in his arms. All at once she again became quite stiff, like one enduring the sharpest corporeal agony, and soon with a new vehemence all her frame once more became alive, and she threw herself about his neck like a bent spring that is closing; while in her soul, as it were, a strong rent took place, and at the same moment a stream of tears flowed from her shut eyes into his bosom. He held her fast. She wept, and no tongue can express the force of these tears. Her long hair was loosened and was hanging down before her; it seemed as if her whole being was melting incessantly into a brook of tears. Her rigid limbs were again become relaxed; her inmost soul was pouring itself forth; in the wild confusion of the moment, Wilhelm was afraid she would dissolve in his arms and leave nothing there for him to grasp. He held her faster and faster. "My child!" cried he, "my child! thou art indeed mine, if that word can comfort thee. Thou art mine! I will keep thee, I will never forsake thee!" Her tears continued flowing. At last she raised herself; a faint gladness shone upon her face. "My father!" cried she, "Thou wilt not forsake me? Wilt be my father? I am thy child!"

Softly at this moment the harp began to sound before the door; the old man brought his most affecting songs as an evening offering to our friend, who, holding his child ever faster in his arms, enjoyed the most pure and undescribable felicity.

Mignon's Song.

(From "Wilhelm Meister," Book III., Chapter 1.)

Know'st thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
O my true loved one, thou with me must go!

Know'st thou the house, its porch with pillars tall?
The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
And marble statues stand, and look each one:
What's this, poor child, to thee they've done?

Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
O my protector, thou with me must go!

Know'st thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on cloud?
The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,
In caves lie coiled the dragon's ancient brood,
The crag leaps down, and over it the flood:
Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
Our way runs; O my father, wilt thou go?

NEXT morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her; but was informed that she had gone out early with Melina, who had risen betimes to receive the wardrobe and other apparatus of his theatre.

After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. At first he thought it was the harper come again to visit him; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cithern, and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door; the child came in and sang him the song we have just given above.

The music and general expression of it pleased our friend extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He made her once more repeat the stanzas and explain them; he wrote them down and translated them into his native language. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar; its child-like innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was entirely incomparable.

She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention towards something wonderful, as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line her tones became deeper and gloomier; the *Know'st thou it then?* was uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; in the *'Tis there! 'Tis there!* lay a boundless longing; and her *With me must go!* she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade.

On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm and asked him, "*Know'st* thou the land?" "It must mean Italy," said Wilhelm: "where didst thou get the little song?" "Italy!" said Mignon, with an earnest air: "If thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here." "Hast thou been there already, little dear?" said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her.

The Mysterious Harper.

Wilhelm saluted the harper and beckoned him to come near. The figure of this singular guest set the whole party in astonishment; he had found a chair before any one took heart to ask him a question, or make any observation. His bald crown was encircled by a few gray hairs; and a pair of large blue eyes looked out softly from beneath his long white eyebrows. To a nose of beautiful proportions, was subjoined a flowing hoary beard, which did not hide the fine shape and position of his lips; and a long dark-brown garment wrapped his thin body from the neck to the feet. He began to prelude on the harp, which he had placed before him.

The sweet tones which he drew from his instrument very soon inspirited the company.

"You can sing, too, my good old man," said Philina.

"Give us something that shall entertain the spirit and the heart as well as the senses," said Wilhelm. "The instrument should but accompany the voice; for tunes and melodies without words and meaning seem to me like butterflies or finely variegated birds, which hover round us in the air, which we could wish to catch and make our own; whereas song is like a blessed genius that exalts us towards heaven, and allures the better self in us to attend him."

The old man looked at Wilhelm; then aloft; then gave some trills upon his harp and began his song. It contained a eulogy on minstrelsy; described the happiness of minstrels, and reminded men to honor them. He produced his song with so much life and truth, that it seemed as if he had composed it at the moment, for this special occasion. Wilhelm

could scarcely refrain from clasping him in his arms; but the fear of awakening a peal of laughter detained him in his chair; for the rest were already in half whispers making sundry very shallow observations, and debating if the harper was a Papist or a Jew.

On asking about the author of the song, the man gave no distinct reply; declaring only that he was rich in songs, and anxious that they should please. Most of the party were now merry and joyful; even Melina was grown frank in his way; and whilst they talked and joked together, the old man began to sing the praise of social life in the most sprightly style. He described the loveliness of unity and courtesy, in soft, soothing tones. Suddenly his music became cold, harsh, and jarring, as he turned to deplore repulsive selfishness, short-sighted enmity, and baleful division; and every heart willingly threw off those galling fetters, while, borne on the wings of a piercing melody, he launched forth in praise of peace-makers, and sang the happiness of souls that, having parted, meet again in love.

Scarcely had he ended, when Wilhelm cried to him: "Whoever thou art, that as a helping spirit comest to us, with a voice which blesses and revives, accept my reverence and my thanks! Feel that we all admire thee, and confide in us if thou wantest anything."

The old man spoke not; he threw his fingers softly across the strings, then struck more sharply, and sang:

"What notes are those without the wall,
Across the portal sounding?
Let's have the music in our hall,
Back from its roof rebounding."
So spoke the king; his henchman flies;
His answer heard, the monarch cries,
"Bring in that ancient minstrel."

"Hail, gracious king! each noble knight,
Each lovely dame, I greet you!
What glittering stars salute my sight!
What heart unmoved may meet you!
Such lordly pomp is not for me,

Far other scenes my eyes must see:
Yet deign to list my harping."

The singer turns him to his art,
A thrilling strain he raises;
Each warrior hears with glowing heart,
And on his loved one gazes.
The king, who liked his playing well,
Commands, for such a kindly spell,
A golden chain be given him.

"The golden chain give not to me;
Thy boldest knight may wear it,
Who 'cross the battle's purple sea
On lion-breast may bear it:
Or let it be thy chancellor's prize,
Amid his heaps to feast his eyes,
Its yellow glance will please him.

"I sing but as the linnet sings,
That on the green bough dwelleth;
A rich reward his music brings,
As from his throat it swelleth:
Yet might I ask, I'd ask of thine
One sparkling draught of purest wine,
To drink it here before you."

He viewed the wine, he quaffed it up:
"O draught of sweetest savor!
O happy house, where such a cup
Is thought a little favor!
If well you fare, remember me,
And thank kind Heaven, from envy free,
As now for this I thank you."

When the harper, on finishing his song, took up a glass of wine that stood poured out for him, and turning with a friendly mien to his entertainers, drank it off, a buzz of joyful approbation rose from all the party. They clapped hands, and wished him health from that glass, and strength to his aged limbs. He sang a few other ballads, exciting more and more hilarity among the company.

They had already emptied several flasks of wine, and were now beginning to get very loud. But our friend, having fresh in his remembrance the bad consequences of their late exhilaration, determined to break up the sitting; he slipped into the old man's hand a liberal remuneration for his trouble, the rest did something likewise; they gave him leave to go and take repose, promising themselves another entertainment from his skill in the evening.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET.

(Part of the criticism from "Wilhelm Meister.")

CONCEIVE a prince such as I have painted him, and that his father suddenly dies. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions that inspire him. As a king's son, he would have been contented; but now he is first constrained to consider the difference which separates a sovereign from a subject. The crown was not hereditary; yet a longer possession of it by his father would have strengthened the pretensions of an only son, and secured his hopes of the succession. In place of this he now beholds himself excluded by his uncle, in spite of specious promises, most probably forever. He is now poor in goods and favor, and a stranger in the scene which from his youth he had looked upon as his inheritance. His temper here assumes its first mournful tinge. He feels that now he is not more—that he is less—than a private nobleman. He offers himself as the servant of every one. He is not courteous and condescending; he is needy and degraded. His past condition he remembers as a vanished dream. It is in vain that his uncle strives to cheer him, to present his condition in another point of view. The feeling of his nothingness will not leave him.

The second stroke that came upon him wounded deeper, bowed still more. It was the marriage of his mother. The faithful, tender son had yet a mother when his father passed away. He hoped, in the company of his surviving noble-minded parent, to reverence the heroic form of the departed. But his mother, too, he loses; and it is something worse than death that robs him of her. The trustful image which

a good child loves to form of its parents is gone. With the dead there is no help; on the living no hold. She also is woman, and her name is "Frailty," like that of all her sex. Now first does he feel himself completely bent and orphaned; and no happiness in life can repay what he has lost. Not reflective and sorrowful by nature, reflection and sorrow have become for him a heavy obligation. It is thus we see him enter upon the scene.

Figure to yourselves this youth—this son of princes; conceive him vividly; bring his state before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks. Stand by him in the terror of the night, when the venerable ghost appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge and the piercing oft-repeated prayer, "Remember me!"

And when the ghost has vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A prince by birth, rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown? No! Trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man; he grows bitter against smiling villains; swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the significant ejaculation:—

> "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to be composed. There is an oak tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom: the roots expand, the jar is shivered.

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

I've set my heart upon Nothing you see:
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be a fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon Wealth;
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health.
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful here—
Away it went there!

I set my heart upon sounding Fame:
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry:
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon War.
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat:
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame
(And some of our friends fared quite the same.)
I lost a leg for Fame.

I set my heart upon Woman next:
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;
But, ah!
The false one looked for a daintier lot,
The constant one wearied me out and out,
The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon Travels grand:
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old Fatherland;
But, ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should—
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food!
My tastes misunderstood!

Now I've set my heart upon Nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me:
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we will have one good bout:
Come, drink the lees all out!

The Fisher.

(Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.)

The water rush'd and bubbled by—
An angler near it lay,
And watch'd his quill, with tranquil eye,
Upon the current play.
And as he sits in wasteful dream,
He sees the flood unclose,
And from the middle of the stream
A river maiden rose.

She sang to him with witching wile,
"My brood why wilt thou snare,
With human craft and human guile,
To die in scorching air?
Ah! didst thou know how happy we,
Who dwell in waters clear,
Thou wouldst come down at once to me,
And rest for ever here.

"The sun and ladye-moon they lave
Their tresses in the main,
And, breathing freshness from the wave,
Come doubly bright again.
The deep-blue sky, so moist and clear,
Hath it for thee no lure?

Does thine own face not woo thee down
Unto our waters pure?"

The water rush'd and bubbled by—
It lapp'd his naked feet;
He thrill'd as though he felt the touch
Of maiden kisses sweet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him—
Resistless was her strain—
Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave,
And ne'er was seen again.

The King in Thule.

A King there was in Thule,
Kept troth unto the grave;
The maid he loved so truly
A goblet to him gave.

And ever set before him
At banquet was the cup;
And saddening thoughts came o'er him,
Whene'er he took it up.

When Death with him had spoken,
His treasures rang'd he there,
And all, save one dear token,
He gifted to his heir.

Once more to royal wassail
His peers he summon'd all;
Around were knight and vassal
Throng'd in his father's hall.

Then rose up the grand old Rover,
Again the cup drain'd he,
And bravely flung it over
Into the welt'ring sea.

He saw it flashing, falling,
And settling in the main,
Heard death unto him calling—
He never drank again!

FAUST.

THE drama of Faust is the world-masterpiece of Goethe, the crowning literary form of an oft-treated and highly popular legend, based upon a genuine historical personage. Dr. Johann Faustus was born at Knittlingen, Würtemburg, or at Roda, near Weimar, toward the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and died in 1538. During Goethe's long residence at Weimar he may have himself visited the historic structure on a rocky eminence near Roda, in which Dr. Faustus once dwelt. For a time, too, history tells us that Faustus sojourned in Poland. Whatever his actual professions may have been, he acquired, even in his own lifetime, a widespread fame as an astrologer, alchemist, soothsayer and magician. It was said that he even boasted of being able to perform all the Biblical miracles. So renowned a professor of the Black Art was sure to be considered in league with hell, and it is small wonder that folk began to believe implicitly that he was finally carried off by the devil, who had lived all along with him as a black dog. The multiplied host of legends concerning him was at last gathered together in a little chap-book first hawked at the fair at Frankfort-on-Main in 1587. Goethe was thus linked to this legend by both his birthplace and the scene of his glory.

This Frankfort chap-book professed to give a veracious account (Historia) of "Dr. Faustus, the Notorious Magician

and Master of the Black Art." It had evidently been written by a Lutheran, and was aimed probably to reflect also on the late lamented Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus (1493-1541), the celebrated Swiss alchemist and mystic. It was intended to curb the rising desire to pierce beyond orthodox limits of personal investigation of the human and divine. Faust himself was the contemporary of Luther, and indeed, this legend makes him Luther's counterpart, in that, son of a peasant, he achieves great distinction at the University of Wittenberg. But, unlike the Reformer, he seeks to deepen his knowledge by magic. He signs in blood a compact with the devil, by which Mephistopheles becomes his servant for twenty-four years, at the end of which Faust shall belong to the Evil One. Faust has a famulus, Wagner, whom the devil amuses as well as Faust. After all manner of revels on earth, Faust visits hell and the stars. Returning to earth he flies on his magic cloak everywhere, bewildering emperors with his wonderful feats, and finally conjuring up the Grecian Helen herself, whom he takes for a concubine, and by whom he has a sooth-saying child, Euphorion. Goethe later accepted all these details, and yet transmuted them into high allegorical symbols. The great German genius not only transformed Faust from a common necromancer (which others, from Marlowe down, really accomplished before him), but he likewise read new meanings into Mephisto, into Helen and her elf-child, into Wagner and the students' revel. But in the old legend all these matters are seriously regarded as actual events, and after his quarter-century of world-astonishing magic Faust is carried off to hell by the devil.

This crude and medieval relation of Dr. Faustus's career was eagerly imbibed by the German peasantry, and in the same year a metrical version appeared in England. Christopher Marlowe, father of English blank verse and "famous gracer of tragedians," must have been instantly attracted to the subject.* Fired by the daring aspiration of Faust for knowledge beyond the stars, this brilliant young rhapsodist seized upon this legend with true poetic instinct, and in his

* See Volume IV., pp. 336, 337, 338-340.

"Tragical History of Dr. Faustus" (1588) he depicted with all his peerless power the central thought of man in his Promethean pride of knowledge turning from his God. Marlowe followed almost exactly the original legend and his comical prose scenes are fit only for clownish laughter; but in the soliloquies of Faust—ending with that tremendous monologue which Swinburne pronounces to be "without parallel in all the range of tragedy"—Marlowe has turned all to gold by his fiery imagination. And when Faust beholds the radiant vision of Helen, the poetry itself becomes as exquisite as Helen's beauty. Goethe gave generous praise to the genius of Marlowe as displayed in this dramatic poem (for it can now be scarcely styled a play), and exclaimed: "How greatly it is all planned!" He even thought of translating this passionate masterpiece.

But about the beginning of the seventeenth century Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" had been translated in an inferior fashion for German audiences, and the English actors had by this time added a miserable lot of cheap diablerie to Marlowe's splendid original. So much more pleasing was such treatment of the legend to the groundlings that by Lessing's time "Dr. Faustus" had degenerated into a mere puppet-play. Lessing recognized in it, however, one of the deepest problems, and with his usual critical insight wrote in 1759: "Dr. Faust has a number of scenes in it that only a genius akin to Shakespeare could have conceived." Lessing even drafted two different versions of a "Faust" tragedy—neither of them ever finished. Faust attracted, too, the Stormsters after Lessing, as a type of rebellious individualism. Besides the plays already mentioned, twenty-nine different Faust plays by various authors were produced in Germany during the sixty years (1772–1831) in which Goethe remained employed upon his masterpiece.

One of these twenty-nine may be more particularly noted. Adelbert von Chamisso's dramatic sketch, "Faust" (1803) represents the learned doctor as one who will no longer endure doubt. His good and bad angels alternately plead with him, but he finally breaks the Staff of Judgment on his own doom, exclaiming that, whatever the punishment to come, he wel-

comes "certainty at last." The whole scene occurs in his cresset-lit study. Other efforts worthy at least of mention are Heine's ingenious ballet, "Der Doktor Faust" and Lenau's epic.

Goethe approached the legend with a rich world of emotions and ideas. In his youth he had witnessed "Faust" as a puppet-play, and the story itself appealed to him. But he also saw in it a perfect cosmos of human problems. And eventually he determined to make it the symbolical vehicle for all his views on art and culture, and, above all, idealism. He commenced work upon the poem in 1772, had numerous relapses of interest, published a fragment in 1790, Part One as "a tragedy" by itself in 1808, and Part Two in 1831. Thus, in this long-meditated, slowly maturing poem are to be found all manner of styles, ideas, modifications, and even contradictions. It is like some wonderful old cathedral solemnly built part by part through centuries, and revealing in the very heterogeneity of its architecture the multifarious inspirations, vicissitudes, and shifting sentiments of its upbuilding. Once he entirely lost his grasp of the plans of his early inspiration, but he rediscovered the thread, and connected the human tragedy of Gretchen with the allegory of Helen by means of a serio-comic, half-human and half-divine Witches' Kitchen scene. To Schiller he spoke of his great work as his "tragelaph," or goat-stag—a fantastic creature. On another occasion he styled it a rhapsodical drama.

Goethe set out, in the first place, to make of the Faust legend a modern tragedy of Job. Faust was to be tempted by the desire for all knowledge, but he was not utterly to fall. In the boldly familiar Prologue in Heaven, in which the devil converses with God in a naïve style worthy of Hans Sachs, it is made emphatically clear that Faust is God's servant, as Job was, and that although momentarily "confused" he would attain in due time to "clearness." Mephisto himself cares less for Faust's soul than to prove his Satanic contention of negation, denial, and pessimism. Goethe then introduces us to Faust in his study, an aged, wise scholar who has dropped his plummet into all the seas of human knowledge, but not yet—as he feels—into the deep well of truth.

So disillusioned of human learning is he that he is even about to commit suicide. The joy of the common throng singing Easter carols restrains him from this fell purpose, and later Mephisto, disguised as an uncanny black dog, follows him to his study. He then reveals himself to Faust as a sort of reflection of Faust's own pessimism, as "the spirit that denies," and declares that "all that exists is worthy of perishing." Faust is so completely oppressed with the vanity of all things (Solomon's oft-reëchoed *Vanitas Vanitatum*) that he makes this blood-compact with the tempter:

> When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
> There let at once my record end.
> Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
> Until self-pleased myself I see,—
> Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
> Let that day be the last for me.

Now, according to this induction of the work Goethe should, in the opinion of many of his later critics, have appealed entirely to Faust's higher aspirations. But Mephisto immediately begins an appeal to the grossest and most sensual appetites of Faust. After all, does this not seem to be the most natural thing for the cynical, mocking devil to have done? Faust is first of all treated to a bacchanalian orgy of students in Auerbach's cellar in Leipsic, which he quits in disgust. Thereupon Mephisto introduces him to the "Witches' Kitchen," a grotesquely uncanny scene, in which Goethe has a lot of apes gibber a lot of what Goethe himself afterwards labeled as "dramatic-humoristic nonsense." Faust drinks a magic potion, and becomes a young man again. Helena, the ideal of womanly beauty, is shown him in a glass, and it is foretold that "with this drink in his veins he shall soon see Helena in every woman." And now Mephisto brings Faust back to earth and Gretchen appears—the Marguerite of Gounod's popular opera, which has rendered this love-romance familiar to many who have never read a line of Goethe's "Faust." Gretchen is a neat young German girl of the lower walks of life, such as Goethe had himself had liaisons with. This theme had been treated already in "Götz,"

in "Clavigo," and in 'Egmont." The whole episode, in its delineation of character, and in its tragic development, is a masterpiece hardly equalled, save by Shakespeare, in the range of literature. It is thoroughly popular, universally comprehensible, and thus it fixed itself immediately in the public mind as *the* Faust drama, while the higher unity of the whole was perceived only by the thoughtful few.

Of this episode Charles Lamb once indignantly asked, "What has Gretchen to do with Faust?" But what, either, the students' revel? The original Faust was perplexed by intellectual problems; the Faust of Goethe's First Part is simply tempted by sensual delights. Yet such is often the case of the poet and scholar in real life, and as Goethe has already been quoted as saying, the chief merit of his Faust is that he passes through all the various temptations of all men. Goethe himself was irresistibly impelled to distort this romance, which should have been a mere episode, into its disproportionate length, but who can regret it?

Faust implores Mephisto to aid him, but that mocker answers contemptuously, "I have no power over souls so green." But he fetches Faust the jewels, which, left in Gretchen's chamber, prove the first step to her ruin. In Martha's garden the lovers meet and Gretchen falls. A poisonous sleep-potion kills her mother. Gretchen's shame finds her out, and her brother Valentin returns from the wars only to be slain in a duel by Faust. In the Cathedral the poor betrayed woman seeks comfort as a penitent, but, during the Judgment Hymn, an evil spirit goads her with thoughts of despair and she falls fainting. Faust seeks relief for his guilty conscience, and Mephisto transports him to the witches' carnival on Walpurgis Night (May 1) on the Brocken, the highest peak of the Harz mountains. (Goethe here introduces a fantastic satire, "Oberon's Wedding"). But Gretchen, convicted of infanticide, is imprisoned, and Faust flies to her rescue. Her mind wanders, and she dies pardoned by angel voices, while Mephisto commands Faust to speed away.

Gretchen is repelled and yet attracted to Faust. And after he has worked out the problem of humanity in Part II., he is bidden to rise to Gretchen and follow her spirit in a new life.

But it is impossible to thread here the difficult and esoteric mazes of Part II. Suffice it to say that Faust as Plutus, god of material wealth, creates all manner of riches for the Emperor Pan, but he spurns such a greatness. He finally works for the happiness of his fellow-men, reclaiming a kingdom from the sea. He hears the Lemures digging his grave, but he thinks it the laborers busy with their spades. "Ah," he hails the moment, "linger still, thou art fair." Mephisto immediately seeks Faust's soul, but the angels drive off the devils with roses of fire.

Thus, Faust redeems his sin by work for humanity. Besides this ethical motive, Goethe introduces Helena in a "Classical Sabbath" scene. She represents classic idealism, and Faust, representing Goethe himself, weds her. This signifies the wedding of classical and modern ideals. The offspring is the spiritual child, Euphorion (in whom some imagine that Goethe typified Lord Byron, toward whom he was strongly attracted and even fascinated). The throbbing threnody on Euphorion's death is of exquisite beauty. Though Faust loses Helena, he keeps her mantle: that is, while Grecian ideals are not still practical as mere rules and principles. The Greek spirit is invaluable, and "above all commonplace it lifts thee up."

The Frightful End of Doctor Faustus.

(From the popular "History of Dr. Faustus," published in 1587.)

The whole twenty-four years signed in the bond were now quite expired. During the last week of his term, the demon Mephistopheles again made his appearance. In his hand he held the fatal deed of conveyance signed in the Doctor's own blood, and holding it up, he said that his master the devil would himself come in the course of the next day to fetch his debtor's body, and that he must therefore hold himself in readiness. Doctor Faustus ceased not to whine and moan during the whole of the ensuing night, whereupon his demon again came to him and spoke, "Why, dear Faustus, all this complaining? what avails such pusillanimity? knew you not that your life and soul were long since forfeited, and that at

all events you must die once, though you had yet an age to live? Besides, the Turks and Jews, and other unchristian kings and heathens, must all die, and be condemned everlastingly as well as you. Come, take courage: it will perhaps not be quite so bad as you imagine; and the devil has promised that you shall still keep your life and soul to be held under his lease and sway." With such comfort did his demon Mephistopheles strive to cheer his master; but it was false as it was hollow, and quite at variance with the holy Scriptures. And the Doctor saw clearly enough that the only manner left of paying off the account against him was with his own neck; for had not his demon declared that the devil himself would come to fetch him, even the next night?

For this reason he resolved to send tidings to those masters, students, and other boon companions with whom he had kept company, and entreat that they would be pleased to join him in a pleasure party, as far as the village of Himlig, about half a mile from Wittenberg, where he proposed that they should sup together. To this invitation they replied that they would willingly assemble for that purpose; and accordingly a sumptuous feast was ordered to be in readiness, with abundance of delicacies and wines.

When they met, the Doctor seemed to welcome his friends in great good spirits, but his heart was inwardly heavy and sad. He bade them, however, to be seated, and to enjoy themselves that evening along with him, as well as remain there the whole of that night, as he had some important business on which to consult them. They promised, and sat down to feast with him; on the conclusion of which, as they were about to take a farewell glass, and Doctor Faustus had settled the score, he begged the students to retire into another room with him, as he had something rather particular to communicate to them. So he showed them into another chamber, and then began to address them as follows.

"My very loving and gracious young lords and masters, hear the cause for which I have summoned you together; namely, that which during many years you are acquainted with, as to what kind of a man I have been, expert in what kind of arts and sorceries, only to be acquired under the

tuition of the devil, to which devilish inclination and pursuits I have been brought by keeping bad company, and all sorts of dissipation connected with such society, in which also I have acted the chief part. This, my dear young gentlemen, comes of walking according to our wicked flesh and blood, our own impious and abandoned will, and giving way to those speculating and diabolical thoughts, which at length led me to consign myself over to Satan, after the expiration of four and twenty years, both with life and soul.

"Now, the said years are already arrived at an end even this very evening, so that my last sands are running quickly out before my eyes, when he will come to claim me upon the strength of my bond signed with my own blood for life and soul, which I have twice over conveyed to him. Wherefore, my dear masters, I have thus affectionately entreated of you to come and be present at my latter end, and to take St. Jan's departing glass with me, while at the same time you will please to keep secret my departure hence. I would likewise require of you, my gracious young masters, to salute on my part my other friends and acquaintance, assuring them of my very brotherly regard for them, that they may so too regard my memory kindly, and not reproachfully, soliciting their forgiveness in everything where I may have come short or offended them. In regard to my most wonderful adventures and performances during the space of twenty-four years, such will be found after my catastrophe accurately recorded and described in my own house. And now let my cruel approaching end serve as a faithful mirror to you, my young gentlemen and masters all, that you may keep the commandments of the Lord in view, and love and pray to Him as becomes you to do; to pray, I say, that He will please to protect you from the devil's wiles and guiles, upholding you that none may fall away from Him, as I, poor impious damned man, have so sadly done, denying the cross, the sacraments of our Saviour, and even the Supreme Ruler of the world Himself. Be cautious also how you are led astray by bad company as I have been, but go constantly to church, and manfully resist the devil with a firm faith in Christ, leading an upright and godly life, to the edification of all your neighbors.

"Finally, it is my earnest prayer that you will all go to bed and try to sleep as usual. Moreover, you must not alarm yourselves, whatever kind of rout and uproar you may happen to hear, as you may rest assured that you will receive no degree of injury. Do not even attempt to rise, for it can do no manner of good; and if you should find my dead body in the morning, please to inter it speedily without any ceremony, inasmuch as I die a base and unchristian death. Yes, I die like a most unchristian wretch, feeling only a sort of sham repentance, and not possessing faith half-sufficient to inspire me with sincere prayer; besides knowing that the devil will have my life, which indeed I would freely resign to him if I could by any means contrive to preserve my soul. I have only once more to entreat that you will make yourselves easy and retire to rest; therefore I wish you a very good night;—but for me, alas! a very bad and frightful one."

This explanation was made by Doctor Faustus with a free and resolute air, in order not to alarm or cast down the spirits of his friends, who, however, could not sufficiently express their surprise and consternation at his having carried matters to such a pitch. For they had never conceived him capable of such excessive foolhardiness as to venture life and soul in pursuit of his vain sorceries and speculations. On this account, having a sincere regard for him, they began one and all to lament over his hard fate, and they said, "Alas! dear Faustus, into what a cursed dilemma you have brought yourself! and all by keeping the matter so long secret: why did you not unfold it to us? Ah, we would soon have rescued you from all his infernal snares, with the help of our learned divines and other doctors; but now it is all too late, you are too deeply inveigled, both life and soul."

Doctor Faustus made answer: "Reveal the matter, dear friends, I dared not, though believe me I was often on the point of doing so, wishing much to consult you, and to retrace my evil steps and do penance for my sins. But I was seduced from one kind of sorcery to another, and whenever I made good resolutions to repent, that great Satan forthwith made his appearance, as he will again do this very night, and threatening me, always said, 'I will make an end of you, I

will tear you piecemeal the moment you talk of turning to Heaven for help.'" Upon hearing this, the students replied that as there was plainly no other help for him, he ought forthwith to cry out with all his strength and heartily to the Lord, and to His dearly-beloved Son Jesus Christ, praying for the remission of his sins, in which good office they would gladly join him, and cry, "Alas, alas! be merciful unto me, poor sinner! and bring me not unto judgment, for too well I know that I cannot stand before it. What though the devil may come and claim this my mortal body? It is only Thou who canst defend and protect the immortal soul."

Doctor Faustus admitted the wisdom of this measure, and that he ought not for an instant to cease to pray; but at the same time he could not go through with it, as it happened also to Cain, who said that his sins were too great to be forgiven; and the Doctor could not help exclaiming within himself, that he was bound by his own bonds, and had carried matters too far to retreat.

So the students were at length compelled to take leave of the unhappy Master Faustus, which they did with many tears, all retiring to the same chamber, and leaving the Doctor by himself. They retired to bed as they had been directed; but not one of them could close his eyes, for they lay waiting fearfully anxious for the catastrophe.

This happened between twelve and one o'clock the same night. First there was heard a high wind, which blew round all quarters of the house, as if it would have carried it from its foundations, at which the students leaped out of bed in great alarm. But they ventured not out of the chamber, striving to encourage each other; but the terrified host himself actually leaped out of his own house into one next adjoining. The students' chamber was next to that of Faustus, and they could plainly hear a grievous piping, hissing, and whining, just as if the house were full of snakes and other poisonous reptiles. Next they heard the Doctor's room door give way, upon which repeated cries of "Help, help!" were uttered in a half-drowned voice, which grew fainter and fainter. Soon, however, all was still and silent as before. When at length it became broad day, the students, who had

never closed their eyes during the whole of that fearful night, went in a body to the Doctor's chamber. But there he was no longer to be seen, though they found different parts of it sprinkled with his blood, and traces of his brains were also seen upon the walls, as if, after wringing his neck round, the devil had dashed his head from one side of the room to the other. His eyes too appeared to have started from their sockets, and a solitary tooth was found lying here and there, which furnished a cruel spectacle indeed. Seeing all these symbols of his fate, the students began to weep and lament him afresh, and nothing was heard for some time but their mingled moáns and sighs.

At length, after a long and weary search, they found his corpse lying at a distance from the house, sadly mutilated and disfigured, in particular about the face. The foresaid students and masters who had been present at his departure, after interring his body in the same village, again returned with heavy hearts to Wittenberg. First they went to Doctor Faust's house, where they found his servant Wagenar, who was greatly grieved and anxious also about his master's death. There too they discovered this his own history drawn up and described, in the third person, by the Doctor's own hand, as already stated, with the exception of the account of his final departure and end, which was added by the said masters and students, though the whole work was arranged and remodelled by his servant Wagenar, so as to form a new book. On the same date likewise the figure of the enchanted Helena, whose beauty the Doctor had conjured up from the shades to give zest to his earthly pleasures, again vanished from the earth. And long afterwards the strange noises and disturbances which were heard at all hours in the house where he had lived, prevented any one from residing in it. Moreover Doctor Faustus himself appeared to his faithful Wagenar in the night, and then communicated a number of secret and abstruse matters, and he was often seen at the windows reading to a late hour.

Prologue in Heaven.

Goethe's drama of "Faust" opens with a Prologue in Heaven, that shows the design of the entire work, though not its action. Here the Archangels Raphael, Gabriel and Michael address God in adoration, but Mephistopheles follows in mockery. The idea is taken from Satan's appearing among the angels in the opening of the Book of Job.

Raphael. The Sun-orb sings in emulation
'Mid brother-spheres his ancient round:
His path predestined through creation
He ends with a lip of thunder-sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say:
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.
Gabriel. And swift and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful night's intense profound:
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled.
Michael. And rival storms abroad are singing,
From river to land, from land to sea,
A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the thunder's crashing way:
Yet Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy day.
The Three. Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in creation's hour.
Mephistopheles. Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to approach again,
And ask us how we do, in manner kindest,
And heretofore to meet myself wert fain,
Among Thy menials now my face Thou findest.

Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after
With lofty speech, though by them scorned and spurned!
My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter
If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.
Of suns and worlds I've nothing to be quoted;
How men torment themselves is all I've noted;
The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way,
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day.
Life somewhat better might content him
But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou hast lent him:
He calls it Reason—thence his power's increased,
To be far beastlier than any beast.
Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me
A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,
That springing flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings.
Would he still lie among the grass he grows in,
Each bit of dung he seeks, to lay his nose in.

THE LORD. Hast thou then nothing more to mention?
Com'st ever thus with ill intention?
Find'st nothing right on earth eternally?

Meph. No, Lord! I find things there still bad as they can be.
Man's misery even to pity moves my nature;
I've scarce the heart to plague the wretched creature.

THE LORD. Know'st thou Faust?

Meph. The Doctor Faust?

THE LORD. My servant he!

Meph. Forsooth! He serves you after strange devices:
No earthly food or drink the fool suffices:
His spirit's ferment far aspireth;
Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,
The fairest stars of Heaven he requireth,
From Earth the highest raptures and the best,
And all the Near and Far that he desireth
Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast.

THE LORD. Though still confused his service unto Me,
I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.
Sees not the gardener, even while he buds his tree,
Both flower and fruit the future years adorning?

Meph. What will you bet? There's still a chance to gain him,
If unto me full leave you give
Gently upon *my* road to lead him!

THE LORD. As long as he on earth shall live,
So long I make no prohibition.
While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.

Meph. My thanks! I find the dead no acquisition,
And never cared to have them in my keeping.
I much prefer the cheeks whose ruddy blood is leaping,
And when a corpse approaches, close my house:
It goes with me as with the cat the mouse.

THE LORD. Enough! What thou hast asked is granted.
Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;
To trap him let thy snares be planted,
And him with thee be downward led;
Then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say:
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.

Meph. Agreed! but 'tis a short probation.
About my bet I feel no trepidation.
If I fulfill my expectation,
You'll let me triumph with a swelling breast:
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,
As did a certain Snake—my near relation.

THE LORD. Therein thou'rt free, according to thy merits;
The like of thee have never moved My hate.
Of all the bold denying Spirits,
The waggish knave least trouble doth create.
Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the level;
Unqualified repose he learns to crave;
Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,
Who works, excites and must create, as Devil.
Be ye God's sons in love and duty,
Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wave inconstant gleams,
Fit in its place with thoughts that stand forever!

[*Heaven closes: the Archangels separate.*

Meph. (*alone*), I like at times to hear The Ancient's word,
And have a care to be most civil:
It's really kind of such a noble Lord
So humanly to gossip with a Devil.

Faust and Margaret.

(Translated by Bayard Taylor.)

Margaret on Faust's arm; Martha with Mephistopheles walking up and down.

Margaret. I feel it, you but spare my ignorance,
To shame me, sir, you stoop thus low;
A traveler from complaisance
Still makes the best of things; I know
Too well, my humble prattle never can
Have power to entertain so wise a man.

Faust. One glance, one word of thine doth charm me more,
Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore.

[*He kisses her hand.*

Mar. Nay! trouble not yourself! A hand so coarse,
So rude as mine, how can you kiss?
What constant work at home must I not do perforce!
My mother too exacting is. [*They pass on.*

Martha. Thus, sir, unceasing travel is your lot?

Mephistopheles. Traffic and duty urge us! With what pain
Are we compelled to leave full many a spot,
Where yet we may not once remain!

Martha. In youth's wild years, with vigor crowned,
'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep;
But ah, the evil days come round!
And to a lonely grave as bachelor to creep,
A pleasant thing has no one found.

Meph. The prospect fills me with dismay.

Martha. Therefore, in time, dear sir, reflect, I pray.

[*They pass on.*

Mar. Ay, out of sight is out of mind!
Politeness easy is to you;
Friends everywhere, and not a few,
Wiser than I am, you will find.

Faust. Trust me, my angel, what doth pass for sense
Full oft is self-conceit and blindness!

Mar. How?

Faust. Simplicity and holy innocence,—

When will ye learn your hallowed worth to know!
Ah! when will meekness and humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower—
Mar. Only one little moment think of me!
To think of you I shall have many an hour.
Faust. You are perhaps much alone?
Mar. Yes, small our household is, I own,
Yet must I see to it. No maid we keep,
And I must cook, sew, knit and sweep,
Still early on my feet and late;
My mother is in all things, great and small,
So accurate!
Not that for thrift there is such pressing need;
Than others we might make more show indeed;
My father left behind a small estate,
A house and garden near the city-wall.
Quiet enough my life has been of late;
My brother for a soldier gone;
My little sister's dead; the babe to rear
Occasioned me some care and fond annoy;
But I would go through all again with joy,
The darling was to me so dear.
Faust. An angel sweet, if it resembled thee!
Mar. I reared it up, and it grew fond of me.
After my father's death it saw the day;
We gave my mother up for lost, she lay
In such a wretched plight, and then at length
So very slowly she regained her strength.
Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try
Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I
Reared it on milk and water all alone;
And thus the child became as 'twere my own;
Within my arms it stretched itself and grew,
And smiling, nestled in my bosom too.
Faust. Doubtless the purest happiness was thine.
Mar. But many weary hours, in sooth, were also mine.
At night its little cradle stood
Close to my bed; so I was wide awake
If it but stirred;
One while I was obliged to give it food,
Or to my arms the darling take;
From bed full oft must rise, whene'er the cry I heard,

And, dancing it, must pace the chamber to and fro;
Stand at the wash-tub early; forthwith go
To market, and then mind the cooking too—
To-morrow like to-day, the whole year through.
Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confessed
One's spirits are not always of the best;
Yet it a relish gives to food and rest. [*They pass on.*

Martha. Poor women! we are badly off, I own;
A bachelor's conversion 's hard, indeed!

Meph. Madam, with one like you it rests alone,
To tutor me a better course to lead.

Martha. Speak frankly, sir, none is there you have met?
Has your heart ne'er attached itself as yet?

Meph. One's own fireside and a good wife are gold
And pearls of price, so says the proverb old,

Martha. I mean, has passion never stirred your breast?

Meph. I've everywhere been well received, I own.

Martha. Yet hath your heart no earnest preference known?

Meph. With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

Martha. Ah! you mistake!

Meph. I'm sorry I'm so blind!
But this I know—that you are very kind. [*They pass on.*

Faust. Me, little angel, didst thou recognize,
When in the garden first I came?

Mar. Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

Faust. Thou dost forgive my boldness, dost not blame
The liberty I took that day,
When thou from church didst lately wend thy way?

Mar. I was confused. So had it never been,
No one of me could any evil say.
Alas, thought I, he doubtless in thy mien,
Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen?
It seemed as if it struck him suddenly,
Here's just a girl with whom one may make free!
Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew
What in your favor here began at once to plead;
Yet I was angry with myself indeed,
That I more angry could not feel with you.

Faust. Sweet love!

Mar. Just wait a while!

[*She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the leaves one after another.*

Faust. A nosegay may that be?
Mar. No! It is but a game.
Faust. How?
Mar. Go, you'll laugh at me!
[*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.*
Faust. What murmurest thou?
Mar. (*half aloud*). He loves me,—loves me not.
Faust. Sweet angel, with thy face of heavenly bliss!
Mar. (*continues*). He loves me—not—he loves me—not—
[*Plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.*
He loves me!
Faust. Yes!
And this flower-language, darling, let it be,
A heavenly oracle! He loveth thee!
Knowest thou the meaning of, He loveth thee?
[*He seizes both her hands.*
Mar. I tremble so!
Faust. Nay! do not tremble, love!
Let this hand-pressure, let this glance reveal
Feelings, all power of speech above;
To give oneself up wholly and to feel
A joy that must eternal prove!
Eternal!—Yes, its end would be despair.
No end!—It cannot end!
[*Margaret presses his hand, extricates herself and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*
Mar. (*approaching*). Night's closing.
Meph. Yes, we'll presently away.
Martha. I would entreat you longer yet to stay;
But 'tis a wicked place, just here about;
It is as if the folk had nothing else to do,
Nothing to think of too,
But gaping watch their neighbors, who goes in and out;
And scandal 's busy still, do whatsoe'er one may.
And our young couple?
Meph. They have flown up there,
The wanton butterflies!
Martha. He seems to take to her.
Meph. And she to him. 'Tis of the world the way!
[*A Summer-house. Margaret runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through the crevice.*

Mar. He comes!
Faust. Ah, little rogue, so thou
Thinkest to provoke me! I have caught thee now!
[*He kisses her.*
Mar. (*embracing him and returning the kiss*). Dearest of men!
I love thee from my heart! [*Mephistopheles knocks.*
Faust (*stamping*). Who's there?
Meph. A friend!
Faust. A brute!
Meph. 'Tis time to part.
Martha (*comes*). Ay, it is late, good sir.
Faust. Mayn't I attend you, then?
Mar. Oh, no—my mother would—adieu, adieu!
Faust. And must I really then take leave of you?
Farewell!
Martha. Good-bye!
Mar. Ere long to meet again!
[*Exeunt Faust and Mephistopheles.*
Mar. Good heavens! how all things far and near
Must fill his mind,—a man like this!
Abashed before him I appear,
And say to all things only, yes.
Poor simple child, I cannot see,
What 'tis that he can find in me. [*Exit.*

Admission to Heaven.

The Tragedy of Faust ends with the admission of the hero's soul to heaven, and a vision of the Glorious Mother adored by blessed penitents, among whom is Gretchen. Part only of the scene is given.

Angels (*bearing the immortal part of Faust*). Saved is
this noble soul from ill,
Our spirit-peer. Whoever
Strives forward with unswerving will,—
Him can we aye deliver;
And if with him celestial love
Hath taken part,—to meet him
Come down the angels from above;
With cordial hail they greet him. . . .
Blessed Boys. Him as a chrysalis
Joyful receive we:

Pledge of angelic bliss
In him achieve we.
Loosen the flakes of earth
That still enfold him!
Great through the heavenly birth,
And fair, now behold him. . . .

Doctor Marianus. Here is the prospect free,
The soul subliming.
Yonder fair forms I see,
Heavenward they're climbing;
In starry wreath is seen,
Lofty and tender,
Midmost the heavenly Queen,
Known by her splendor.
(*Enraptured.*) In thy tent of azure hue,
Queen supremely reigning,
Let me now thy secret view,
Vision high obtaining!
With the holy joy of love,
In man's breast, whatever
Lifts the soul to thee above,
Kind one, foster ever!
All invincible we feel,
If our arm thou claimest;
Suddenly assuaged our zeal
If our breast thou tamest.
Virgin, pure from taint of earth,
Mother, we adore thee,
With the Godhead one by birth,
Queen, we bow before thee!

[*The Glorious Mother soars forward.*

Chorus of Female Penitents. To realms eternal
Upward art soaring;
Peerless, supernal,
Hear our imploring,
Thy grace adoring.

The Magdalen. By the love, warm tears outpouring,
Laving as with balsam sweet,
Pharisaic sneers ignoring,
Of thy godlike Son the feet;
By the vase, rich odor breathing,
Lavishing its costly store;

By the locks, that gently wreathing,
Dried his holy feet once more—
The Samaritan woman. By the well, whereto were driven
Abram's flocks in ancient days;
By the cooling draught thence given,
Which the Saviour's thirst allays;
By the fountain, still outsending
Thence its waters, far and wide,
Overflowing, never-ending,
Through all worlds it pours its tide—
Mary of Egypt. By the hallowed grave, whose portal
Closed upon the Lord of yore;
By the arm, unseen by mortal,
Back which thrust me from the door;
By my penance, slowly fleeting,
Forty years amid the waste;
By the blessèd farewell greeting,
Which upon the sand I traced—
The Three. Thou unto the greatly sinning
Access who dost not deny,
By sincere repentance winning
Bliss throughout eternity,
So from this good soul thy blessing,
Who but once itself forgot,
Sin who knew not, while transgressing,
Gracious One, withhold thou not!
A Penitent (*formerly named Gretchen, pressing towards her*). Incline, oh, incline,
All others excelling,
In glory are dwelling,
Unto my bliss thy glance benign!
The loved one, ascending,
His long trouble ending,
Comes back, he is mine!
Blessed Boys (*hovering in a circle*). Mighty of limb, he towers
E'en now above us,
He for this care of ours
Richly will love us.
Dying, ere we could reach
Earth's pain or pleasure;

What he hath learned he'll teach
In ample measure.

The Penitent. Encircled by the choirs of heaven,
Scarcely himself the stranger knows;
Scarce feels the existence newly given,
So like the heavenly host he grows.
See, how he every band hath riven!
From earth's old vesture freed at length,
Now clothed upon by garb of heaven,
Shines forth his pristine youthful strength,
To guide him, be it given to me;
Still dazzles him the new-born day.

The Glorious Mother. Ascend, thine influence feeleth he,
He'll follow on thine upward way.

Doctor Marianus (*adoring, prostrate on his face*).
Penitents, her Saviour-glance
Gratefully beholding
To beatitude advance,
Still new powers unfolding!
Thine each better thought shall be
To thy service given!
Holy Virgin, gracious be,
Mother, Queen of Heaven!

THE MYSTIC CHORUS.

All of mere transient date
As symbol showeth;
Here, the inadequate
To fulness groweth;
Here the ineffable
Wrought is in love;
The ever-womanly
Draws us above.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

SCHILLER was Goethe's junior by ten years. When their close friendship began Goethe was forty-four, Schiller thirty-four. Both had already passed under the influence of the Storm and Stress period, Schiller having given in his wild drama of "The Robbers" an even fiercer apostrophe to individual liberty than had Goethe in his "Götz." Both afterwards renounced these early follies. Goethe's ripe culture also tended to calm and harmonize, to chasten and refine Schiller's intense love of liberty into a truly classical championship of moral freedom. Schiller stands to-day pre-eminently as the great Apostle of Freedom. His "Wilhelm Tell" is a noble clarion of liberty. Nor can Schiller's greatest ideal be better expressed than in these words of his own, in the preface to his "Bride of Messina:" "Art has for its object not merely to excite to a momentary dream of liberty; its aim is to make us truly free. And this it accomplishes by awakening, exercising and perfecting in us the power of removing to an objective distance the world of the senses, which otherwise only burdens us as formless matter and presses us down with a brute influence; of transforming it into the free working of our spirit, and of thus acquiring a dominion over the material world by means of ideas."

The wholesomeness of Schiller's nature, mind and art—the purity and nobility of his ideals—impress us conspicuously at the very outset of our acquaintance with him. In "Wilhelm Tell" we breathe the mountain air of liberty, we tread the Alps of lofty personal freedom, we feel the thrill of

the eternal glaciers in the moonlight scene of the oath at Rütli. In "The Maid of Orleans" we enter into a spiritual sympathy with Joan of Arc, we are convinced of her purity and sincerity, and in the wonderful accusation scene at Rheims, with the thunder pealing above the solemn organ chant, the Lily of France becomes idealized out of earthly matter into the grand symbol of suffering innocence and oppressed truth. In the "Song of the Bell" we hear an echo of the holiest, sweetest, purest joys of honest toil and wedlock and hymeneal faith—a worthy epithalamium to Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea."

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born in 1759 at Marbach, the son of a military surgeon who had served in the War of the Austrian Succession. At an early age he was "gently kidnapped" by Duke Karl Eugene of Würtemburg and forced into his military academy as a student. Here the boy, suffering under this petty despotism and feeling like a stork in his old Prussian uniform, gave vent to his woes in his drama of "The Robbers." In this play the hero is a social anarchist, who would shake the pillars of the world. Schiller wrote it by stealth, under cover of a medical book and under pretense of headaches, in his room. When he later deserted his post as medical officer of the grenadiers to witness a performance of his drama, the Duke threatened to imprison him without trial. Schiller resolved to flee. The story of that elopement with a single comrade, two flintless pistols and a few guilders presents a curiously romantic contrast to the terrible bombast of Karl Moor in "The Robbers."

In this drama Schiller cried out for a German republic, but his hero, Karl Moor, was a social Ishmaelite, defrauded by his brother and believing himself betrayed by his affianced love. He becomes a ferocious robber with store of great plunder in the Bohemian forest. His horses bathe in wine; he stabs his supposed false love and there is a glut of horrors. At last, tired of life, he delivers himself up to a starving workman, in order to help him secure the price offered for the bandit's head. Moor is thus the type of a noble greatness perverted by injustice—a frightful example, so to speak. The motto of the play was "In tyrannos." In his world-agony

Karl exclaimed: "Two such men as I would shatter the whole structure of the moral world." This ranting Karl became at once a rival in popularity of the sentimental Werther, Schiller's great dramatic strength was recognized, and until the orgies of the French Revolution Karl remained a hero of the German burghers.

The despotism of the petty German courts was next depicted by Schiller under an Italian guise in the drama, "Fiesco," which proved a failure; but he succeeded again in "Kabale und Liebe" (Love and Intrigue), in which he openly attacked the vice and inhumanity of the German courts. The heroine, Luise Miller, is a fiddler's daughter, who wins the love of the Chancellor's son; but their lives are ruined by the unscrupulous court intrigues. As an example of citizen tragedy, this piece excelled Lessing's "Miss Sara Sampson." In this play Schiller also satirized the traffic in Hessian soldiers as mere chattels of a prince.

In his next tragedy, "Don Carlos," the titular hero, son of King Philip II. of Spain, perishes a victim to the Inquisition and court intrigue, while his friend, the Marquis Posa, also dies for him in vain. In the Marquis Schiller portrayed just such an ideal dreamer as he himself was, and ever remained—"a citizen of a time yet to be."

And now Schiller passed through a transitional period of professorship of history at the University of Jena; wrote "The Rise of the Netherlands" and the "History of the Thirty Years' War;" became a fellow-spirit of Goethe, who had hitherto misunderstood him; was invited to Weimar, where he was ultimately ennobled, and produced, under Goethe's influence and encouragement, the great dramatic masterpieces that have crowned him with world-wide fame.

In his study of the Thirty Years' War Schiller had found the impressive character of Wallenstein, the general who betrayed his Emperor in order to secure his own aggrandisement, an earlier Napoleon, worshipped by his soldiers and believing in destiny. He has painted this colossal figure in enduring colors against a wonderful background, reproducing the social anarchy that reigned in Germany of that day. Wallenstein is the greatest dramatic character of German lit-

erature, and probably of all European literature since Shakespeare. The man is first felt as an unseen power amid the unruly hosts of soldiers, controlled only by his will. Then among his generals he is seen a very Cæsar, an actual emperor. All this Schiller achieved in his "Camp of Wallenstein," the first drama of the Trilogy, called by him the "Vorspiel" (prelude). This portion is highly realistic, with the Capuchin friar's quaint camp sermon and the Cuirassier's stirring song, which has become nationally famous as "Schiller's Trooper's Song." In "The Piccolomini," the second drama, Max Piccolomini, the hero, loves Wallenstein's daughter Thekla, but will remain true to the Emperor. At last, to vindicate his honor, he perishes in a wild charge against the Swedes. He represents the opposite to Wallenstein, the principle of honor as opposed to unscrupulous ambition. His love romance is beautifully touching. In the third drama, "Wallenstein's Death," the general who betrays is himself betrayed by Max's father, Octavio, whom he had trusted. He is murdered, after having acknowledged the better part played in life by the noble Max.

In "Mary Stuart," which followed the Wallenstein trilogy, Schiller makes us sympathize with the purely personal tragedy of the unhappy Queen of Scots, purified by her sufferings. Queen Elizabeth is sacrificed to this idealized Mary. The most famous scene of the play is that of the garden at Fotheringay, in which Mary, overjoyed at her unexpected liberty, is unexpectedly confronted by the Queen, and so insults Elizabeth as to lead to the death sentence.

Similarly in "The Maid of Orleans" he idealizes the character of Joan of Arc. She is no longer the peasant maid of Domremy, but the romantic warrior maid of Schiller's ideal vision. The critics have severely criticized his treatment of the character; yet, as Baumgart has well expressed it, this is a tragedy of moral idealism. In this play Joan dies victorious on the battlefield, and not as a martyr at the stake; but she is also represented (quite unhistorically, it must be admitted), as yielding for a disastrous moment to a prompting of love for the English soldier, Talbot. For this falling away for even the moment from her lofty ideals, the Virgin chas-

tises herself by remaining silent under false accusation, and seeks vindication only in a heroic death. Schiller has here once more revised history to create an ideal.

From these quasi-historical dramas Schiller turned to a new and less popular method in his "Bride of Messina," a melodramatic, Greek-like tragedy of evil destiny. In this work he introduced a chorus, but he was warned by its partial failure to return to his true field, and in "Wilhelm Tell," finished in the year before that of his death, he left a masterpiece as a farewell legacy. The idea had been suggested by Goethe, who had intended to write an epic on the legend, but who abandoned the notion. From Goethe's own recollections and from Tschudi, the Swiss chronicler, Schiller acquired such a grasp of his theme that its local color is remarkable; one is transported to the Alps with all their sights and sounds. The heroic characters of the book have a broad nobility of patriotism. The legends of the hat and apple-shooting are skillfully used, and the murder of the tyrant Gessler is splendidly vindicated. The apostrophes to freedom are inspiring, and Arnold von Melchthal's outburst on learning of the cruel blinding of his father, is Shakespearean.

Schiller's lyrics lack the naïveté of Goethe's and the flashing keenness of Heine's; but nevertheless, there is hardly one of his ballads which does not represent the conflict between the lower and higher in man, and call upon the will to assert itself against the force of circumstance. Hence arises the fiery eloquence, the martial sonorousness that pervades these poems. "'Tis mind that shapes the body to itself." This is what all of them proclaim; whether they exalt the struggle of man with the elements, as "The Diver;" or victory over self, as "The Fight With the Dragon;" or faithfulness unto death, as "The Security;" whether they give impressive pictures of national exploits and triumphs, as in "The Banquet;" or, whether like "Cassandra," "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Cranes of Ibycus," they reveal the mysterious working of the world-spirit in the forebodings and catastrophes of the human soul.

His greatest poem is "The Song of the Bell," in which human life is symbolized in the various processes of the cast-

ing of the bell, just as Longfellow—in confessed imitation of Schiller—has pictured life in "The Building of the Ship." In his poem Schiller has spoken straight to the hearts of the multitude. The motto of the poem is one on the old bell of Schaffhausen: "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango" (I call the living, I mourn the dead, I break the lightnings). Goethe added an epilogue in praise of the dead poet and idealist.

Fridolin; or the Message to the Forge.

(Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.)

A harmless lad was Fridolin,
A pious youth was he;
He served and sought her grace to win,
Count Savern's fair ladye;
And gentle was the Dame as fair,
And light the toils of service there;
And yet the woman's wildest whim
In her—had been but joy to him.

Soon as the early morning shone,
Until the vesper bell,
For her sweet hest he lived alone,
Nor e'er could serve too well.
She bade him oft not labor so:
But then his eyes would overflow;
It seemed a sin if strength could swerve,
From that one thought—her will to serve!

And so of all her house, the Dame
Most favor'd him always;
And from her lip for ever came
His unexhausted praise.
On him, more like some gentle child,
Than serving-youth, the lady smiled,
And took a harmless pleasure in
The comely looks of Fridolin.

For this, the Huntsman Robert's heart
The favor'd Henchman cursed;
And long, till ripen'd into art,
The hateful envy nursed.

His Lord was rash of thought and deed:
And thus the knave the deadly seed,
(As from the chase they homeward rode,)
That poisons thought to fury, sow'd.

"Your lot, great Count, in truth is fair,
(Thus spoke the craft suppress'd;)
The gnawing tooth of doubt can ne'er
Consume your golden rest.
He who a noble spouse can claim,
Sees love begirt with holy shame;
Her truth no villain arts ensnare—
The smooth seducer comes not there."

"How now!—bold man, what sayest thou?"
The frowning Count replied—
"Think'st thou I build on woman's vow,
Unstable as the tide?
Too well the flatterer's lip allureth—
On firmer ground my faith endureth;
The Count Von Savern's wife unto
No smooth seducer comes to woo!"

"Right!"—quoth the other—"and your scorn
The fool enow the fool chastises,
Who though a simple vassal born,
Himself so highly prizes;
Who buoys his heart with rash desires,
And to the Dame he serves aspires."
"How!" cried the Count, and trembled—"How!
Of one who lives, then speakest thou?"

"Surely; can that to all reveal'd
Be all unknown to you?
Yet, from your ear if thus conceal'd,
Let me be silent to."
Out burst the Count, with gasping breath,
"Fool—fool!—thou speak'st the words of death!
What brain has dared so bold a sin?"
"My Lord, I spoke of Fridolin!

"His face is comely to behold"—
He adds—then paused with art.

The Count grew hot—the Count grew cold—
The words had pierced his heart.
"My gracious Master sure must see
That only in her eyes lives he;
Behind your board he stands unheeding,
Close by her chair—his passion feeding.

"And then the rhymes—" "The rhymes?" "The same—
Confess'd the frantic thought."
"Confess'd?" "Ay, and a *mutual* flame
The foolish boy besought!
No doubt the Countess, soft and tender,
Forbore the lines to you to render;
And I repent the babbling word
That scaped my lips.—What ails my lord?"

Straight to a wood, in scorn and shame,
Away Count Savern rode—
Where in the soaring furnace-flame
The molten iron glow'd.
Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;
The bellows heave and the sparkles fly,
As if they would melt down the mountains high.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,
In interleagued endeavor;
The mill-wheel, whirl'd amidst the wave,
Rolls on for aye and ever—
Here, day and night, resounds the clamor,
While measured beats the heaving hammer;
And, suppled in that ceaseless storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
Forth-beckon'd from their task.
"The first whom I to you may send,
And who of you may ask—
'*Have you my lord's command obey'd?*'
Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made:
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

Then gloated they—the grisly pair—
They felt the hangman's zest;
For senseless as the iron there,
The heart lay in the breast.
And hied they, with the bellows' breath,
To strengthen still the furnace-death;
The murder-priests nor flag nor falter—
Wait the victim—trim the altar!

The Huntsman seeks the Page—God wot,
How smooth a face hath he!
"Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;
Thy lord hath need of thee!"
Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin,
"Haste to the forge the wood within,
And ask the serfs who ply the trade—
'*Have you my lord's command obey'd?*'"

"It shall be done"—and to the task
He hies without delay.
Had *she* no hest?—'t were well to ask,
To make less long the way.
So, wending backward at the thought,
The youth the gracious Lady sought,
"Ere I go to the forge, I've come to thee:
Hast thou any commands, by the road, for me?"

"I fain," thus spake the Lady fair,
In winsome tone and low,
"But for mine infant ailing there,
To hear the Mass would go.
"Go thou, my child—and on the way,
For me and mine thy heart shall pray;
Repent each sinful thought of thine—
So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

Forth on the welcome task he wends,
Her wish the task endears,
Till where the quiet hamlet ends,
A sudden sound he hears.
To and fro the church bell swinging,
Cheerily, clearly forth is ringing;

Knolling souls that would repent
To the Holy Sacrament.

He thought, "Seek God upon thy way,
And he will come to thee!"
He gains the House of Prayer to pray,
But all stood silently.
It was the Harvest's merry reign,
The scythe was busy in the grain,
One clerkly hand the rites require
To serve the Mass and aid the choir.

At once the good resolve he takes,
As sacristan to serve:
"No halt," quote he, "the footstep makes
That doth but heavenward swerve!"
So, on the Priest, with humble soul,
He hung the cingulum and stole,
And eke prepares each holy thing
To the high Mass administ'ring.

Now, as the ministrant, before
The Priest he took his stand;
Now towards the altar moved, and bore
The mass-book in his hand.
Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
Watchful every sign to see;
Tinkling, as the *Sanctus* fell,
Thrice at each holy name, the bell.

Now the meek Priest, bending lowly,
Turns unto the solemn shrine,
And with lifted hand and holy,
Rears the cross divine.
While the clear bell, lightly swinging,
That Boy-sacristan is ringing;—
Strike their breasts, and down inclining,
Kneel the crowd, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,
With a quick and nimble art—
Every custom in that dwelling
Knew the Boy by heart!

COPYRIGHT, 1900

H. KNÖCHL, PINX

FRIDOLIN'S MESSAGE TO THE FORGE

To the close he tarried thus,
Till *Vobiscum Dominus;*
To the crowd inclines the Priest,
And the crowd have sign'd—and ceased!

Now back in its appointed place,
His footsteps but delay
To range each symbol-sign of grace—
Then forward on his way.
So, conscience-calm, he lightly goes;
Before his steps the furnace glows;
His lips the while (the count completing,)
Twelve Paternosters slow-repeating.

He gain'd the forge—the Smiths survey'd,
As there they grimly stand:
"How fares it, friends?—*have ye obey'd,*"
He cried, "*my lord's command?*"
"Ho! ho!" they shout and ghastly grin,
And point the furnace-throat within:
"With zeal and heed we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed."

On, with this answer, onward home,
With fleeter step he flies;
Afar the Count beheld him come—
He scarce could trust his eyes.
"Whence com'st thou?" "From the furnace." "So!
Not elsewhere? troth, thy steps are slow;
Thou hast loiter'd long!"—"Yet only till
I might the trust consign'd fulfill.

"My noble lord, it is true, to-day,
I chanced, on quitting thee,
To ask my duties, on the way,
Of her who guideth me.
She bade me, (and how sweet and dear
It was!) the holy Mass to hear;
Rosaries four I told, delaying,
Grace for thee and thine heart-praying."

All stunn'd, Count Savern heard the speech—
A wondering man was he;

"And when thou didst the furnace reach,
What answer gave they thee?"
"An answer hard the sense to win;
Thus spake the men with ghastly grin,
'With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed.'"

"And *Robert?*"—gasp'd the Count, as lost
In awe, he shuddering stood—
"Thou must, be sure, his path have cross'd?
I sent him to the wood."
"In wood nor field where I have been,
No single trace of him was seen."
All death-like stood the Count: "Thy might,
O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
He took the servant's hand;
He led him to his Lady's side,
She naught mote understand.
"This child—no angel is more pure—
Long may thy grace for him endure;
Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—
GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"

THE DIVISION OF THE WORLD.

"Take the world!" Zeus exclaimed from his throne in the skies
To the children of man—"take the world I now give;
It shall ever remain as your heirloom and prize:
So divide it as brothers and happily live."

Then all who had hands sought their share to obtain,
The young and the aged made haste to appear;
The husbandman seized on the fruits of the plain,
The youth through the forest pursued the fleet deer.

The merchant took all that his warehouse could hold,
The abbot selected the last year's best wine,
The king barred the bridges—the highways controlled,
And said, "Now remember, the tithes shall be mine!"

But when the division long settled had been,
The Poet drew nigh from a far-distant land;

But alas! not a remnant was now to be seen,
Each thing on the earth owned a master's command.

"Alas! shall then I, of thy sons the most true—
Shall I, 'mongst them all, be forgotten alone?"
Thus loudly he cried in his anguish, and threw
Himself in despair before Jupiter's throne.

"If thou in the region of dreams didst delay,
Complain not of me," the Immortal replied;
"When the world was apportioned, where then wert thou, pray?"
"I was," said the Poet, "I was by thy side!

"Mine eye was then fixed on thy features so bright,
Mine ear was entranced by thy harmony's power;
O pardon the spirit that, awed by thy light,
All things of the earth could forget in that hour!"

"What to do?" Zeus exclaimed, "for the world has been given;
The harvest, the market, the chase are not free.
But if thou with me wilt abide in my heaven,
Whenever thou com'st, 'twill be open to thee!"

WALLENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER.

(From "The Piccolomini." Act I., Scene 8. Translated by S. T. Coleridge.)

Enter the Countess Tertsky leading the Princess Thekla, richly adorned.

Countess. How, sister! What, already upon business!
[*Observing the Duchess.*
And business of no pleasing kind I see,—
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! Father!
This is thy daughter.
[*Thekla approaches and bends as if about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms.*

Wallenstein. Yes, pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

Duchess. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,

Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remained till now.
Wal. The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful, silent convent walls,
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The godlike! and now leads her, thus adorned,
To meet her splendid fortune and my hope.
Duch. (*to Thekla*). Thou wouldst not have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years
When last she saw your face.
Thek. O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not altered.
The form that stands before me falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!
Wal. The voice of my child! [*Then after a pause.*
I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child, to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illume my soon extinguished being
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head,
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreathe it
Transmuted to a regal ornament
Around these beauteous brows. [*He clasps her in his arms.*

WALLENSTEIN'S TREASON.

(From "The Piccolomini." Act V., Scene 2.)

Max. Piccolomini (*advancing*). My General!
Wallenstein. That am I no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.
Max. Then thou wilt leave the army, General?
Wal. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.
Max. And thou wilt leave the army?

Wal. Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me. [*He seats himself.*
Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favor.
—This is now present: do not look behind thee—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards:
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they
And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer.*

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises and retires. Max. remains motionless in excessive anguish. Wallenstein returns.*

Max. My general, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit, unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wal. Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act forever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war

Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.
Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as Heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it Heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who, like the fixed star of the pole,
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
Oh! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking at me.
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.
Wal. Max., hear me.
Max. Oh! do it not; I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone
Made powerful only in an unknown power.
Wal. The world will judge me sternly! I expect it:
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence. So stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max. Oh, that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls to whom their honor, their good name
Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *Keep*,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest;
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.
Wal. (*grasps his hand.*) Calmly, Max!
Much that is great and excellent shall we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the Powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings;
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enriched by them:
In their eternal realm no *property*
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sunlight;
Not without sacrifices are they rendered
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.
Max. Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow, and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action; but to thee, my General!
Above *all* others, make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes,—the word

Is spoken out——
Not to the *traitor* can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different;
Oh, that is black,—black as the pit of hell!
[*Wallenstein betrays a sudden agitation.*
Thou canst not hear it *named*, and wilt thou *do* it?
Oh, turn back to thy duty; that thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke, with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wal. It is too late; thou know'st not what has happened.

Max. Were it too late, and were things gone so far
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honorably, even as thou stood'st,
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendor do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee;
My destiny I never part from thine.

Wal. It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post-couriers
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.
Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou—No!—*thou* canst not forsake me;
So let us do what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, that other *thing* I'll bear.
[*Max. quits him abruptly.*

The Maiden's Lament.

(The two first Stanzas of this Poem are sung by Thekla, in Act III. of "The Piccolomini.")

The wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er;
The girl sitteth lonely
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
And her eyes are hot with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.
To her Father in Heaven may the Daughter now go;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived—I have loved."—

"In vain, oh! how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!—
Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanish'd love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

"Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear;
Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanish'd love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's own faithful tears!"

William Tell Leaving Home.

(From "Wilhelm Tell," Act III., Scene 1.)

Hedwig. The boys begin to use the bow betimes.
Tell. 'Tis early practice only makes the master.
Hed. Ah! Would to Heaven they never learnt the art!

Tell. But they shall learn it, wife, in all its points.
Whoe'er would carve an independent way
Through life, must learn to ward or plant a blow.
Hed. Alas, alas! and they will never rest
Contentedly at home.
Tell. No more can I!
I was not framed by nature for a shepherd.
Restless I must pursue a changing course;
I only feel the flush and joy of life,
In starting some fresh quarry every day.
Hed. Heedless the while of all your wife's alarms,
As she sits watching through long hours at home;
For my soul sinks with terror at the tales
The servants tell about your wild adventures.
Whene'er we part, my trembling heart forbodes,
That you will ne'er come back to me again.
I see you on the frozen mountain steeps,
Missing, perchance, your leap from cliff to cliff.
I see the chamois, with a wild rebound,
Drag you down with him o'er the precipice.
I see the avalanche close o'er your head,—
The treacherous ice give way, and you sink down
Entombed alive within its hideous gulf.
Ah! in a hundred varying forms does death
Pursue the Alpine huntsman on his course.
That way of life can surely ne'er be blessed,
Where life and limb are peril'd every hour.
Tell. The man that bears a quick and steady eye,
And trusts to God, and his own lusty sinews,
Passes, with scarce a scar, through every danger.
The mountain cannot awe the mountain child.
[*He lays aside his tools.*
And now, methinks, the door will hold awhile.—
The axe at home oft saves the carpenter. [*Takes his cap.*
Hed. Whither away?
Tell. To Altdorf, to your father.
Hed. You have some dangerous enterprise in view—
Confess!
Tell. Why think you so?
Hed. Some scheme's on foot
Against the governors. There was a council
Held on the Rütli—that I know—and you

Are one of the confederacy, I'm sure.
Tell. I was not there. Yet will I not hold back,
Whene'er my country calls me to her aid.
Hed. Wherever danger is, will you be placed.
On you, as ever, will the burden fall.
Tell. Each man shall have the post that fits his powers.
Hed. You took—ay, 'mid the thickest of the storm—
The man of Unterwald across the lake.
'Tis a marvel you escaped. Had you no thought
Of wife and children, then?
Tell. Dear wife, I had;
And therefore saved the father for his children.
Hed. To brave the lake in all its wrath! 'Twas not
To put your trust in God! 'Twas tempting him.
Tell. The man that's over cautious will do little.
Hed. Yes, you've a kind and helping hand for all:
But be in straits, and who will lend you aid?
Tell. God grant I ne'er may stand in need of it!
[*Takes up his crossbow and arrows.*
Hed. Why take your crossbow with you? Leave it here.
Tell. I want my right hand, when I want my bow.
[*The boys, Walter and Wilhelm, return.*
Walter. Where, father, are you going?
Tell. To grand-dad, boy—
To Altdorf. Will you go?
Wal. Ay, that I will!
Hed. The Viceroy's there just now. Go not to Altdorf!
Tell. He leaves to-day.
Hed. Then let him first be gone.
Cross not his path.—You know he bears us grudge.
Tell. His ill-will cannot greatly injure me.
I do what's right, and care for no man's hate.
Hed. 'Tis those who do what's right, whom most he hates.
Tell. Because he cannot reach them. Me, I ween,
His knightship will be glad to leave in peace.
Hed. Ay!—are you sure of that?
Tell. Not long ago,
As I was hunting through the wild ravines
Of Shechenthal, untrod by mortal foot,—
There, as I took my solitary way
Along a shelving ledge of rocks, where 'twas
Impossible to step on either side;

For high above rose, like a giant wall,
The precipice's side, and far below
The Shechen thunder'd o'er its rifted bed;—
[*The boys press towards him, looking upon him with excited curiosity.*
There, face to face, I met the Viceroy. He
Alone with me—and I myself alone—
Mere man to man, and near us the abyss.
And when his lordship had perused my face,
And knew the man he had severely fined
On some most trivial ground, not long before;
And saw me, with my sturdy bow in hand,
Come striding towards him, then his cheek grew pale,
His knees refused their office, and I thought
He would have sunk against the mountain side.
Then, touch'd with pity for him, I advanced,
Respectfully, and said, "'Tis I, my lord."
But ne'er a sound could he compel his lips
To frame in answer. Only with his hand
He beckoned me in silence to proceed.
So I pass'd on, and sent his train to seek him.

Hed. He trembled then before you? Woe the while
You saw his weakness; that he'll ne'er forgive.

Tell. I shun him, therefore, and he'll not seek me.

Hed. But stay away to-day. Go hunting rather!

Tell. What do you fear?

Hed. I am uneasy. Stay.

Tell. Why thus distress yourself without a cause?

Hed. Because there is no cause. Tell, Tell! stay here!

Tell. Dear wife, I gave my promise I would go.

Hed. Must you?—Then go; but leave the boys with me.

Wal. No, mother dear, I'm going with my father.

Hed. How, Walter! will you leave your mother then?

Wal. I'll bring you pretty things from grandpapa.
[*Exit with his father.*

Wilhelm. Mother, I'll stay with you!

Hed. (*embracing him.*) Yes, yes! thou art
My own dear child. Thou'rt all that's left to me.

COPYRIGHT, 1900

G. SCHAUER, PINX

WILLIAM TELL MEETS THE VICEROY

William Tell and the Tyrant.

Scene—*The holl w way at Küssnacht.*

Tell (*among the rocks overhanging the pass*). Here through
the hollow way he'll pass; there is
No other road to Küssnacht. Here I'll do it! . . .
The opportunity is good: the bushes
Of alder there will hide me; from that point
My arrow hits him; the strait pass prevents
Pursuit. Now, Gessler, balance thy account
With Heaven! Thou must be gone; thy sand is run! . . .
Remote and harmless I have lived; my bow
Ne'er bent save on the wild beast of the forest;
My thoughts were free of murder. Thou hast scared me
From my peace; to fell asp-poison hast thou
Changed the milk of kindly temper in me;
Thou hast accustomed me to horrors. Gessler!
The archer who could aim at his boy's head
Can send an arrow to his enemy's heart. . . .
Poor little boys! My kind, true wife! I will
Protect them from thee. Viceroy! when I drew
That bowstring and my hand was quivering,
And with devilish joy thou mad'st me point it
At the child, and I in fainting anguish
Entreated thee in vain; then, with a grim,
Irrevocable oath, deep in my soul,
I vowed to God in Heaven that the next aim
I took should be thy heart. The vow I made
In that despairing moment's agony,
Became a holy debt—and I will pay it.

[Various characters gradually appear upon the scene, among them Stüssi, Frau Armgart, and the members of a wedding procession, who come up the pass; at length Gessler (the Austrian Landvogt or Viceroy), and Rudolph der Harras approach, riding up the pass, while Tell disappears among the rocks.]

Gessler. Say what you like, I am the Kaiser's servant,
And must think of pleasing him. He sent me,
Not to caress these hinds, to soothe or nurse them.
Obedience is the word! The point at issue is,
Shall Boor or Kaiser here be lord o' th' lands?

Armgart. Now is the moment! Now for my petition.

Gess. This Hat at Altdorf, mark you, I set up,
Not for the joke's sake, or to try the hearts
O' th' people—these I know of old—but that
They might be taught to bend their necks to me,
Which are too straight and stiff; and in the way
Where they are hourly passing I have planted
This offence, so that their eyes may fall on't,
And remind them of their lord, whom they forgot.
Rudolph. But the people have some rights—
Gess. Which now
Is not a time for settling or admitting.
Mighty things are on the anvil. The House
Of Hapsburg must wax powerful; what the Father
Gloriously began, the Son must forward.
This people is a stone of stumbling, which
One way or t' other must be put aside.
Arm. Mercy, gracious Viceroy! Justice! Justice!
Gess. Why do you plague me here and stop my way
I' th' open road? Off! Let me pass!
Arm. My husband
Is in prison; these orphans cry for bread.
Have pity, good your grace, have pity on us!
Rud. Who or what are you, then? Who is your husband?
Arm. A poor wild-hay-man of the Rigiberg,
Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss,
To mow the common grass from craggy shelves
And nooks to which the cattle dare not climb.
Rud. By Heaven, a wild and miserable life!
Do now! do let this poor drudge free, I pray you!—
Whatever be his crime, that horrid trade
Is punishment enough. You shall have justice;
In the castle there make your petition;
This is not the place.
Arm. No, no! I stir not
From this spot till you give up my husband!
'Tis the sixth month he has lain i' th' dungeon,
Waiting for the sentence of some judge in vain.
Gess. Woman! Would'st lay thy hands on me? Begone!
Arm. Justice Viceroy! thou art judge o' th' land here,
I' th' Kaiser's stead and God's. Perform thy duty!
As thou expectest justice from above,
Show it to us.

Gess. Off! take the mutinous rabble from my sight.
Arm. No, no! I now have nothing
More to lose. Thou shalt not move a step, Lord,
Till thou hast done me right. Ay, knit thy brows,
And roll thy eyes as sternly as thou wilt;
We are so wretched, wretched now we care not
Aught more for thy anger.
Gess. Woman, make way!
Or else my horse shall crush thee.
Arm. Let it! there!
Here am I with my children. Let the orphans
Be trodden underneath thy horse's hoofs!
'Tis not the worst that thou hast done.
Rud. Woman, art mad?
Arm. 'Tis long that thou has trodden
The Kaiser's people under foot. Too long!
Oh, I am but a woman! Were I a man
I should find something else to do
Than lie here crying in the dust.
Gess. Where are my servants?
Quick! take her hence! I may forget myself,
And do the thing I shall repent.
Rud. My lord,
The servants cannot pass; the place above
Is crowded with a bridal company.
Gess. I've been too mild a ruler to this people;
They are not tamed as they should be; their tongues
Are still at liberty. This shall be altered!
I will break that stubborn humor. Freedom,
With its pert vauntings, shall no more be heard of.
I will enforce a new law in these lands;
There shall not—

[An arrow pierces him; he presses his hand on his heart, and slides from his horse into the arms of Rudolph, who has dismounted.]

Rud. Lord Viceroy—God! What is it? whence came it?
Gess. 'Tis Tell's arrow.
Tell (*from a rock above*). Thou hast found the archer;
Seek no other. Free are the cottages,
Secure is innocence from thee; thou wilt
Torment the land no more.

Trooper's Song.

(Translated by H. W. Dulcken.)

Up, up, brave comrades! to horse, to horse,
To the field where we freedom merit!
Where still is valued the brave man's force,—
Where we weigh in the scale his spirit!
In war no man for his friend may stand,
Where each one fights for his own right hand.

All freedom hath fled this world of guile,
But tyrants and serfs remaining;
Now flourish lying and treason vile,
O'er cowardly mortals reigning.
Who looks on death with unblenching brow,
The soldier alone is the free man now!

The troubles of life he away hath thrown
Small need his for care or sorrow;
To meet his fate he rides boldly on,
It may be to-day or to-morrow.
It may be to-morrow; then let us to-day
To the dregs quaff the goblet of time while we may!

Our merry lot from the sky falls down;
We seek not to fill our measure;
The bondman grubs in the earth so brown,
Still weening to lift a treasure;
He digs and shovels till life is past,
And digs but a trench for his grave at last.

The trooper bold, and his steed so gay,
Are hated guests and dreaded;
Where the bride-lamps gleam he will find his way,
Unasked, to the feast of the wedded;
Nor shows he money, nor long he'll plead;
With his sword, like a soldier, he'll gain his meed.

Then up, brave comrades, and saddle and ride;
For the fight each bold heart is beating;
Youth rolls through our veins life's foaming tide,—
Up! ere time quench the spirit fleeting:
And whoso casts not his life in the scale,
To win life's gladness shall surely fail.

DANISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD I. 1500–1800.

LUTHERAN doctrines were solemnly adopted as the creed of the national church of Denmark in 1536, and the religious and intellectual emancipation which ensued produced a ferment in the minds of the people. Among the first to contribute to the Reformation was Christian Pedersen, called the "Father of Danish Literature." Prior to his time, in Denmark, as elsewhere, the exclusive use of the Latin language in Church and State had kept learning from the masses and sharply defined class distinctions. Pedersen translated the New Testament into the vernacular with a spirit and veracity which has made it remarkable in the history of Biblical literature. He may be said to have created the Danish literary language. Among many other works, he adapted seven of Luther's tracts for the people, and thus conveyed to them, in simple ways, the great truths of faith and religious freedom relieved from all subtleties of argument and dogma. He also translated and adapted the old chronicles and legends of his own country, and these formed the favorite reading of the people long after his death.

The Age of the Reformation in Denmark was succeeded by the Age of Learning, and particularly theological learning. The university at Copenhagen had been made over on Lutheran models, and its guardians believed it of primary importance that the new faith should be protected from error. The professors of theology, therefore, were not only censors in their own department, but extended their rule over every

branch of literature. Latin gained the ascendancy in the university and in the schools once more, the results being that for a time at least, the Danish language lost its hold, the intellectual classes isolated themselves, and learning was again in the hands of a few. Worse than that, the aim of the scholar was not so much a search for truth as the desire to fill his mind with a multitude of facts bearing no mutual relation to each other, and the result was a condition of senseless pedantry, In spite then of many brilliant names the period of learning may be called a period of regression. The common people meanwhile subsisted on a series of dreary devotional works, varied by a whole literature of stories about devils and witches.

One of the best-known names of the Age of Learning is that of Tyge (or Tycho) Brahe, who belonged to an old and noble family of Denmark. He married a girl of humble birth, and was so reviled in consequence that he preferred to leave his native land. He had grown to be such a specialist in astronomy, however, that his services could not be spared. King Frederick II. induced him to return, made him a present of the little island of Hveu, and helped him build on it two great observatories. His fame soon spread through all Europe. His house became the meeting-place of savants from every land, and even kings and princes delighted to visit the astronomer and his observatories in his island home. On the death of Frederick II., Brahe's rivals and enemies so persecuted him that he decided to leave Denmark forever. He was finally invited by the emperor to settle in Prague, and there his life ended in 1601. The more famous Kepler was his assistant. While the latter discovered many errors in his master's theories, he was enabled to make his great discoveries only through Brahe's regular and careful observations of the movements of the planets—observations extending through a period of thirty years. As has been well said, "Tyge Brahe made the observations, Kepler discovered the law, and Newton conceived the nature of the law."

From time to time Danish women of noble birth occupied themselves successfully in literature, science, and translations from the classics. But the most remarkable authoress of the

seventeenth century was Leonora Christina, a daughter of Christian IV., whose "Jammersminde," a description of her long and severe sufferings in prison, is one of the most charming books in the whole Danish literature, and unquestionably the best prose work of the seventeenth century.

Anders Arrebo (1587–1637), a poet-bishop, distinguished himself by being the first Dane who introduced into his poetry the methods of the Renaissance which had spread from Italy throughout Europe.

Dramatic Literature in Denmark began with the Reformation period, and went on under the general name of school-comedies, because they were particularly connected with the school and with the university. They were simply *moralities* and *miracle plays*, and have nothing to do with the drama as it was subsequently developed in Denmark by such men as Holberg and his successors. The first really great name in Danish literature is that of Ludwig Holberg. He it was who by his satirical comedies threw down the barriers between the learned classes and the people—a task which even the Reformation had been unable to perform.

Peder Frederick Suhm (1728–1798) is noted for having written a "History of Denmark," which, though it is published in fourteen volumes, extends only to the year 1400. His style is tedious and clumsy, but the wealth of material which his book contains makes it invaluable for historical reference.

The great Danish poet of the eighteenth century was Johannes Evald, who composed the ballad, "King Christian Stood by the Lofty Mast," which is the national song of Denmark.

King Oluf the Saint.

King Oluf and his brother bold
'Bout Norroway's rocks a parley hold:
"The one of the two who best can sail
Shall rule o'er Norroway's hill and dale;

"Who first of us reaches our native ground
O'er all the region shall king be crowned."
Then Harald Haardrode answer made:
"Ay, let it be done as thou hast said.

"But if I to-day must sail with thee,
Thou shalt change thy vessel, I swear, with me.
For thou hast got the Dragon of speed;
I shall make with the Ox a poor figure indeed.

"The Dragon is swift as the clouds in chase;
The Ox he moveth in lazy pace."
"Hear, Harald, what I have to say to thee,
What thou hast proposed well pleaseth me.

"If my ship in aught be better than thine,
I'll readily, cheerfully, lend thee mine.
Do thou the Dragon so sprightly take,
And I with the Ox will the journey make."

"But first to the church we'll bend our way,
Ere our hand on sail or on oar we lay."
And into the church Saint Oluf trode,
His beautiful hair like the bright gold glowed.

But soon, out of breath, there came a man:
"Thy brother is sailing off fast as he can."
"Let them sail, my friend, who to sail may choose;
The word of our Lord we will not lose.

"The mass is the word of our blessed Lord;
Take water, ye swains, for our table-board;
We will sit at board, and the meat we will taste,
Then unto the sea-shore quietly haste."

Now down they all speed to the ocean strand,
Where the Ox lay rocking before the land;

And speedily they to the ocean bore
The anchor and cable, and sail and oar.

Saint Oluf he stood on the prow when on board:
"Now forward, thou Ox, in the name of the Lord."
He grappled the Ox by the horn so white:
"Hie now, as if thou went clover to bite!"

Then forward the Ox began to hie,
In his wake stood the billows boisterously.
He hallooed to the lad on the yard so high:
"Do we the Dragon of Harald draw nigh?"

"No more of the pomps of the world I see
Than the uppermost top of the good oak-tree.
I see near the land of Norroway skim
Bright silken sails with a golden rim.

"I see 'neath Norroway's mountains proud
The Dragon bearing of sail a cloud.
I see, I see, by Norroway's side,
The Dragon gallantly forward stride."

On the Ox's ribs a blow he gave:
"Now faster! now faster! over the wave!"
He struck the Ox on the eye with force:
"To the haven much speedier thou must course."

Then forward the Ox began to leap,
No sailor on deck his stand could keep.
Then cords he took, and his mariners fast
He tied to the vessel's rigging and mast.

'Twas then—'twas then—the steersman cried:
"But who shall now the vessel guide?"
His little gloves off Saint Oluf throws,
And to stand himself by the rudder he goes.

"Oh, we will sail o'er cliff and height,
The nearest way, like a line of light!"
So o'er the hills and dales they career,
To them they became like water clear.

So they sailed along o'er the mountains blue,
Then out came running the Elfin crew,

"Who sails over the gold in which we joy?
Our ancient father who dares annoy?"

"Elf, turn to stone, and a stone remain
Till I by this path return again!"
So they sailed o'er Skaaney's mountains tall,
And stones became the little Elves all.

Out came a carline with spindle and rock:
"Saint Oluf! why sailest thou us to mock?
Saint Oluf, thou who the red beard hast!
Through my chamber wall thy ship hath passed."

With a glance of scorn did Saint Oluf say:
"Stand there a flint-rock forever and aye."
Unhindered, unhindered they bravely sailed on,
Before them yielded both stock and stone.

Still onward they sailed in such gallant guise,
That no man upon them could fasten his eyes.
Saint Oluf a bow before his knee bent,
Behind the sail dropped the shaft that he sent.

From the stern Saint Oluf a barb shot free,
Behind the Ox fell the shaft in the sea.
Saint Oluf he trusted in Christ alone,
And therefore first home by three days he won.

And that made Harald with fury storm,
Of a *laidly* dragon he took the form. [*loathsome*
But the Saint was a man of devotion full,
And the Saint got Norroway's land to rule.

Into the church Saint Oluf trode,
He thanked the Saviour in fervent mood.
Saint Oluf walked the church about,
There shone a glory his ringlets out.

Whom God doth help makes bravely his way,
His enemies win both shame and dismay.

The Elected Knight.

(Translated by H. W. Longfellow.)

Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide;
But never, ah! never, can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
A knight full-well equipped;
His steel was black, his helm was barred;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest,
And it was sharper than diamond-stone;
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold:
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven?" quoth he,
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a knight elected?
And have three maidens thee bedight?
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode,
They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

JOHANNES EVALD.

A SOLDIER in youth, a dramatist in later life, Evald is best known to fame as a lyrical poet. His song of "King Christian," written for his drama of "Fiskerne," The Fishermen, has become the national anthem of Denmark. Born at Copenhagen in 1743, Evald ran away from the University and spent a year in the Prussian and Austrian armies. Returning to Copenhagen, he wrote for the stage. His chief tragedies are "Rolf Krage" and "Balder's Död," Balder's Death. His attempt at a new "Hamlet" was less successful.

KING CHRISTIAN.

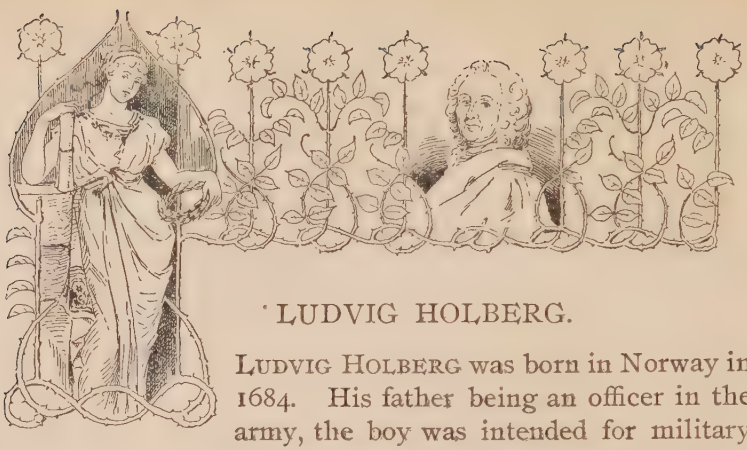
KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar;
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol'; *
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And, amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

* "Tordenskiold," Tnunder-shield, was the sobriquet of Admiral Wessel.



LUDVIG HOLBERG.

LUDVIG HOLBERG was born in Norway in 1684. His father being an officer in the army, the boy was intended for military life, but showed such a strong disinclination for it that he was sent instead to the Bergen Latin School. Holberg subsequently taught in the house of a country parson with the intention of returning to his studies and becoming a clergyman. He was seized, however, with a passion for travel. With very little means, but marvellously proficient in languages, he journeyed to Holland, England, Denmark, Germany, and after that to Paris and Rome. He finally settled in Copenhagen as a professor in the University and wrote histories and other learned works in Latin. But he also began writing those comic masterpieces which made him a blessing to his countrymen and to mankind. To save the dignity of the University he assumed for these comedies the name "Hans Mikkelsen."

The first that appeared was the mock heroic poem of "Peder Paars." Peder, in making a journey to his betrothed, was shipwrecked on the island of Anholt, and went through many strange adventures. The work was intended as a parody on the epics of Homer and Virgil, but as it developed it became a biting and exquisitely comical satire of prevailing follies. The inhabitants of Anholt misunderstood that which was intended to be only general and impersonal, and complained to the king, insisting that the poem should be burnt as libelous and indecent, and that the author should be punished. Frederick IV., however, found the work harmless and amusing, and Holberg was thus saved from public prosecution. The satire caused an extraordinary sensation and made

the university professor famous; though many thought his book undignified to the last degree.

Plays were at this time hardly known in Denmark. The old *moralities* and *mysteries*, and the school comedies, given in Latin at the schools and university, had died out, and nothing had taken their place except a few French and German plays presented from time to time before the court.

In 1720 a French actor received permission to build a theatre in Copenhagen where dramas could be acted in the Danish language. It was opened with a translation of Molière's "L'Avare." Holberg was asked to write for it original plays, and in a few years he had produced more than twenty. In 1728 the capital was devastated by fire, both palace and theatre being burned to the ground. This and the subsequent reign of a puritanic king put an end to all dramatic progress for the time being.

Holberg's influence on the intellectual life of Denmark was really stupendous, and almost unparalleled. His extensive travels gave him breadth of horizon and an insight into human nature. He was distinguished for his wealth of intellect, moral elevation, keen sense of the ridiculous, and sympathy for the masses. His shafts were leveled at the formalism of religion, the pedantry of schools, the ignorance and folly of society, and the debasement of the poor by the ruling classes. His characters were taken from daily life, and painted so vividly that it was said of him by Oehlenschläger: "If Copenhagen had been buried beneath the ground, and only Holberg's comedies had remained, we should nevertheless have known the life that stirred within its walls, not only in its broad outlines, but also in many of its minutest details." Before his time it was said that "a gentleman wrote Latin to his friends, talked French to the ladies, called his dog in German, and used Danish only to swear at his servants." Holberg was a really learned man and might have conformed to the fashion, but his strong national spirit, which was manifested in his histories, found vent also in pictures of the people. He died in 1747, after clearing away the rubbish of centuries; and by the permanent value of his works he must be considered the founder of modern Danish literature.

The Burgomaster's Wife.

In the play "The Political Tinsmith," Holberg satirizes a character to be found in all countries. Herman, a citizen of Hamburg, got the notion that the city was badly governed and that he must set everything right. He therefore summons his friends to political meetings, in which he is regarded as an oracle. Meantime his own business is going to ruin and the Government thinks of arresting him for sedition. But some members of the town council hit on a scheme to save him. They wait upon him and announce that he has been elected burgomaster of the city; their ladies call to compliment his wife. But soon applicants of all sorts come pouring in for redress of their wrongs. The house is beset with a mob of sailors. Two opposing counsel in a case so convince him that both are right, that he creeps under a table to escape them, and begs his apprentice to take the office. Finally he is overjoyed to learn that the whole affair is a hoax. In the following scene (Act III., scene 4) his wife Geske and his servant Henrich receive instructions how to behave in their new station in society.

Geske. Henrich!

Henrich. Aye!

Ges. Henrich, from this time you must not speak in that way; don't you know what has happened to us?

Hen. No; I never heard.

Ges. My husband is become Burgomaster.

Hen. Of where?

Ges. Of where?—why of Hamburg!

Hen. The deuce he is! That was indeed the devil of a tinsmith!

Herman. Henrich, speak with more discretion; you must know that you are now the lackey of a great man.

Hen. Lackey! am I raised so high?

Her. You may rise yet higher. You may in time be the servant of a gentleman of property. Only be silent. You may some day have to drive, lackey, until I can get a servant. He can wear my brown coat, dear heart! till we can get his livery ready.

Ges. But I am afraid it will be too long for him.

Her. Yes, to be sure it will be too long; but one must help oneself at a pinch as one can.

Hen. It will reach down to my heels! I shall look like a Jewish High Priest.

Her. Listen, Henrich!

Hen. Yes, master.

Her. Fellow, don't give me such titles any more! When I call you, you must answer, Sir! and when anybody comes to inquire for me, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is at home!"

Hen. Must I say so, sir, whether you are at home or not?

Her. What nonsense! When I am not at home you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is not at home;" and when I don't wish to be at home, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster does not give audience to-day." [*To Geske.*] Listen, dear heart! you must directly have coffee ready, that you may have something to entertain the aldermen's ladies when they come; for our reputation will hereafter depend upon people being able to say, "The Burgomaster von Bremenfeld gives good dinners and his ladies good coffee." I am very much afraid, dear heart, that you will make some mistake, until you are accustomed to the high position to which you are advanced. Now let Henrich run out and fetch in a tea-tray and some cups, and let the girl run and get sixpenny-worth of coffee; we can buy more afterwards. This must be a rule to you, dear heart! that you don't talk much until you have learned how properly to discourse. You must not be too humble, but stand upon what is befitting you, and labor, above everything, to put the old tinman-life out of your head, and imagine that you have been the Burgomaster's lady for many years. In the morning there must always be a tea-table ready prepared for callers, and in the afternoon coffee, and with the coffee, cards. There is a certain game at cards called "Allumber," which I would give a hundred rix-dollars, that you and our daughter, Miss Angelica, understood. You must therefore pay great attention when you see anybody playing it, that you may learn it. In the morning you should lie in bed till nine or half-past, because it is only the common people who in summer get up with the sun; yet on Sundays you may get up rather earlier, as on that day I shall drive for my health's sake. You must have a handsome snuff-box, which you may have lying on the table beside you when you play at cards. And when anybody drinks your health, you must not say, Thank you, but *Très humble serviteur.* And when you yawn, you need not hold up your hand before your mouth, for that is not customary with fine folks. And when you are in company, you need not be too particular, but set prudery somewhat aside.

But listen, I had forgot something; you should also have a

lap-dog, of which you must be as fond as of your own daughter, for that too is genteel. Our neighbor Arianke has a pretty little dog which she will lend you till we can get one of our own. You must give your dog a French name, which I will hunt out for you, when I have a little time to spare. It must always lie in your lap, and you must kiss it at least half a score times, when company is by.

Ges. Nay, my good husband! that I cannot possibly do! for one never knows in what dirt a dog has lain. One should get one's mouth full of filth and fleas.

Her. What nonsense! If you will be a lady you must have the whims of a lady. Besides, a dog can also furnish you with something to talk about; for when you have nothing else to say, you can relate the peculiarities and good qualities of your dog. Do only as I tell you, dear heart! I understand the genteel world better than you do. Take me only as your model, and you shall see that there will not be a single fragment of the old tinsmith left about me. I shall not do as a certain butcher did who, when he became alderman, after he had written on one side of a sheet of paper, and wanted to turn over, stuck his pen in his mouth as he had been used to do with his butcher's knife. Now go in and give your directions. I have something to say to Henrich alone.

The Faithful Domestics.

Holberg's comedy "Don Ranudo de Colibrados" is a satire on Spanish pride struggling with poverty. Don Ranudo has refused the wealthy Gonzalo de las Minas as a suitor for his daughter because the Minas family is not of the old nobility. Pedro, the faithful servant, tries to conceal the family poverty, as does Caleb Balderston in Sir Walter Scott's story. The following Scene (Act I., scene 2) is his interview with Isabella, the sister of Gonzalo, in which he strives to keep up the reputation of the family.

Pedro. Ay, that's the way of it! There's not a single thing left in the house: neither a spoon, nor a plate, nor a kettle! I am sent out to borrow a kettle in my own name; because, in the name of our noble family, I could not get one in the whole city. But where am I to go to borrow it? And when I have borrowed it, we have nothing that I know to cook in it; and there's nothing left now, excepting titles, signories and highnesses; out of which, if they were all put into the pot together, there would come a very thin soup indeed! They hold their heads very stiff, for all that,

especially the lady; for she, I am sure, would rather die of hunger than give up one letter of her great name. Grant that I may never be so minded! I am now of quite another way of thinking; for, before I would suffer want, I would not only sell my father's name, but my own honor as well, for a piece of eight. Dignity is a good thing enough; but if any one will dine or sup upon it, he will be but indifferently served. I have it in my mind to remain here yet for eight days; during that time I will get meat and drink with good friends of mine in the town, and let our grandees pick their teeth, when they have dined on pea-soup, and satisfied themselves with the deeds of their ancestors, instead of confectionery. But see, who comes here? (*Enter Isabella.*) Your most devoted servant, madam! Do you thus walk alone without your lady-governess?

Isabella. Yes, Pedro; I am now come to an age when I can govern myself. How is your noble family?

Ped. We have strangers dining with us to-day; I am going into the town to buy confectionery.

Isa. What strangers are they?

Ped. There is the Duke de la Vera Cruz, and the Princess Donna Emilia de la Spadas, Hieronne Victor, Abad de St. Jago, Il Marquis Ferdinando Gonzalo, Philippo de St. Eifuente, with the Marchioness, his lady, and many others whose names I cannot remember.

Isa. Then I may not venture to pay a visit to-day?

Ped. No; we have orders to admit nobody to-day, unless they can trace their descent from the old Christians before the time of the Moors in Spain.

Isa. But how comes it that they entertain such a company to-day? They are not accustomed to give entertainments.

Ped. It is in commemoration of an ancient victory, which one of their ancestors, the Don Ramiro de Colibrados, gained on this day over the King of Mesopotamia, whom he carried captive to Toledo. It would not be well if many such days came in the year, because it makes a great hole in the purse of our family. I dare say that such a feast would not cost less than a thousand pieces of eight.

Isa. But how comes it then, Pedro, that on such an important day you wear old and tattered livery?

Ped. That is in commemoration of the grand banner which the Most Noble the Don Ramiro de Colibrados bore (*he lifts his hat*).

Isa. I did not know before that generals themselves bore their own banners in battle.

Ped. No, madam! I said which his ensign bore. This same great banner was so torn to tatters by musket-balls in the battle, that it looked like my livery.

Isa. But how long is it since Don Ramiro won the victory?

Ped. It is exactly six hundred years to-day.

Isa. Indeed! But it is not three hundred years since muskets and balls first came into use.

Ped. Yes, madam! I am quite too humble to dispute with you; let that go for what it is worth. But of this I can take my oath, that the standard was cursedly ill-used, and that, in remembrance thereof, I always wear old livery on this day.

Isa. But it seems to me that I have seen you in this ragged livery the whole month.

Ped. Everybody may do as it pleases himself, and I have my own sufficient reasons for it.

Isa. What reasons can there be for going out thus tattered, in memory of people of high rank? The world might get the notion that the family was founded in poverty.

Ped. In poverty! Yes, indeed! a noble family, which can reckon above seven hundred and thirty-three good and direct ancestors, to be founded in poverty! If now I could reckon two pieces of eight for every ancestor, it would amount to a pretty sum.

Isa. I shall maintain that it is poverty, until I have some better reasons.

Ped. I will give you my reasons, that I may remove such an idea from your mind. Our family observed that it had now become so cursedly common to wear splendid livery, and that people of birth had nothing by which they could distinguish themselves, therefore they hit upon this invention; and as soon as we see the servants of common people wear rags again, I shall then put on my decorated livery once more. Madam must have observed at the Court in Madrid, that when the citizens dress up the most, the Court people are most negligent of their attire.

Isa. That often happens, but yet they never go dressed in rags.

Ped. Yes, yes, madam! Our gentlefolks know very well what they are about; they never begin anything, on my word, without having well considered it beforehand.

Isa. (*aside*). I will press him so far, that he shall be obliged to confess. (*Aloud.*) But, Pedro, you said just now, that you wore

tattered livery in commemoration of the grand standard being shot to rags in the great battle.

Ped. (*aside*). Bad luck to you, with your questions! (*Aloud.*) I cannot recollect what I have said, madam, but this I do know, that the family has the house full of gold and jewels; and such being the case, it cannot be out of poverty that I go thus. Only think, madam, they have, besides other valuable things, an album which is worth more than a ton of gold.

Isa. But, perhaps, if it was put up to auction it might not bring more than a few pence, unless indeed it met with some extraordinary admirers; but a Jew would not give more for it—that I do know.

Ped. But who thinks anything of a Jew? I know those who have given many thousands for that for which a Jew would not have given a farthing. But to return again to our subject; I must humbly beg, madam, that you will entertain other thoughts of our family, for I assure you, that they are only bad people who say that they are poor.

Isa. I wish with all my heart that it was as you say; but I have heard both tradesmen and work-people complain that they cannot get from them the money which they owe.

Ped. Ay, madam, you are joking. I know that you understand the world better than that. You know very well that it is the highest mode in all families of rank that people should come repeatedly for their money. Trust me, it is not from want of money that gentlefolks do this. Gentlemen and ladies understand the world; and they let it be seen in this way, as well as in all others, that they are people of breeding. I know a tradesman in this town who has to run after a family of rank to get the money for a piece of coarse cloth, for which his grandfather gave them credit; and he may have to do the same for ten years to come, for the family is one of the highest rank in all Spain.

Isa. That is not the custom in our house, for my brother Gonzalo lets nobody ask for money twice.

Ped. That I believe, madam! but there is a great difference between our house and yours. It is well known that our family is the noblest and the most well-bred family in all Spain.

Isa. But I consider the richest the best bred.

Ped. I do not know what madam means by that; she may believe me, however, that my family is not poor: I wear ragged livery, that is true, but it is not in consequence of the poverty of our house; for I can prove to madam that, however bad my dress

may be, yet that I carry a silk handkerchief in my pocket. (*He draws an old silk handkerchief from his pocket, and therewith a piece of bread which falls to the floor.*)

Isa. Ha! ha! ha! There are you losing a piece of your poverty on the floor.

Ped. It is a piece of chocolate, madam.

Isa. (*picks it up*). No! it is coarse mouldy bread. Sir, is it chocolate?

Ped. No, madam, it is true, it is not chocolate; it is a piece of bread, which I took with me for a certain reason, for every time that I go on errands to the Prince of Mendoz I am obliged to take a piece of bread with me to give to the yard-dog, that he may not bite me.

Isa. You are right, Pedro, for rich people are afraid of their lives. Ha! ha! ha!

Ped. May I be so bold as to reprimand a lady? but it is not the right thing for a lady to laugh.

Isa. Thank you, my good Pedro, for your excellent advice. Ha! ha! ha!

Ped. Oh! do not do so, madam! A lady might lose her reputation by doing so, if any one saw or heard her.

Isa. Wait a moment, I have something to say to you. How happens it that you, who have such great understanding and so many virtues, take the situation of a servant? Depend upon it, you might do something else.

Ped. I have not studied, madam, neither have I to thank my parents for a good education. Nature, however, has been tolerably generous towards me; I should not do right if I said otherwise. But does madam know any other situation for me?

Isa. Yes, certainly; I know nobody better fitted to write almanacs than you; and it is a profession by which a man can live well and respectably.

Ped. But I have always heard that they who write almanacs should be able to tell lies cleverly.

Isa. I know nobody who is more clever at invention than you. If you had said that your family sate at home and ate pea-soup, which is the truth, and that you, instead of going to fetch in confectionery, were going out to beg a dinner, I should not have counselled you to this profession.

Ped. To speak the real truth then, I would gladly conceal the want and misery of our family as far as lay in my power; but now this bit of bread has betrayed us!

Isa. No, Pedro, your livery is sufficient of itself to make known the circumstances of the family.

Ped. I am afraid that their own garments will make them still more perceptible. My lord wears indeed a velvet coat, but other things do not accord with it. My lady cut the hind breadth out of her dress to mend the front with, therefore she does not willingly turn her back to people in company. When she leaves any one, she walks backwards, "but not out of humility," as many people do when they part from those whom they hold in respect, but out of pure magnanimity that nobody may see the poverty which is exhibited on her back; and if in the end she is compelled to turn round, either I or a waiting-maid serve her as a back-piece.

Isa. And from all this need might they be immediately relieved, if they would set somewhat aside their irrational ambition and give their daughter to Gonzalo, who entertains a great love for her.

Ped. I know that they have often spoken of this subject with scorn; but perhaps now that their need is at the extremest, they may be reconciled to it; therefore, madam, you had better go yourself and make the proposal. But here comes the waiting-maid; it would be better that you, madam, talked it over with her, because she is a sensible girl. [*Enter Leonora, the maid.*

Leonora. Ay, thou cowardly rascal! thou bread-thief! thou hast taken my bread which I laid on the chimney-piece.

Ped. What bread?

Leon. See now, how sanctified he can pretend to be! Give me my bread back again! I have nothing else to eat to-day!

Ped. What nonsense! Consider what you are doing before you abuse an honest man as a bread-thief!

Leon. It is not nonsense!

Ped. I'll take an oath that I have not carried off any bread.

Leon. If the thief might swear himself from the gallows there would be none hung.

Ped. I'll give my honor upon it.

Leon. How many honors have you, you've forsworn yourself so often? Give me my bread again, thou thief! (*She snatches some bread from his pocket; they struggle, and each gets a piece; she becomes aware of Isabella's presence, strikes herself on the breast, and is about to run away.*)

Isa. Listen, Leonora! I have a few words to say to you which are important.

Leon. Ah, madam! I am ready to die of shame!

Isa. Is the family at home, Leonora?

Leon. Yes, they are. I was just about to prepare the chocolate, and that fellow put some chocolate cakes in his pocket, which I have just taken from him.

Isa. The family is truly happy which has such faithful domestics who would thus conceal their poverty. But as their circumstances are known to almost the whole of the town, and as you yourselves have now betrayed them, there is no good in trying to hide them any longer. (*Leonora weeps.*) Don't weep, my girl; the good people can now be assisted. You are perhaps already aware that my brother Gonzalo is in love with your young lady?

Leon. Ah, madam, I know it very well; but there's no good in talking about it. I have heard my lady wondering at Gonzalo's assurance in daring to think of an alliance with them. The young lady who (as far as I can observe) is inclined to Gonzalo, said in presence of her parents a few days ago that the disparity between them was not so great, but for this saying she has ever since remained under their displeasure, and is kept in close confinement by them.

Isa. I am extremely glad to hear what you say.

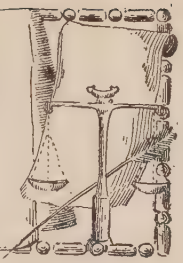
Leon. I, on the contrary, am extremely sorry for it, for she is the dearest of young ladies; and if it had not been for her grief and tears, I should long since have left the house.

Isa. No, I mean that it pleases me to hear that she has a kind sentiment towards my brother, because it gives me hope that my proposal may succeed, if you will assist me, for which service you shall not go unrewarded.

Leon. Madam may command me, for where cunning and intrigue can assist there I can be as serviceable as any one. But it would be best that madam made the proposal to the parents first of all; perhaps the extreme poverty to which they are now reduced may somewhat have cooled their former haughtiness. If madam will call on the gentlefolks in about half an hour's time, I will so have managed that she shall have an interview with them.

DANISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. 1800–1830.



MODERN Danish Literature dates its rise from the opening of the theatre in Copenhagen in 1721. For it the learned historian Holberg was induced to write his national comedies, in which the spirit of Molière was successfully applied to local characters and customs. For a while imitations of French tragedy also occupied the stage, but these were banished after Wessel (1742–1785) had wittily burlesqued them in "Love Without Stockings." Then the demand arose not only for a native drama and music, but even for a native opera. The poets of the lyrical revival were mostly natives of Norway, as was Holberg himself, and they celebrated the rugged scenery of the Northern peninsula, yet their work properly belongs to Denmark. After this brilliant period there was a decline of vigor until the nineteenth century had fairly opened. The only writer of eminence in the interval was the wanderer Jens Baggesen, who failed as a dramatist, but is foremost among the Danes as a satirist and comic writer.

When the Romantic movement radiated from Germany to all parts of Europe, Denmark quickly responded. Its previous cultivation of the metrical art enabled its poets to take worthy part in the chorus of the new age. One of the first to awake to the new life was Adam Oehlenschläger, who had already given promise of ability. He found in the long-neglected sagas of Icelandic literature a rich mine from which he extracted new treasures. The beauties of those works impressed his own imagination, and were reproduced in brilliant masterpieces, the first being the drama, "Hakon Jarl." Oehlenschläger acknowledged Goethe as his master, and for a time emulated the great German's productiveness,

but later relinquished to younger men the continuation of the work. He had aroused in his countrymen and throughout the peoples of the north of Europe, a new devotion to the noble heritage of their race.

J. E. BAGGESEN.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century the most prominent Danish writer was Jens Emmanuel Baggesen (1765–1825). Born of humble parentage, he was employed as a clerk when but twelve years old. His education at the University of Copenhagen was won by his own exertions. His first publication, "Comical Tales" in verse, made him at once a popular favorite, and his serious lyrics met with equal success, but his attempt at an opera was received with ridicule. Highly offended, he went abroad and spent some years in Germany, France and Switzerland. Returning in 1790, he described his travels in a poem, "The Labyrinth," which restored his reputation. His love of travel carried him over northern Europe, and Paris became his nominal home until 1811. Then settling again in Copenhagen, he showed his jealousy of the rising fame of Oehlenschläger. Many kinds of literature in German, as well as Danish, occupied his pen; his "Parthenais" is an idyllic poem in the style of Voss's "Luise;" "Adam and Eve" is a burlesque epic; his philosophical and critical writings have fallen into oblivion. He engaged in numerous quarrels with fellow-authors. After the death of his wife he sank into melancholy; having partly recovered, he went to Paris, and while returning, died at Hamburg. His finest poem is that on his "Childhood," which has been translated by Longfellow.

Childhood.

There was a time when I was very small,
  When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
  And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
  And rode a-horse-back on best father's knee;

Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
And thought, "Oh, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow early rise,
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high;
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:
"O gentle God! Oh, let me strive alway
Still to be wise and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister, and for all the town;
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
Who, bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—
God! may I never lose that too!

The Passport.

The packet-boat was to sail at nine. All my luggage was already on board. The company with which I was going to travel held itself in readiness in the immediate vicinity of the custom-house, to go on board at a hint from the captain. It was announced to me that it was past eight; all haste was

necessary. "Give me your passport," said Professor Cramer, "and I will see that it is ready beforehand."—"Passport!" said I; "I have never dreamt of a passport. Is a passport necessary to get away alive from Copenhagen?"—"As necessary as a balloon to get away alive from the earth."—"You had better have forgotten anything else!" said another.—"You might as well have forgotten yourself!" added a third.

Here was good counsel precious! They don't issue passports on a Sunday. Luckily, a person in the house where I lodged was an alderman.

"Mr. Alderman, I have taken the liberty to call you up, to give me advice in my perplexity. I must go off with the packet-boat this moment, and I have no passport."

"You must go to the landlord, get a receipt in full of all demands, and go with that to Alderman L——," answered the alderman.

I darted down the steps, and did not stop my running till, in the middle of the Oestergade, a terrible idea seized me. It is nearly nine! At nine the captain sets sail! My little trunk, with all my necessaries, is in the ship! All that I now possessed besides in the world, from Bayle's Lexicon to the odd silver sleeve-button which constitutes my whole patrimonial inheritance, is shut up in Mrs. B——'s well-locked room! My health, my spirits, and my whole future welfare depend on this journey! My lodging in Copenhagen is let! My very manuscripts are in the trunk! All these reflections gave me a most terrible ague-fit. Thou hast no passport!

One does not get along in this world by standing still and pondering. The spot where I was, was exactly in front of a perfumer's shop. It occurred to me that Mrs. B——, some days before I had thought of traveling away, had requested me to purchase her a couple of bottles of bergamot. "Nothing," thought I, "is more imperative than to hasten thee, get thy passport, and come back in time. Here is the extremest *periculum in mora*." I went into the shop to get a couple of bottles. As I had no small money, I was obliged to change a note. While I waited for the change, which came slowly, it ran in my head that my fellow-travelers, in the hurry of

packing, had most likely forgotten to take some perfumes, which are highly requisite on board for the ladies. The air is warm, the cabin is small; we are ten persons in it; in short, something fragrant will be necessary. I could not do otherwise than compliment myself on my thoughtfulness on this occasion, and gave myself much trouble to select the most excellent kind, to choose the strongest. I got at length a bottle which seemed to me the most suitable, paid, and again stood with my three bottles in the street.

Like a flash of lightning the thought went through my head that I was on my way to my host, and to Alderman L——; that the time I had over was nearly expired; and that it was more properly a passport I wanted, than perfume. With this my feet took suddenly wings. I flew, rather than went; but in my haste the three bottles knocked together in my pocket; in order not to break them by my rapid motion, I was obliged to go carefully and slow; and in this way I came at length to my host.

He wrote me a quittance, and in the meantime I took at my leisure the two bottles to Mrs. B——. I then took foot in hand, and more rapidly than before, having got rid of the two bottles, and came out of breath to Alderman L——'s gate. I rang. There came, after some time, a maid, who undid the gate. Alderman L—— was not yet up. "Then," said I, "I will see him in bed."—"I will tell his servant," said she. The servant came. "The alderman is really not up."—"Never mind that: I must speak with him."—"Yes, I will tell him." The servant went, and returned. "The alderman is at this moment being shaved."—"I will speak with him unshaved." The servant went, and came again. "His worship is just soaped."—"The deuce take the alderman!" I exclaimed, and paced to and fro distractedly in the hall. "An alderman ought never to be shaved! an alderman ought never to have a smooth chin! Abominable abuse! Confounded abandonment of the good, old, venerable, and, for travelers, convenient custom of aldermen having long beards, and by no soap detaining those that have business with them!"

"It is nine!" said the clock, striking. I stood before it,

and watched every movement of the second-finger. Never did a clock seem to me to have so detestable a face; every tick seemed a laugh, every strike a reproof. I could have struck it in the face with my fist. I turned me round again, wrung my hands, bit my lips, opened the door, shut it again, stamped with my feet, and the merciless clock kept up an incessant laughter at my anxiety, with its eternal click-clack.

At length forth came the smooth-shaven alderman, as smooth about the gills as a new-born babe. I explained to him, *allegro prestissimo*, my perplexity; he answered me that I should have done well to have thought of it the day before; that on Sunday no passports were issued; and added, with the most cool *adagio*, that, moreover, he had nothing whatever to do with them. I brought him, however, by the earnestness of my remonstrances, so far that he passed over into *andante*, and informed me that the passport-clerk, L——, only could get me out of my fix; that he lived in Vineyard Street, where the Harmonic Society harmonized; and assured me, in the most polite manner in the world, of his sympathy.

Vineyard Street lies, as all the world knows, as far from Alderman L——'s house as Asia from Europe by the Dardanelles. As I was come half-way, I had nothing for it but to jump into a hired carriage. I arrived, went in through one door, through another, through a third; finally, in a back-yard, I found a creature in a woman's dress, who informed me that the passport-writer no longer lived there, but had removed to Company Street some days ago. "And thus has the whole passport-office conspired for thy destruction!" I exclaimed, and rushed down into Vineyard Street to get another carriage, in which I seated myself and drove off.

When I was getting out again at Company Street, I recollected first that I did not know the number of the house, and thus might go from house to house the whole day before I found the passport-office. I actually began my herculean labor: nobody knew where it was; I ran on, and a hair-dresser at last took me to a house which he supposed was it. Sure enough, a lieutenant had lived there, but had gone to Norway. Tired and out of spirits, I came now to a public house, where they told me that the passport-clerk lived sure enough in the

street, but that he and his whole family had driven out into the country early in the morning.

I had now given up almost all hope. The hour was passed, and I felt persuaded that the captain must have left the quay. "Hold!" I said to a public carriage driving past, "drive me a stage."—"I am engaged," said the man, "to fetch Miss Winter," and looked round. "See! there goes Count O—— to church."—"Who? What?"—"The man there in the gray coat. Yes, on my life! it is Count O——; yes!" crack! crack! and he drove on.

I am not one of those prodigy-mongers "whom our Lord has taught me to fight shy of," according to the expression of St. Augustine, who find a miracle in everything the cause of which does not lie before their nose, and pester Heaven to untie every knot, even a knot in their garter, but I cannot deny that this *apropos* appeared to me, and does still, as completely heaven-sent as any other incident in history that I know of, from the standing still of the sun in Gilead to my own standing still in Oestergade. But I must pass on, with this single observation, and get my knot untied, without breaking the thread of my narrative.

"Pardon me, your Excellency, that I stop you thus, but you fall from heaven, as it were, for me. I am in the greatest difficulty: I am in the very act of going off with the packet-boat this moment, and I have no passport."—"That you should have thought of yesterday."—"Quite true, your Excellency, that I know; but that I only discovered to-day."—"Who are you?"—I mentioned my name.—"I don't know you."—"That is not my fault, your Excellency; but, known or unknown, I hope that this fortunate circumstance which causes me to meet with your Excellency here will free me from my perplexity."—"I cannot help you in this matter, my dear Baggesen; I have nothing to do with the issue of passports. Go to the passport-clerk."—"He is not at home; he is gone into the country."—"Into the country? It is bad that you did not think of it yesterday; I cannot help you, but the passport-clerk will certainly come home again, for he cannot stay all night in the country."—"But I can wait no longer. The vessel sails probably this very instant."—"Oh,

no! the wind is quite contrary." His Excellency looked up at the clouds, and at the vane of St. Nicholas's Church. The wind was exactly right. "The captain will take his time; make yourself easy."—"I cannot make myself easy. Be so good, your Excellency, as to say whether a testimony from his Highness the Prince of Augustenburg can serve me in this case instead of a passport."—"Do you know the Prince of Augustenburg?"—"I have the good fortune, your Excellency."—"My dear Baggesen," he clapped me on the shoulder, "I would help you with all my heart if I could; but hear, go down to Alderman L——."—"I have been there. He told me, like your Excellency, that he had nothing to do with it."—"Yes, that is true enough; but give my compliments to him, and desire him to give you a passport extraordinary, for which I will be answerable."—"I thank your Excellency for your goodness."—"Farewell, my dear Baggesen. A prosperous journey."

I ran now at full speed the whole long way down to the alderman again. He was in the act of dressing himself; I must again wait half a quarter of an hour, which appeared to me more eternal than the former one. At length he came out. I related to him the affair of my lucky meeting, and, after some persuasion, he took his hat and bade me attend him to the town-house. Here we found a clerk, who informed me that the passport-clerk had taken with him the keys of the drawer containing the blank forms. All hope was now extinguished, and my passport-despair was at its highest point.

But Providence, or whatever it is which man so thoughtlessly calls by this name, willed that I should travel, and, as I could not travel without a passport, and as there cannot be a passport without a blank form, had, with a foresight beyond all human wisdom, provided that the corner of a blank form should stick out between the desk and the lid. We all three discovered it almost in the same instant. It was drawn forth, and the passport prepared in all speed.

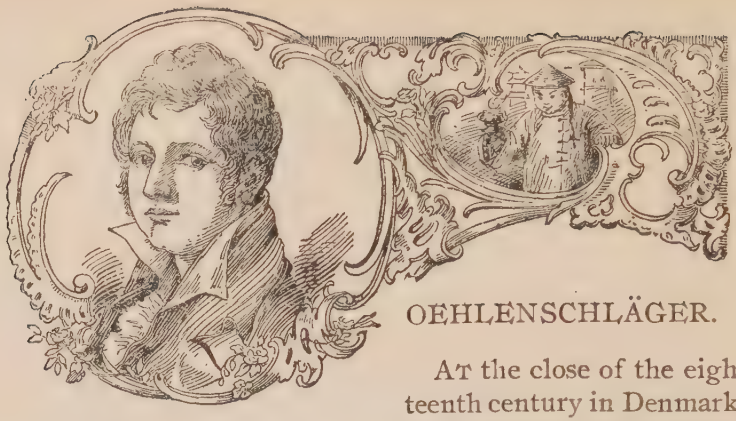
I had it now actually in my hands. It inspired me with the most eloquent assurances of thanks which ever streamed from my lips. The alderman and I became excellent friends. He advised me, on account of my health, to take a carriage

to the custom-house, for I really had not much breath of life left. I was lucky enough to find one at once in the shed. "Drive," said I, "as fast as your cattle can go, till I bid you stop in Bredgade." He drove.

Niels Klim could not be more glad over the "Testimonium Academicum" than I over my passport. The conquest of Troy, that of the Holy Sepulchre, and, just lately, that of Oczakow, could not give a more triumphant feeling to their victors than its achievement gave me. In the meantime I settled it firmly with myself that when I was about to travel from Copenhagen to Kiel, the first thing I should take care of should be a passport.

"Hold!" I shouted before C——'s, and sprang up the steps. There was written on the door, in white letters, "Thou wilt find everything at the custom-house." "Drive," I cried again, "to the custom-house, as if death was at your heels!"

Chance had given me the most rapid carriage in all Copenhagen. The man drove like King Antiochus Epiphanes when he was seized with his worm-fever and fell back in his chariot. In three minutes I was with my fellow-travelers, who had given up all hope of my arrival. It was at the very last moment. A boat lay ready to take us out to the packet. We got into it with all our provisions. Our friends stood on the quay. The boat pushed off. My journey's first day's Iliad was over, and the Odyssey began.



OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

At the close of the eighteenth century in Denmark, the poetical taste of the time may be gauged by the fact that preference was openly given to drinking songs; men and women were absorbed in the worship of material things. The advance of Napoleon, the boom of Nelson's victorious cannon, and the escape of the country from her terrible misfortunes, awoke the nation from its slumber, and roused the people to a new intellectual development, which still continues.

The precursor of this change was Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger, who was born in Copenhagen in 1779. His father, an organist, was appointed deputy-superintendent of the small palace of Fredericksburg, and lived there with his family. In summer the place was occupied by men in gorgeous uniforms and beautiful women fashionably dressed. During the remainder of the year the whole palace—with its pictured halls and park, with gardens—formed a play-ground for the boy, his sister, and their little friends. The young Adam read everything he could lay his hands on, and, as time passed on, spent his days in composing dramas, which he played with his friends. In his twenty-first year he entered the Copenhagen University, where he expected to study law, but, as usual, allowed himself to be drawn away by more attractive subjects. The naval engagement in the harbor of Copenhagen, in April, 1801, made a powerful impression on the young student, and he wrote a little drama on this occasion, which seemed full of promise. Then he fell under the influence of Henrik Steffens, born in Norway, but educated in Denmark. After a residence in Germany Steffens had

returned to Denmark as an apostle of the new school of philosophy and romanticism. In a conversation, sixteen hours in length, Steffens presented to Oehlenschläger his new ideas of poetry, religion and nature; the young poet said good-bye to the past, and started out on daring and original paths. He had the good fortune to find a copy of Snorro Sturleson's "Heimskringla." It had long been forgotten, but it inspired Oehlenschläger to compose a tragedy on Hakon Jarl.

In the course of a few months he completed a volume of poems, which were like a bugle-call to the youth of the land. Full of life, and hope, and new thought, they enraged the old and intoxicated the young. In one leap Oehlenschläger found himself at the head of Danish national literature. His unique work was due to ardent appreciation of the ancient Scandinavian legends, and the magnificent manner in which he has welded them together in his great cycle of epic poems called "The Gods of the North." Before his time these legends lay forgotten in the mists of antiquity. Since then their weirdness, combined with the magic of Wagner's music, has entranced the listening world. Other poems followed, and the dramatization of the legend of "Aladdin" from "The Arabian Nights," that Oriental masterpiece of the romantic. Oehlenschläger was not only a very prolific, but also a very versatile writer. But his best work is that form of poetry in which the epic blends with the lyric. In 1850 this "Adam of the Skalds" passed away, leaving his works as an imperishable legacy to his native land.

Scandinavian Heroes and Bards.

Oh! great was Denmark's land in time of old!
Wide to the South her branch of glory spread;
Fierce to the battle rushed her heroes bold,
Eager to join the revels of the dead;
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
Round her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arm of snow, with nobler passion fired,
When to the breast of love, exhausted, he retired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
The bossy buckler and the spear of fire·

The bard was there, with spirit-stirring breath,
His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,
And poured his notes, amid the ensanguined heath,
While panting thousands kindled at his lyre.
Then shone the eye, with greater fury fired,
Then clashed the glittering mail, and the proud foe retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,
The actions died not with the day they graced;
The bard embalmed them in his descant wild,
And their hymned names through ages uneffaced,
The weary hours of future Danes beguiled.
When even their snowy bones had mouldered long,
On the high column lived the imperishable song.

And the impetuous harp resounded high
With feats of hardiment done far and wide;
While the bard soothed with festive minstrelsy
The chiefs reposing after battle-tide.
Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ:
He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride.
And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship dear.

Hakon Jarl and Thora.

The drama of "Hakon Jarl" depicts the conflict attending the introduction of Christianity into Norway. Hakon who had usurped the sovereignty, ruled well for a time, but afterwards oppressed the people so that they revolted. Then the Christian Olaf Trygvesson, a descendant of Harald Haarfagr (Fair-hair) appeared to claim the throne, but Hakon sent a man to kill him. Olaf discovers the design, confronts Hakon, upbraids him for his treachery, but allows him to depart. Hakon, appalled by disasters, endeavors to appease the gods by sacrificing his youngest son. He is, however, defeated in battle and flees for refuge to the Lady Thora, whom he had deserted, and whose brothers he had slain.

Thora. Ha! who is that? Stranger, what wilt thou here?
Hakon. Are we two here alone? Are we in safety?
Thora. What askest thou of safety; thou who thrustest
Thyself into a stranger's house, and frightenest me?
But say what wilt thou?

Hakon (*throwing aside his cloak*). Dost thou know me, Thora?
Thora. Ye gods! 'tis Hakon.
Hakon. Yes; 'tis he himself.
Thora. Flyest thou to me?
Hakon. By all Valhalla's gods,
There's reason for thy wonder; yet I oft
Have seen the noble deer fly for a shelter
To places most unlikely, when pursued
Fiercely by yelling hounds.
Thora. Hakon,
Thy cheek is very pale, thy look is weary.
Hakon. Odin has seen that I have combated,
Even as a wolf that would defend its young.
I with this sword have to Valhalla sent
A host of mighty men. Now I am weary;
My army overthrown, fortune deserts me,
And Olaf with his Christian witchcraft dulls
The Northern sword. Many have fled from me;
None now remain on whom I can confide.
The stern Valkyria, Rota, lays her hand
Heavy and cold as ice upon my brow.
—Through the long last night rode I with my thrall,
Forlorn and weary with the day's fierce conflict.
I have for hours been plagued with raging thirst.
Is it clean water which is in this vessel?
Thora. O Hakon, wait, and let me fetch thee some.
Hakon (*drinks*). Stay where thou art. It has refreshed
me greatly.
My overwearied horse at Gaulaa fell;
I killed it there, then taking off my cloak,
Dipped it in blood, thus to mislead the foe,
Who hotly were pursuing me.
Thora. O Hakon!
Hakon. Then, Thora, just as I came past thy door,
It crossed my mind how solemnly and often
Thou vowedst that no one's love was true as thine;
Full well I know that love can often change
To hate; but let it now be put unto the proof.
Here am I, Thora. If thou wilt shelter me
From Olaf's search, and from his followers',
Thanks to thy faithful love, which heretofore
I knew not how to value as I ought.

If thou wilt not!—O Thora, how it wrings me!
How wrings it Hakon Jarl to sue!—O Thora,
I will go forth again into the night,
Climb to the summit of the loftiest rock,
And for the last time cast my eyes o'er Norway—
Over the kingdom which has paid me homage;
Then calmly cast myself upon my sword.
So shall the wild storm-winds upon their pinions
Bear Hakon's soul unto the Father of Battles.
And morning see the hero's corpse upon
The rock, and say, "Lofty in death as life."

Thora. O Hakon, Hakon, say not so! No, Hakon,
I do not hate—I hate thee now no longer.
And I will shelter thee, I will defend thee—
Will shield thee truly against all thy foes.

[*She gives him her hand.*

Hakon. Knowest thou, Thora, that this hand has slain
The little Erling whom thou loved so well?

Thora. Yes, thou hast offered him unto the gods.
It proveth into what most dire necessity
The mandate of a pitiless fate has brought
Thy unaccustomed soul.

Hakon. Ah, dost thou know
That I, with this same hand which now thou pressest—
Have—it distresses me to say—

Thora. Yes, yes, I know
That thou hast slain my brothers in the battle.

Hakon. And yet—

Thora. Am Thora still, and ever will be Thora.
Yes, Hakon, thou hast acted hardly towards me.
Thou didst reject my steadfast love with scorn;
Killed my good brothers!—But amid the fight
'Tis ever life for life; and Einar says
That now they are in bliss—are in Valhalla!

[*She hides her face in her hands, and weeps; after which, she again raises her head, and gazes at the Jarl.*

Oh, tell me, Hakon, is it thou who standest
In Thora's chamber, in this forest lodge,
Far from the brilliant, royal halls of Hladé,
Alone in all the dreary gloom of night?
Here, while the storm without as madly rages,
As in my breast? Say, Hakon, is this pale,

This silent man before me, really thou,
Thou, who with neither helm nor purple mantle
Stand'st propped upon the sword?
Hakon. The pallid shadow
On which thou gazest, once was Norway's King,
Was mighty, and the Norsemen him obeyed.
He fell in battle at the fight of Hladé.
Ha! that is long ago, almost forgotten;
But his pale ghost yet walks, and may be seen
At nightfall. He was called Hakon the Jarl.
Thora. Ha, I'm avenged,—avenged most fearfully,
Hence, cruel hate—come back, thou milder love!
I was a wolf i' th' wood and not a woman.
Gone is each angry passion from my breast
At such a sight! Oh, rest thee on my breast;
Come let me wipe the sweat-drops from thy brow;
Come let me bring back life into thy glance! [*She embraces him.*
Hakon (*wildly*). What is thy name, fair daughter thou
of Norway?
Thora. I am called Violet by the girls of the valley.
I was a little, blue and gentle flower,
And sprang up 'mid the strong roots of thine oak,
And from them drew both life and nourishment,
And could do naught but fade when 'twas permitted
No more to grow in its beloved nook
O'ershadowed by its stem.
Hakon. Ah, Violet,
A pretty name.
Thora. Oh, Freya, what is this?
Thou tremblest in mine arms with ague-fever!
Thou weepest, Hakon! Ye eternal gods,
This is a new, a most unusual sight!
When saw I ever tears upon thy cheek?
Hakon (*with wild tenderness*). Tell me, sweet Violet, pale
and lovely flower
Upon the hero's grave, are my tears strange?
Hast thou not seen ere now the hard stones weep
When from the cold they come into the warmth?
'Tis a death-sweat, pale blossom of the grave,
Let it not frighten thee!
Thora. Ha, good Freya!
Hakon. The mountain snow doth melt; it soon is past,

The icy winter flows away in tears,
And bows before the gay, rejoicing spring
And Olaf's flowers. Jarl Hakon now is dead,
His pale ghost walks again; but come anigh
The body without dread, and stoutly drive
Through it a stake, deep down into the ground:
Thus will he walk no more, thus be at peace.

Thora. Be calm, my Hakon! Do not talk so wildly;
The mightiest soul, however great and strong,
Must pay its due to nature in the end.
Too fierce has been the excitement of thy soul,
Girt round with foes, adversity and danger,
And now it falls into a dark delirium.
Come with me: 'neath this house there is a vault
Dug in the ancient times within the rock,
Now known to none save me. There will I hide thee,
Until the present danger has passed by:
A better fortune soon on thee will smile.

Hakon. Now tell me truly, dost thou think the day
Smiles on the other side the dreary vault?

Thora. I do not doubt of it, my noble Hakon.

Hakon. And down into the deep and cavernous vault,
That gloomy cellar, unknown, underground,
Where foes come not, and danger is o'erpast,
That silent fortress, that secure asylum,
Wilt thou not lead me?

Thora. Yes, beloved hero!

Hakon (*giving his hand solemnly*). Come, my Valkyria, my lovely Hela,
I go with thee!

Thora. Oh, all ye gods of goodness!

Hakon. Think'st thou that I shall quail before their aspect?
Ay, thou art pallid, and thy lips are blue;
Thou dost not slay like thy impetuous sisters,
Like Hilldur and the savage Geierskögul,
With one blow from the sharp spear of the eye,
Thou slayest more slowly; with the ice of anguish;
Firstly man's courage slayest thou, then himself:
But 'tis all one! Now thither let us hasten,
And if thou hast not quenched my spark of pride
I follow thee with quick strides to the grave!

Thora. O all ye gentle gods, abide with him!

Aladdin:

Dedication to Goethe.

Born in far Northern clime,
Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime
From fairy land;
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where Power and Beauty go,
Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore
In rapture on the Saga lore;
When on the wold
The snow was falling white,
I, shuddering with delight,
Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill
The Winter smote the castle on the hill,
It fanned my hair.
I sat in my small room,
And through the lamp-lit gloom
Saw Spring shine fair.

And though my love in youth
Was all for Northern energy and truth,
And Northern feats,
Yet for my fancy's feast
The flower-apparelled East
Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,
From North to South, from South to North I flew;
I was possessed
By yearnings to give voice in song
To all that had been struggling long
Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold;
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold;
Dim, colorless, became

My childhood's visions grand:
Their tameness only fanned
My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save?
Who to his eye a keener vision gave,
That he the child
Amor beheld, astride
The lion, far-off ride,
Careering wild?

Thou, great and good! Thy spell-like lays
Did the enchanted curtain raise
From fairy-land,
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where Power and Beauty go,
Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long
Within thy halls the stranger minstrel's song.
Taught to aspire
By thee, my spirit leapt
To bolder heights, and swept
The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before;
And many a hero of our Northern shore,
With grave, stern mien,
By sad Melpomene
Called from his grave, we see
Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send
To friend Aladdin cheerily as a friend.
The oak's thick gloom
Prevails not wholly where
Warbles the nightingale, and fair
Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow?
Naught has the bard
Save his own song! And this
Thou dost not—trivial as the tribute is—
With scorn regard.

NOUREDDIN IN QUEST OF THE MAGIC LAMP.

NOUREDDIN, the enchanter, is seated by a table on which is a little chest filled with white sand. Upon this sand he half-consciously traces lines; then speaks.

A WONDROUS treasure! The greatest in the world?—
Hid in a cavern?—Where?—In Asia?—
And where in Asia?—Hard by Ispahan!
Deep in the earth; high over-arched with rocks;
Girt round with lofty mountains. Holy Allah!
What mighty mystery begins to dawn
Upon me? Shall I reach the goal, at last,
At midnight hour, after the silent toil
Of forty weary years?—I question further:—
What is this matchless prize?—A copper lamp!
How's this? An old rust-eaten copper lamp!—
And what, then, is its virtue?—How!—"Concealed,
Known but to him that owns it." And shall I
(Scarce dares my tongue give the bold question voice,)
Shall I, then, e'er the happy owner be?
See! the fine sand, like water interblends,
And of the stylus leaves no trace behind.
All's dark!—Yet stay!—With surging waves it heaves,
This arid sea, as when the tempest sweeps
With eddying blast through Biledulgerid.
What mean these furrows?—I am to draw forth
A poem that lies eastward in the hall,
Old, dust-begrimed; and, wheresoe'er my eyes,
When I so open it, chance to fall,
I am to read, and all shall then be clear.

[*He rises slowly, and takes an old folio, which he opens and reads.*

"Fair Fortune's boons are scattered wide and far,
In single sparkles only found and rare,
And all her gifts in few combined are.

"Earth's choicest flowerets bloom not everywhere:
Where mellows ripe the vine's inspiring tide,
With bane and bale doth Nature wrestle there.

"In the lush Orient's sultry palm-groves glide

Fell serpents through rank herbage noiselessly,
And there death-dealing venom doth abide.

"Darkness and storm deface the Northern sky;
Yet there no sudden shock o'erwhelms the land,
And steadfast cliffs the tempest's rage defy.

"Life's gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand;
And what the sage doth moil to make his prize,
When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,

"From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise.
Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,
Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.

"'Tis ever thus that Fortune freely hails
Her favorite and on him her blessings showers,
Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.

"Unwooed she comes at unexpected hours;
And little it avails to rack thy brain,
And ask where lurk her long reluctant powers.

"Fain wouldst thou grasp—Hope's portal shuts amain
And all thy fabric vanishes in air;
Unless foredoomed by Fate, thy toils are vain,
Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair."

These lines were woven in a mortal's brain,
A sorry rhymer's, little conversant
With Nature's deep and tender mysteries:
Kindly she tenders me the hidden prize.
Is it that she, with woman's waywardness,
May make a mock of me? Not so: on fools
She wastes not her sage accents; the pure light
Is not a meteor-light that leads astray.
With a grave smile, her finger indicates
Where lies the treasure she has marked for mine.—
Yes! I divine the hidden import well
Of that enigma she prepared for me;
In the unconscious poet's mystic song
The needful powers are by no *one* possessed;
To lift great loads must many hands combine:
To me 'twas given, with penetrating soul,

To fathom Nature's inmost mysteries;
But I am not the outward instrument.
"Life's gladsome child!"—That means some creature gay,
By nature dowered, instead of intellect,
With body only and mere youthful bloom.
A young, dull-witted boy shall be my aid;
And, all unconscious of its priceless worth,
Secure and place the treasure in my hands.
Is it not so, thou mighty Solomon?

[*Traces lines in the sand.*

Yes, yes, it is! A fume of incense will
Disclose to me the entrance to the rock.
And a rose-cheeked, uneducated boy
Will draw the prize for my advantage forth,
As striplings do in Europe's lotteries.
O holy prophet, take my fervent thanks!
My mind's exhausted with its deep research.
The goal achieved, my over-wearied frame
Longs for repose. Now, will I sleep in peace.
To-morrow—by the magic of my ring
I stand in Asia. The succeeding day
Beholds me here, and with the wondrous lamp!

Aladdin's Prison-Hymn.

Shall I at my death impending tremble?
No! Death cannot touch my soul with dread.
Though fierce storms round night assemble,
Shines the morning rosy red.
I will not at death's approaches tremble.

God to me immortal life hath given,
For He with immortality is crowned,
And my life, that up hath striven,
With His is wholly bound.
God to me immortal life hath given.

Wither shall these soft and earthy members,
And my failing flesh shall gorge the worm;
But the life amid my embers
Shall not perish in the storm.
Wither shall these soft and earthy members.

Death and the grave awake but my disdaining,
These cannot fill my dauntless heart with gloom,
  And my spirit upwards straining,
  Fears no bondage of the tomb.
Death and the grave awake but my disdaining.

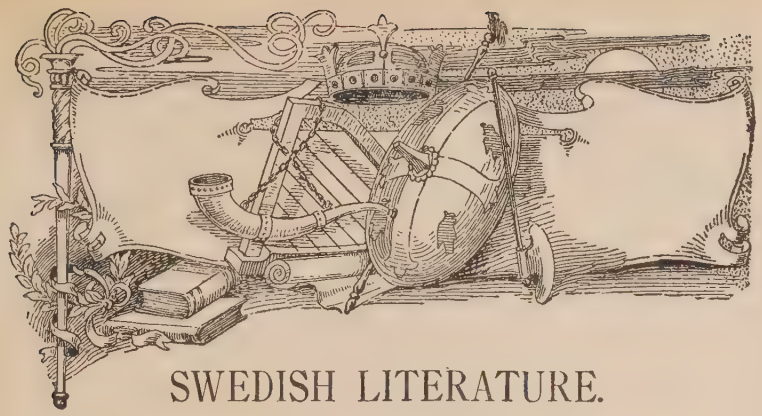
Oh how oft, how oft is dead already
The vain and empty weakness of this earth!
  Better life, serene and steady,
  From the painful strife hath birth.
Better life is that I live already.

Yes, death is the friend of man while living,
Strengthens within us heaven's own holy light.
  Only trouble and misgiving
  Fill the base with wan affright.
Yes, death is the friend of man while living.

Lest we lingering amid idle fancies,
Little even of earth's blessings know,
  Wakes he yearnings, tearful glances,
  Lays our every frailty low.
'Tis for this he scatters our poor fancies.

Come, then with thy weapon keen and gleaming,
Come, thou true man, though but of naked bone;
  Not thy pale and spectral seeming
  Terror to my soul makes known,
Makes me dread thy weapon keen and gleaming.

Shall my heavenly Father then forsake me,
When my eye darkens in the final strife?
  From death will He refuse to wake me,
  Me, who loved Him so in life?
No, my God, Thou wilt not then forsake me.



SWEDISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD I. 1600–1830.

INTELLECTUAL advancement in Sweden followed the same general trend as that in Denmark and Norway, and even in Germany. There was an awakening of the people by the Reformation, followed by the predominance of theological literature and the isolation of the learned; the drama being represented by school comedies.

Sweden reached her zenith in the seventeenth century. Although she never took a place among the mighty powers of Europe, her kings enlarged her boundaries and developed her natural resources in a manner which was very inspiring to the national pride; and Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus were names to be reckoned with anywhere. Even Queen Christina, half-insane though she was, loved books, and she graced her court with a number of foreign scholars who, necessarily, gave a vast impulse to learning. Georg Stjernhjelm (1598–1672), the father of Swedish Literature, did inestimable service to the language by moulding it into more flexible forms. The most remarkable work written at this time was a "History of Sweden in Antiquity," by Olof Rudbeck. Struck by a similarity in names and localities, the author fell into the delusion that his native land was the original of Plato's "Atlantis," and on this supposition he founded his book. Had his theory been true it would have proved Sweden to be the ancient home of all peoples and culture. Rudbeck's work, published in four volumes, caused an extra-

ordinary sensation in Europe; and it was long before the proud and exultant Swedes could be made to believe that, though written in perfect good faith, it was only a series of clever national fables. The greatest name of the eighteenth century was that of Emmanuel Swedenborg, whose mystical musings, published in a number of volumes, have made him the founder of the noble religious sect bearing his name.

The most popular of all the Swedish poets was Carl Michael Bellman, who was born in 1740 and died in 1795. Not only a poet, but a musician, he has indissolubly united the words and music of his mirthful songs, which are passionately admired and sung throughout the entire North. He was even an improvisator; and while his verses have sparkle, tenderness and melancholy, they are also alive with dramatic instinct, and full of descriptions of the life of the people.

French influence was introduced into Sweden by Ulrika, sister of Frederick the Great, who married a Swedish king. Later a revolt against this was expressed by a circle of young poets, through the medium of a periodical named *Phosphor*. The Phosphorists, as they were called, worshipped German romanticism and ideality. Side by side with them sprang up another movement, which received the name of the Gothic School, because it strove to make old Norse mythology and poetry the basis of national culture and art. These two schools flourished in the early days of the nineteenth century, and each had many and brilliant adherents. The greatest of the Gothic poets was Tegnér, who was made a bishop for his poems, yet had an almost tragic fate. One of his most beautiful productions is "The Children of the Lord's Supper," which has been charmingly translated by our own Longfellow. But in Scandinavia he is better known as the author of "Frithiof's Saga," and his countrymen proudly proclaim him the greatest poet of the Teutonic race. Swedish literature has been rich in novels since the days of Mörk in the seventeenth century. The novelist most familiar to English readers is Fredrika Bremer, whose stories were translated by her friend, Mary Howitt.

Sir Carl, the Cloister Robber.

This is given as a specimen of the old Swedish ballads. The last line of the first stanza was repeated at the end of each following stanza.

Sir Carl he in to his foster-mother went,
And much her *rede* he prayed: [*advice*
"Say how from that cloister I may win
My own, my dearest maid."
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

"Lay thee down as sick, lay thee down as dead,
On thy bier all straight be laid;
So then thou canst from that cloister win
Thy own, thy dearest maid!"

And in the little pages came,
All clad in garments blue:
"An' please ye, fair virgin, i' th' chapel to go,
Sir Carl on 's bier to view?"

And in the little pages came,
All clad in garments red:
"An' please ye, fair virgin, i' th' chapel to wend,
And see how Sir Carl lies dead?"

And in the little pages came,
All clad in garments white:
"An' please ye, fair virgin, i' th' chapel to tread
Where Sir Carl lies in state so bright?"

And the maid she in to her foster-mother went,
And much 'gan her rede to *speer;* [*ask*
"Ah! may I but into the chapel go,
Sir Carl there to see on his bier?"

"Nay, sure I'll give thee now no rede,
Nor yet deny I thee:
But if to the chapel to-night thou goest,
Sir Carl deceiveth thee!"

And the virgin trod within the door,
Sun-like she shone so mild;
But Sir Carl's false heart within his breast
It lay on the bier and smiled!

And the virgin up to his head she stepped,
But his fair locks she ne'er sees move:
"Ah, me! while here on earth thou liv'dst,
Thou dearly didst me love!"

And the virgin down to his feet she went,
And lifts the linen white:
"Ah me! while here on earth thou liv'dst,
Thou wert my heart's delight!"

And the virgin then to the door she went,
And good-night bade her sisters last;
But Sir Carl, who upon his bier was laid,
He sprang up and held her fast!

"Now carry out my bier again,
Come pour the mead and wine;
For to-morrow shall my wedding stand
With this sweetheart dear of mine!"

And the cloister-nuns, the cloister-nuns,
They read within their book:
"Some angel, sure, it was from heaven,
Who hence our sister took!"

And the cloister-nuns, the cloister-nuns,
They sang each separatelie:
"O Christ! that such an angel came,
And took both me and thee!"
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

CARL M. BELLMAN.

CARL MICHAEL BELLMAN, the Anacreon, or rather the Béranger of Sweden, was born at Stockholm in 1740. His father was a court official, and the son, who "lisped in numbers," had an excellent education. His early poems were religious, but after his admission to the University of Upsala, he wrote a satire, "The Moon." In boyhood he had learned to play on the zither, and it became his habit to compose songs to melodies of his own creation. Without effort of his own, these songs found a wide circulation. Utterly careless of business or money, Bellman was ever in difficulties until Gustavus III., recognizing his talent, made him court secre-

tary, the duties of the place being discharged by an assistant. Thus freed of care, he became the king's boon companion and repaid his generosity with numerous songs. He had the gift of improvising, and left the task of preserving his lyrics to his friends. When Gustavus was assassinated, Bellman's summer was at an end. Oppressed with illness and poverty, he was sent to prison for debt, but eventually released by some friends, who merely asked for a song, which he readily gave. He died in 1795. His statue stands in the public square at Stockholm, but his songs still live in the mouths of the people.

Up, Amaryllis!

Waken, thou fair one! up, Amaryllis!
Morning so still is,
Cool is the gale.
The rainbow of heaven,
With its hues seven,
Brightness hath given
To wood and dale.
Sweet Amaryllis, let me convey thee,
In Neptune's arms nought shall affray thee;
Sleep's god no longer power has to stay thee,
Over thy eyes and speech to prevail.

Come out a-fishing; nets are forth carrying;
Come, without tarrying,
Hasten with me.
Jerkin and veil in,
Come for the sailing;
For trout and grayling
Baits will lay we.
Awake, Amaryllis! dearest, awaken;
Let me not go forth by thee forsaken;
Our course among dolphins and sirens taken,
Onward shall paddle our boat to the sea.

Bring rod and line, bring nets for the landing;
Morn is expanding,
Hasten away!
Sweet, no denying,
Frowning or sighing.

Couldst thou be trying
To answer me nay!
Hence, on the shallows our little boat leaving,
On to the Sound where green waves are heaving,
Where our true love its first bond was weaving,
Causing to Thyrsis so much dismay.

Step in the boat, then! both of us singing,
Love afresh springing
O'er us shall reign.
If the storm rages,
If it war wages,
Thy love assuages
Terror and pain.
Calm 'mid the billows' wildest commotion,
I would defy, on thy bosom, the ocean,
Or would attend thee to death with devotion.
Sing, O ye sirens, and mimic my strain!

Drink Out thy Glass.

Drink out thy glass! Lo, on thy threshold, nightly,
Staying his sword, stands Death, awaiting thee.
Be not alarmed; the grave-door, opened slightly,
Closes again. A full year it may be
Ere thou art dragged, poor sufferer, to the grave.
Pick the octave!
Tune up the strings! Sing of life with glee!

Yellow's the hue thy dull wan cheeks are showing;
Shrunken thy chest, and flat each shoulder-blade.
Give me thy hand! Each dark vein, larger growing,
Is to my touch as if in water laid.
Damp are these hands; stiff are these veins becoming.
Pick now, and strumming,
Empty thy bottle! Sing! Drink unafraid.

Hail then, my boy! Old Bacchus sends last greeting;
Freya's farewell receive thou over thy bowl.
Fast in her praise thy thin blood flows, repeating
Its old-time force, as it was wont to roll.
Sing, read, forget. Nay, think and weep while thinking.
Art thou for drinking
Another bottle? Art dead? Peace to thy soul!

ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

THE most famous of Swedish writers is Bishop Esaias Tegnér. Born in 1782, the son of a village pastor, he was educated at the University of Lund, and taught there until 1824. The stirring events of his time quickened his poetic genius, and his war-song for the army of 1808 was received with popular acclaim. This was quickly followed by the patriotic poem "Svea." A Gothic League was formed by the literary patriots under the leadership of Tegnér. They opposed both the imitators of French classicists and the German romanticists. Their magazine, *Iduna*,* urged the study of Norse history and literature. To it, besides minor poems, Tegnér contributed his romance of "Axel," the idyll of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," and above all his modernized version of "Frithiof's Saga." This poetic revival of Scandinavian antiquity won Goethe's approval and gave Tegnér fame throughout Europe. It has been rendered in English by Longfellow and others. As a reward at home, the author was made Bishop of Wexiö in 1824. Though he had not been previously ordained, he accepted the place with some misgivings, for he is said to have been in love with the beautiful wife of a town councillor. After faithfully performing his ecclesiastical duties for some years, he became melancholy, and, in 1840, insane. During his convalescence in Schleswig he began an epic poem, "Kronbruden," but left it unfinished. He died in 1846.

* Iduna, in Scandinavian mythology, was the goddess of youth and guarded the apples, which supplied the drink of the gods.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft, like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land,
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the reverend teacher;
Father he hight, and he was, in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds; but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
As, in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation),
The artist, the friend of Heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered;
But with a cordial look to the right and the left hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.

Afterwards, when all was finished, the teacher re-entered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming;
But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident maidens,—
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
Friendly the teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them.
And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear; for sublimity always is simple.
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when spring-tide approaches,
Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,—
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line, from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well worded answer.

The Veteran.

(From "Axel." Translated by R. G. Latham.)

I love the old heroic times
  Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory,
And deem them fittest for the scenes
  Of stern or tender story;
For he was blithe as Peace may be,
Yet boisterous as Victory.
Even now on high there glide,
Up and down, at eventide,
Mighty men, like those of old,
With frocks of blue and belts of gold.
Oh, reverently I gaze upon
  Those soldier-spirits clad in light,
And hold as things most wonderful
  Their coats of buff and swords of giant height!

One of his oldest veterans
  I knew before my boyhood's prime;
He seemed like some triumphal pillar,
  Undermined by Time.
The scars along his forehead were
Like sculptures on a sepulchre;
There flowed behind that old man's ears
The silver of a hundred years;
  'Twas all that old man had.
The stranger, gazing on his door,
Might sigh to think on one so poor;
But time had trained his soul, and he
Had shaken hands with Poverty;
  He was nor sick nor sad.

With two possessions, all his pride,
Yet dearer than the world beside,—
The sword that earned his soldier fame,
A Bible, with King Charles's name,—
He lived, beneath a forest shade,
Within a hut, himself had made,
  And fancied like a tent.
And all that Sweden's hero did

Of valor praised, or craven chid,
  Or Cossack foemen bent,—
That now the child who runs may read
(For Fame, the Eagle, flew with speed),—
Were stored within that soldier's mind,
Each in their own heroic kind,
Like monumental urns beneath
A barrow in the field of death.

Oft as he told of toils gone through,
For Charles and his dragoons of blue,
That soldier seemed to rise in height,
Flashed from his eyes unwonted light,
And all his gestures, all his words,
Sprang out like flame from Swedish swords.
Why say, that, in the winter nights,
He loved to tell his former fights;
And, grateful, only spoke to praise
King Charles; and never failed to raise,
When mention of his name was made,
His rimless hat and torn cockade?
My infant height scarce reached his knees,
And yet I loved his histories.
His sunken cheek and wrinkled brow
Have lived with me from then till now,
And, with his stories strange and true,
Keep rising in my mind anew;
Like snowdrop bells, that wait to blow
Beneath the winter's shielding snow.

King Charles's Guard.

He was of Charles's body-guard,
Swedish soldiers' best reward;
Seven in number, like the train
Of sister stars in Charles's Wain;
Or nine at most, as the maidens be
Who weave the songs of Eternity.
They were trained to scorn of death,
  And tried by fire and steel and blood,
And hardened, by their Christian faith,
  Beyond the Viking hardihood

Of their sires, that, fast and free,
Ploughed with keels the subject sea.
They lay to sleep on turf or plank,
With northern winds for lullaby,
And curtained by the colder sky,
As softly as on mossy bank.
Little they cared for the flame's red aid,
Save for the sake of the cannonade,
Casting light as fierce and dun,
As a winter's blood-red sun.
They deemed no battle lost or won
To lesser odds than seven to one;
And then retreated, soft and slow,
With their faces to the foe.
But harsher laws than these, I ween,
Lay upon these hardened men:
Never to look on a maiden's eye,
Never turn ear to a maiden's sigh,
Never to heed the sweet words she said,
Ere Charles, that cold, stern chief, was wed.
No matter how soft voices strove
To match the music of the grove;
How lips might mock the rosebud's hue,
How eyes, the violets steeped in dew;
How breasts might heave for love's sweet sake,
Like floating swan on silver lake,—
Vain were eyes, and breasts, and words;
They were wedded to their swords.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD V.—1650–1800.

IN the seventeenth century the drama held the foremost place in Spanish literature. It embraced all subjects from the most sacred to the most vulgar. Biblical narratives and lives of the saints, foreign history and native traditions, the escapades of students, the gallantries of nobles, the ordinary lives of citizens and peasants, all furnished themes for the stage. In Spain even to the present day some religious dramas, called *autos*, are performed on certain festivals in the churches, being liturgical in form, but there are others, derived from the lives of the saints, which differ from the secular dramas merely in subject. The latter plays are generally called comedies, and consist of three acts. In the higher class the leading characters are usually kings and princes, and there is much stage decoration. In the others the chief actors are *caballeros* or gentlemen, who wear citizens' dress, which gives the designation of "comedies of cloak and sword."

The chief glory of the Spanish stage belongs to Lope de Vega, who has already been noticed.* Though he wrote carelessly, he left the stamp of his genius on the wide range of subjects which he brought on the stage. A contemporary dramatist, Guillen de Castro (1569–1631) deserves honor as having suggested to Corneille the idea of "The Cid" which won fame on the French stage. Most of Lope's successors fell far short of his merits, while they laboriously copied his

*See Volume VI., pp. 138–148.

defects. A new genius appeared in Pedro Calderon de la Barca, who has been rated by many above Lope, and said by some even to rival Shakespeare. This extravagant estimate is probably due to Calderon's extreme devotion to Catholicism, which enabled him to picture that religious spirit. He also showed another peculiar Spanish trait, the readiness to sacrifice natural affection, love and life to the arbitrary command of a king. This point of honor was made the essential motive in the conduct of some of his chief personages. Calderon's successors exaggerated his manner and spoiled his excellencies.

The poet Ercilla, who had fought in Chili, found there a grand subject for his muse in the resistance of the native tribes to the Spanish conquerors. His poem "Araucana" was classed by Voltaire with the ancient epics, but this judgment was extravagant.

At the close of the seventeenth century Spanish literature, like all forms of national activity, seriously declined under the House of Bourbon. French influences prevailed at court and among the higher classes. But the pedantic imitations of French writers had little merit and proved failures. Native writers who endeavored to be faithful to the Spanish tradition were utterly neglected or obliged to cater to the vulgar. Poetry, drama, and fiction, all fell into meanness of thought, sometimes disguised by extravagance of style. Yet amid the dearth of original genius, there was some diligence in schools of criticism and in accumulations of knowledge. The study of the classics, national antiquities, history and philosophy, occupied the learned. French ideas on these subjects were expounded and propagated. The Royal Academy was founded in 1714, in imitation of the French, to maintain the purity of the language, and it prepared a standard grammar which appeared in 1771. After a time the study of the early national literature had some effects. A relief to the general barrenness of original work appeared in "The History of the Famous Preacher, Friar Gerundio," written by the Jesuit Isla to ridicule the foolishness and bad taste of preachers of the time. Tomas de Yriarte was one of the few imitators of La Fontaine, who reached somewhat of the grace of his original.

ERCILLA.

In America the adventurers and warriors of Spain found new fields for their bravery; poets and historians also found new themes for their descriptions. The greatest of the poets who thus made known the New World to the Old was Alonso de Ercilla y Zuniga. He was born at Madrid about 1533 and was brought up in the king's palace. In attendance on the Infant Don Philip he visited Flanders and England. In 1553 he went to America to assist in quelling the insurrection of the Araucanians, the warlike natives of Chili. While engaged in this expedition, he commenced his epic poem, "La Araucana," writing fifteen cantos, sometimes using bits of leather when paper failed him in camp. When about to return to Spain, the poet became involved in a riot and, though innocent, was ordered to be beheaded. This sentence was revoked when he was on the scaffold, but he suffered imprisonment. Returning to Spain, he traveled over the continent of Europe. In 1570 he married a noble Spanish lady, and though he was made chamberlain of the Emperor of Germany he appears to have lived chiefly at Madrid. He died about 1598. His "Araucana" was first published in 1577, and was completed in thirty-seven cantos in 1590. Though its claim to be an epic has been disputed, its historical and geographical accuracy, so far as relates to America, has been frequently attested; but the latter parts, in which the poet sought to attract readers by variety and romance, are full of incongruities. Among other things, a new version of the story of Dido occupies two cantos, and the battle of Lepanto is related incidentally.

The Araucanian Chief.

The Araucanian chief, Caupolican, hunted from one retreat to another, is at length surprised and taken prisoner by the treachery of one of his soldiers. He voluntarily discovers his name to the Spaniards, and declares that he has the power of treating with them so as to bind the whole nation. He engages that the Araucanians shall with himself embrace Christianity, and submit to the dominion of Spain; but he

announces to them at the same time, that if it is necessary, he is equally prepared for death.

Nor spoke the Indian more, but with an eye
Intrepid, and a spirit all elate,
With unblanch'd cheek, the last decree of fate
Calmly awaited; or to live or die
To him was equal; fortune's tempest dread
Could frown no further vengeance on his head;
Though bound a captive, and in fetters, still
Shone through his soul th' unconquerable will;
His aspect nobly bold, from innate valor bred.

Scarce had he told his name, than too severe
A doom was pass'd—precipitate resolve!
Impal'd with arrows pierced, he should absolve
His love of country. But no dastard fear
Appall'd his spirit, no appealing look
For mercy cried: fortune he would not brook.
Though death against him rais'd his fiery dart,
With thousand torments arm'd, his valorous heart
Nor secret dread nor mortal shudder shook.

Yet in a moment by God's awful power
Upon his soul a mighty change was wrought;
The light of faith beam'd on him, and he sought,
Amid the perils of that mortal hour,
To share the Christian's baptism, and the sure
Promise of bliss, that ever shall endure!
Castile's proud sons in joy and pity gaz'd,
While the barbarian tribes stood all amaz'd,
And gushing tears their warrior eyes obscure.

And now arriv'd the sad though happy day,
Which death and Christian baptism to him gave;
Though that the body slew, yet this should save
His parted spirit from corruption's sway.
'Midst wondering crowds to death he then was brought,
And the high doctrine of redemption taught,
That bade him to resign his mortal breath,
With firmest hope, to triumph over death,
While on the life to come repos'd his silent thought.

His warrior brow no gorgeous feathers deck,
  His feet unsandall'd, to the silent plain
  Naked he came, dragging his weighty chain,
That clasp'd with fell embrace his royal neck,
  Whence hung the hangman's rope. A martial band
  And hosts of bristling spears around him stand,
And weeping crowds, who ask if this be true,
The sorrowing sight that meets their shuddering view,
  This last sad triumph o'er their native land.

Thus to the bloody scaffold he drew nigh,
  That distant from the camp an arrow's flight,
  Raised on the plain, appeared before his sight,
And by the gazing crowd was seen on high.
  Ascending then the stage, with brow elate,
  He saw the dread preparatives of fate;
Saw, without change of temper or of blood,
The armament of death, that round him stood,
  With placid mien, as in his free-born state.

Now reach'd the summit, with an eye serene
  From side to side he turns his gazing view,
  Admiring the vast crowd that round him drew,
The sad spectators of the deathly scene;
  Wondering, his people ask'd how fortune's might
  Could hurl their monarch from his native height
Of glory; nor were bounds to their amaze,
While gathering fast around with tearful gaze,
  They view the coming scene with terror and affright.

Then near unto the pointed stake he came,
  Where he ere long should pour his mortal breath
  In the dire conflicts of a torturing death:
But here no terrors shook his manly frame:
"Pleas'd I submit, since destiny hath cast
  This bloody die; soon is the journey pass'd;
Contempt and proud despite shall arm my soul,"
He said, "to quaff misfortune's bitter bowl,
  Nor feel we that dread stroke that comes the last."

The busy hangman now approach'd his side
  To seize his prey, a branded negro slave,
  The wretched freightage of the Atlantic wave.

This last indignity too deeply tried
The monarch's spirit, though with soul unmov'd
He yet had every frown of fortune prov'd;
He could not brook, though in this bloody strife,
So base an ending to his noble life,
And all indignant thus the hostile chief reprov'd.

"Oh! deed unworthy of the Christian race!
Is this your boasted honor, this the dower
Of noble valor in her dying hour,
To bid me perish by a hand so base?
Death is a full atonement, and life fled,
We war no longer with the helpless dead:
This is not death, but mockery and despite,
Thus to afflict my spirit in her flight,
And heap this dark dishonor on my head.

"Amidst your swords that now so silent rest,
That drank my country's blood, and in the strife
Of furious battle thirsted for my life,
Can none be found to pierce my warrior breast?
Whatever sorrows on my head descend,
Whatever griefs my suffering heart may rend,
Let not a slave's polluted touch disgrace
Caupolican, the latest of his race;
Nor such a deed of shame his hour of death attend."

So spoke the indignant chief, and sudden turn'd
Upon the miscreant slave, and though oppress'd
With galling weight of fetters, on the breast
He smote him fierce, and from the scaffold spurn'd.

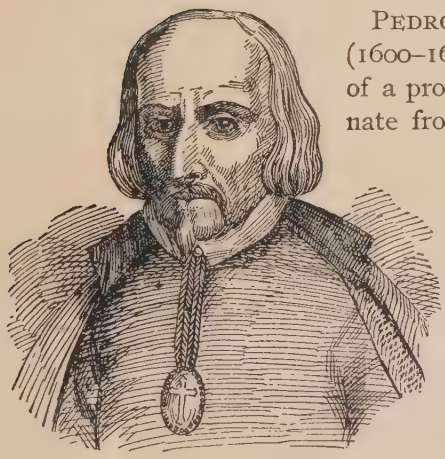
Caupolican, whom the very men who were inflicting upon him a most atrocious punishment continually exhorted to patience and resignation, repented of this act of impatience. No longer offering any resistance, he again assumed an air of indifference, whilst racked by cruel pains, he was set up as a mark for the arrows of the Castilians;

Then from the ranks stepp'd forth a chosen band
Of archers, six in number, but as true
As death the feather'd weapons which they drew.
At thirty paces from the chief they stand;
And though for many a year their bows had sped
Their bloody shafts, and strewn the field with dead,

Yet at so great a name a sudden fear
Their courage check'd; they felt the rising tear,
And from their trembling hearts their fainting spirits fled.

But cruel fortune, whose avenging hate
Had fill'd so deep the martyr's cup of woe,
That soon the bitter draught must overflow,
Herself now urg'd the bloody stroke of fate;
And as her hand the straining bowstring press'd,
A hundred arrows pierced the chieftain's breast:
Nor fewer would suffice to free a way
For his great spirit from her home of clay,
And to his warrior soul give its eternal rest.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA.



PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA (1600–1681) was a Castilian noble of a prosperous family, and fortunate from his birth. Graduating from the University of Salamanca, he served for ten years with the army in Flanders, and, on his return to his native land, distinguished himself by writing dramas and was made court poet. King Philip IV. lavished on him honors and emoluments, among the former the much-coveted mantle of the Order of Santiago. At the age of fifty-two, Calderon entered the priesthood, as was the custom of the age, and, like Lope de Vega, became a familiar of the Inquisition. Like him, too, he was the idol of court and populace. Calderon was beautiful in person, serene in temper, and blameless in life. He died at the age of four-score, passionately lamented by his countrymen who looked upon his loss as a national calamity.

He wrote with the utmost care, with an unrivalled mastery of pure Castilian, and with a brilliancy and eloquence

that have seldom been surpassed. But he added no new form to the drama, and he was absolutely without a sense of humor. His defects are those of localism and narrowness. He found it impossible to conceive or represent anything outside of the seventeenth century as he knew it; and while his characters masquerade in many places they are in reality only Spaniards of his time and environment. His style is above everything else conventional, and the interest of his dramas depends on exaggerated situations. Duels and homicides abound, and violations of hospitality, and betrayals of trust, but the perpetrators conduct themselves, throughout, with that melancholy dignity and exquisite punctilio which was always so dear to the national heart. Two of Calderon's so-called philosophical plays have been praised by German critics without stint—"Life is a Dream," and the "Wonder-Working Magician." The latter may be said to enforce the ancient dogmas of the Church with modern intellectual arguments and methods. Like Goethe's Faust it rouses discussion and settles nothing. It has been classed among the "Five Sceptical Dramas of the World." Calderon himself desired to be remembered by his *autos*. He brought this species of drama to a perfection never before attempted or attained. An *auto* meant originally a play, then a sacred play. In Calderon's time it came to be, exclusively, the *auto sacramentale*, intended to glorify the doctrine of the Real Presence. In this form it was a mixture of the old Miracle Plays and the moralities—in the latter of which vice, virtue, and other abstract qualities are personified—the whole subject being presented allegorically. Some of the titles were *The World*, *Heresy*, *Apostasy*, and so forth, introducing, in a strange jumble, Job, Moses, Belshazzar and other Biblical personages, mythological characters, and, in particular, the Devil who always took too prominent a part and was invariably worsted.

Calderon was a saint in life and a bigot in faith. Favorite of the King, and master of the court theatre, he was allowed freely to use the wealth of the one and the machinery of the other. For forty years his *autos* were presented in the public square of the capital, at Christmas and at Easter, with unparalleled magnificence and ostentation, and all the power of his

thrilling eloquence was used to persuade the willing and ignorant multitudes that religion is not spirituality, but unqualified submission to the doctrines and observances of the Roman Church. He was an ally of the Inquisition, and it has been said of him that "his *auto sacramentale* led the way to the *auto da fé*."

The Scholar's Temptation.

(From the "Wonder-Working Magician." Translated by P. B. Shelley.)

Cyprian as a student; Clarin and Moscon as poor scholars, with books.

Cyprian. In the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees
And flowers, and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me; the books you brought out of the house
To me are ever best society.
And whilst with glorious festival and song
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To its new shrine, I would consume what still
Lives of the dying day in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,
Go and enjoy the festival; it will
Be worth the labor; and return for me
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
Which among dim gray clouds on the horizon
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse; and here
I shall expect you.

Moscon. I cannot bring my mind,
Great as my haste to see the festival
Certainly is, to leave you, Sir, without
Just saying some three or four hundred words.
How is it possible, that, on a day
Of such festivity, you can bring your mind
To come forth to a solitary country
With three or four old books, and turn your back
On all this mirth?

Clarin. My master's in the right;
There is not anything more tiresome

Than a procession day, with troops of men
And dances, and all that.
Mos. From first to last,
Clarin, you are a temporizing flatterer;
You praise not what you feel, but what he does;
Toad-eater!
Cla. You lie—under a mistake,—
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.
Cyp. Enough, you foolish fellows!
Puffed up with your own doting ignorance,
You always take the two sides of one question.
Now go, and as I said, return for me
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide,
This glorious fabric of the universe.
Mos. How happens it, although you can maintain
The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there?
Cla. Nay, the consequence
Is clear; who ever did what he advises
Others to do?
Mos. Would that my feet were wings!
So would I fly to Livia. [*Exit.*
Cla. To speak truth,
Livia is she who has surprised my heart;
But he is more than half-way there.—Soho!
Livia, I come! good sport, Livia! soho! [*Exit.*
Cyp. Now, since I am alone, let me examine
The question which has long disturbed my mind
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
The words of mystic import and deep sense
In which he defines God. My intellect
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs
Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth,
Which I must fathom. [*Reads.*
[*Enter the Devil, as a fine Gentleman.*
Dæmon. Search even as thou wilt,
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.
Cyp. What noise is that among the boughs?
Who moves? What art thou?
Dæm. 'T is a foreign gentleman.

Even from this morning, I have lost my way
In this wild place; and my poor horse, at last
Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon
The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch, upon business
Of some importance; but wrapt up in cares,
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.
Cyp. 'Tis singular, that, even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch, you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood there is not one but leads
As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch;
Take which you will, you cannot miss your road.
Dæm. And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it.
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you
Are a great student; for my part, I feel
Much sympathy with such pursuits.
Cyp. Have you
Studied much?
Dæm. No,—and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.
Cyp. Pray, Sir,
What science may you know?
Dæm. Many.
Cyp. Alas!
Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not; but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.
Dæm. And with truth;
For in the country whence I come, sciences
Require no learning,—they are known.

Cyp. Oh, would
I were of that bright country! for in this,
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.
Dæm. It is so true, that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high professorship,
And obtained many votes; and though I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious than the failure
Could be dishonorable: if you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know best; and although I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and though
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.
Cyp. The offer gives me pleasure. I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is racked with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.
Dæm. It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, couched in these words:
"God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
One substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands."
Cyp. 'T is true.
Dæm. What difficulty find you here?
Cyp. I do not recognize among the Gods
The God defined by Plinius: if he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter
Is not supremely good; because we see
His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness: in what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity?
Dæm. The wisdom
Of the old world masked with the names of Gods
The attributes of Nature and of Man:
A sort of popular philosophy.
Cyp. This reply will not satisfy me; for
Such awe is due to the high name of God,
That ill should never be imputed. Then,
Examining the question with more care,
It follows that the Gods should always will

That which is best, were they supremely good.
How, then, does one will one thing,—one another?
And you may not say that I allege
Poetical or philosophic learning:
Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues; from two shrines.
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable
That two contending wills can never lead
To the same end? and being opposite,
If one be good is not the other evil?
Evil in God is inconceivable;
But supreme goodness fails among the Gods,
Without their union.

Dæm. I deny your major.
These responses are means towards some end
Unfathomed by our intellectual beam;
They are the work of Providence; and more
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than victory advantage those who win.

Cyp. That I admit, and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory; it would be enough
To have permitted the defeat: if God
Be all sight,—God, who beheld the truth,
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplished. Thus, although
The Deity may, according to his attributes,
Be well distinguished into persons, yet,
Even in the minutest circumstance,
His essence must be one.

Dæm. To attain the end,
The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

Cyp. But for a purpose thus subordinate,
He might have employed genii, good or evil,—
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
Who roam about, inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence we
May well infer our immortality:
Thus God might easily, without descending
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,

Have moved the affections by this mediation
To the just point.
Dæm. These trifling contradictions
Do not suffice to impugn the unity
Of the high Gods; in things of great importance
They still appear unanimous: consider
That glorious fabric, man,—his workmanship
Is stamped with one conception.
Cyp. Who made man
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work; and being
All hands, according to our author here,
Have still destroyed even as the other made?
If equal in their power and only unequal
In opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror?
Dæm. On impossible
And false hypothesis there can be built
No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?
Cyp. That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal, and without a rival;
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing;
One power, one will, one substance and one essence;
And in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguished, one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,
One cause of all cause. [*They rise.*
Dæm. How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?
Cyp. Do you regret
My victory?
Dæm. Who but regrets a check
In rivalry of wit? I could reply
And urge new difficulties, but will now
Depart; for I hear steps of men approaching,
And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.
Cyp. Go in peace!

Dæm. Remain in peace! Since thus it profits him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought, but of
A piece of excellent beauty; and as I
Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengeances. [*Exit.*

Saint Patrick.

In the drama of "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," Calderon wished to exhibit two characters in contrast—the perfect Christian and a wicked man who yet claims to be a Christian. The former is represented by St. Patrick, the latter by Luis Enius, a Roman soldier. As the Spanish drama was chiefly recitation, the Christian was obliged to declare his character at length in what may seem a boastful manner. Patrick and Enius were washed ashore on the coast of Ireland, then ruled by a savage Pagan King Egerius. The king, troubled by a strange dream, had gone to the cliffs to cast himself headlong, when he heard the cries of the shipwrecked men.

Patrick (*within*). Ah me!
Leogaire. Some mournful voice.
King. What's this?
Captain. The form,
As of a man who has escaped the storm,
Swims yonder to the land.
Lesbia. And strives to give a life-sustaining hand
Unto another wretch, when he
Appeared about to sink in death's last agony.
Polonia. Poor traveler from afar,
Whom evil fate and thy malignant star
On this far shore have cast,
Let my voice guide thee, if amid the blast
My accents thou canst hear; since it is only
To rouse thy courage that I speak to thee.
Come!
[*Enter Patrick and Luis Enius, clasping each other.*
Patr. Oh, God save me!
Luis. Oh, the devil save *me!*
Lesb. They move my pity, these unhappy two.
King. Not mine, for what it is I never knew.
Patr. O sirs, if wretchedness

Can move most hearts to pity man's distress,
I will not think that here
A heart can be so cruel and severe
As to repel a wretch from out the wave.
Pity, for God's sake, at your feet I crave.
Luis. I don't, for I disdain it.
From God or man I never hope to gain it.
King. Say who you are; we then shall know
What hospitable care your needs we owe.
But first I will inform you of my name,
Lest ignorance of that perchance might claim
Exemption from respect, and words be said
Unworthy of the deference and the dread
That here my subjects show me,
Or wanting the due homage that you owe me.
I am the King Egerius,
The worthy lord of this small realm, for thus
I call it, being mine;
Till 'tis the world, my sword shall not resign
Its valorous hope. The dress,
Not of a king, but of wild savageness
I wear: to testify,
Thus seeming a wild beast, how wild am I.
No god my worship claims;
I do not even know the deities' names:
Here they no service nor respect receive;
To die and to be born is all that we believe.
Now that you know how much you should revere
My royal state, say who your are.
Patr. Then hear:
Patrick is my name, my country
Ireland, and a humble hamlet,
Scarcely known to men, called Empthor,
Is my place of birth: it standeth
Midway 'twixt the north and west,
On a mountain which is guarded
As a prison by the sea,—
In the island which hereafter
Will be called the Isle of Saints,
To its glory everlasting;
Such a crowd, great lord, therein
Will give up their lives as martyrs

In religious attestation
Of the faith, faith's highest marvel.
Of an Irish cavalier,
And of his chaste spouse and partner,
A French lady, I was born,
Unto whom I owe (oh, happy
That 'twas so!), beyond my birthright
Of nobility, the vantage
Of the Christian faith, the light
Of Christ's true religion granted
In the sacred rite of baptism,
Which a mark indelibly stampeth
On the soul, heaven's gate, as it
Is the sacrament first granted
By the Church. My pious parents,
Having thus the debt, exacted
From all married people, paid
By my birth, retired thereafter
To two separate convents, where
In the purity and calmness
Of their chaste abodes they lived,
Till the fatal line of darkness,
Ending life, was reached, and they,
Fortified by every practice
Of the Catholic faith, in peace
Yielded up their souls in gladness,
Unto heaven their spirits giving,
Giving unto earth their ashes.
I, an orphan, then remained
Carefully and kindly guarded
By a very holy matron,
Underneath whose rule I hardly
Had completed one brief lustrum—
Five short years had scarce departed—
Five bright circles of the sun,
Wheeling round on golden axles,
Twelve high zodiac signs illuming
And one earthly sphere, when happened
Through me an event that showed
God's omnipotence and marvels;
Since of weakest instruments
God makes use, to enhance his

Majesty the more, to show
That for what men think the grandest
And most strange effects, to Him
Should alone the praise be granted—
It so happened (and Heaven knoweth
That it is not pride, but rather
Pure religious zeal, that men
Should know how the Lord hath acted,
Makes me tell it) that one day
To my doors a blind man rambled,
Gormas was his name, who said,
"God who sends me here commands thee
In His name to give me sight;"
I, obedient to the mandate,
Made at once the sign of the cross
On his sightless eyes, that started
Into life and light once more
From their state of utter darkness.
At another time when heaven,
Muffled in the thickest, blackest
Clouds, made war upon the world,
Hurling at it lightning lances
Of white snow, which fell so thickly
On a mountain, that soon after
They being melted by the sun,
So filled up our streets and alleys,
So inundated our houses,
That amid the wild waves stranded
There were ships of bricks and stones,
Barks of cement and of plaster.
Who before saw waves on mountains?
Who 'mid woods saw ships at anchor?
I the sign of the cross then made
On the waters, and in accents,
In a tone of grave emotion,
In God's name the waves commanded
To retire: they turned that moment
And left dry the lands they ravaged.
O great God! who will not praise Thee?
Who will not confess Thee Master?—
Other wonders I could tell you,
But my modesty throws shackles

On my tongue, makes mute my voice,
And my lips seals up and fastens.
I grew up, in fine, inclined
Less to arms than to the marvels
Knowledge can reveal: I gave me
Almost wholly up to master
Sacred Science, to the reading
Of the Lives of Saints, a practice
Which doth teach us faith, hope, zeal,
Charity and Christian manners.
In these studies thus immersed,
I one day approached the margin
Of the sea with some young friends,
Fellow-students and companions,
When a bark drew nigh, from which
Suddenly out-leaping landed
Armed men, fierce pirates they,
Who these seas, these islands, ravaged;
We at once were captives made,
And in order not to hazard
Losing us their prey, they sailed
Out to sea with swelling canvas.
Of this daring pirate boat
Philip de Roqui was the captain,
In whose breast, for his destruction,
Pride, the poisonous weed, was planted.
He the Irish seas and coast
Having thus for some days ravaged,
Taking property and life,
Pillaging our homes and hamlets;
But myself alone reserved
To be offered as a vassal,
As a slave to thee, O king!
In thy presence as he fancied.
Oh! how ignorant is man,
When of God's wise laws regardless,
When, without consulting Him,
He his future projects planneth!
Philip well, at sea, might say so;
Since to-day, in sight of land here,
Heaven the while being all serene,
Mild the air, the water tranquil,

In an instant, in a moment,
He beheld his proud hopes blasted.
In the hollow-breasted waves
Roared the wind, the sea grew maddened,
Billows upon billows rolled
Mountain high, and wildly dashed them
Wet against the sun, as if
They its light would quench and darken.
The poop-lantern of our ship
Seemed a comet most erratic—
At another time it touched
The profoundest deep sea-caverns,
Or the treacherous sands whereon
Ran the stately ship and parted.
Then the fatal waves became
Monuments of alabaster,
Tombs of coral and of pearl.
I (and why this boon was granted
Unto me by Heaven I know not,
Being so useless), with expanded
Arms, struck out, but not alone
My own life to save, nay rather
In the attempt to save this brave
Young man here, that life to barter;
For I know not by what secret
Instinct towards him I'm attracted;
And I think he yet will pay me
Back this debt with interest added.
Finally, through Heaven's great pity
We at length have happily landed,
Where my misery may expect it,
Or my better fate may grant it,
Since we are your slaves and servants,
That being moved by our disasters,
That being softened by our weeping,
Our sore plight may melt your hardness,
Our affliction force your kindness,
And our very pains command you.

King. Silence, miserable Christian,
For my very soul seems fastened
On thy words, compelling me,
How I know not, to regard thee

With strange reverence and fear,
Thinking thou must be that vassal—
That poor slave whom in my dream
I beheld outbreathing flashes,
Saw outflashing living fire,
In whose flame, so lithe and lambent,
My Polonia and my Lesbia,
Like poor moths, were burned to ashes.
Patr. Know, the flame that from my mouth
Issued, is the true Evangel,
Is the doctrine of the Gospel:—
'Tis the word which I'm commanded
Unto thee to preach, O King!
To thy subjects and thy vassals,
To thy daughters, who shall be
Christians through its means.
King. Cease, fasten
Thy presumptous lips, vile Christian,
For thy words insult and stab me.
Lesb. Stay!
Polo. And wilt thou in thy pity
Try to save him from his anger?
Lesb. Yes.
Polo. Forbear, and let him die.
Lesb. Thus to die by a king's hands here
Were unjust. (It is my pity [*Aside.*
For these Christians prompts my answer.)
Polo. If this second Joseph then,
Like the first one, would unravel,
Would interpret the king's dreams,
Do not dread the result, my father;
For if my being seen to burn
Indicates in any manner
I should ever be a Christian,
As impossible a marvel
Such would be, as if, being dead,
I could rise and live thereafter.

Luis then is called to tell his story, and rehearses a career of wickedness. The king shows admiration for his courage, but throws Patrick to the ground and treads upon him, as unworthy of being anything but a slave.

The Inflexible Prince.

In this drama Don Fernando, brother of the King of Portugal, has been defeated in his attempt to capture Tangiers, and surrenders his army to the King of Morocco. His brother, Don Henry, is sent by the Moorish king to inform the King of Portugal of their condition. Henry returns with the tidings that the king had died of grief on learning their defeat, but had ordered Ceuta to be given up for the ransom of the captives, and his successor, Alphonso V., had approved the plan. This is told at a banquet which the Moorish king had made for his prisoner. Then Fernando, inflexible as the Roman Regulus, thus addresses his brother:

Henry, forbear! Such words may well debase
Not only him who boasts himself a true
Soldier of Christ, and prince of Portugal,
But even the lowest of barbarians, void
Of Christian faith. My brother, well I deem,
Inserted this condition in his will,
Not that it should be acted to the letter,
But to express how much his noble heart
Desired a brother's freedom. That must be
Obtained by other means—by peace or war.
How ever may a Christian prince restore
A city to the Moors, bought with the price
Of his own blood? for he it was, who first,
Armed with a slender buckler and his sword,
Planted our country's banner on its walls.
But even if we o'erlook this valiant deed,
Shall we forsake a city that hath reared
Within its walls new temples to our God?
Our faith, religion, Christian piety,
Our country's honor, all forbid the deed.
What! shall the dwelling of the living God
Bow to the Moorish crescent? Shall its walls
Re-echo to the insulting courser's hoof,
Lodged in the sacred courts, or to the creed
Of unbelievers? Where our God hath fixed
His mansion, shall we drive his people forth?
The faithful, who inhabit our new town,
May, tempted by mischance, haply abjure
Their faith. The Moors may train the Christian youth

To their own barbarous rites; and is it meet
So many perish to redeem one man
From slavery? And what am I but a man?
A man now reft of his nobility;
No more a prince or soldier; a mere slave!
And shall a slave, at such a golden price,
Redeem his life? Look down upon me, king,
Behold thy slave, who asks not to be free;
Such ransom I abjure. Henry, return;
And tell our countrymen that thou hast left
Thy brother buried on the Afric shore,
For life is here, indeed, a living death!
Christians, henceforth believe Fernando dead;
Moors, seize your slave. My captive countrymen!
Another comrade joins your luckless band;
And king, kind brother, Moors, and Christians, all
Bear witness to a prince's constancy,
Whose love of God, his country, and his faith,
O'erlived the frowns of fortune.

The King.—Proud and ungrateful prince, and is it thus
Thou spurn'st my favor, thus repay'st my kindness?
Deniest my sole request? Thou haply here
Thinkest thyself sole ruler, and wouldst sway
My kingdom? But, henceforth thou shalt be
By that vile name thou hast thyself assumed—
A slave! thou shalt be treated as a slave.
Thy brother and thy countrymen shall see
Thee lick the dust, and kiss my royal feet.

After a warm altercation and vain solicitations, the king calls one of his officers:

Hence with this captive! rank him with the rest:
Bind on his neck and limbs a heavy chain.
My horses be his care, the bath, the garden.
Let him be humbled by all abject tasks;
Away with his silk mantle; clothe his limbs
In the slave's garb. His food, the blackest bread;
Water his drink; a cold cell his repose;
And let his servants share their master's fate.

TOMAS DE YRIARTE.

THE most noted fabulist of Spain is Tomas de Yriarte. He was born September 18, 1750, on the island of Teneriffe, but was educated at Madrid by his uncle, Juan de Yriarte, noted for his learning and for his collection of Spanish proverbs. The nephew in due time became general archivist to the Supreme Council. But his literary fame depends upon his versified "Fables," first published in 1782. In this department he was evidently an imitator of La Fontaine, and appears to have had no Spanish predecessor. Yriarte, by his graceful expression and delicate fancy, has become one of the best known Spanish writers. A century later, Fernan Caballero obtained a similar reputation.

THE BEAR, THE MONKEY, AND THE PIG.

WITH a half-taught bear was strolling,
Poor and lone, a Piedmontese,
And the brute, to serve his master
Strove to dance, though ill at ease.

Meeting with an agile monkey,—
"Do you think I dance with grace?"
Asked the bear. "Oh, no, 'tis clumsy,"
Said the ape with proud grimace.

"Friend, I see you do not flatter,"
Somewhat daunted, said the bear:
"Yet is not my movement graceful?
Light my step, genteel my air?"

As it chanced, a pig was present;
Loud he grunted out, "Well done!
Sure such power and grace of movement
Ne'er was seen beneath the sun!"

Bruin, hearing this eulogium,
Twinkled modestly his eye,
And expressed his own conclusion
To the critic of the sty.

"When the ape condemned my dancing,
Somewhat did his words appal;
But your praise is proof o'erwhelming,
That I cannot dance at all."

Authors, learn a wholesome lesson,
Judge your merits by this rule:
Bad—if skillful men approve not,
Worse—if lauded by a fool.

The Ass and the Flute.

Call it tame or witty, This little romance
Occurred to the author As it were by chance.

Into a meadow Once casting a glance,
I saw an ass grazing— Just by mere chance.

A flute was there laid, Which a peasant of France
Had left on the grass— And this was by chance.

To smell this new toy The ass made advance,
And breathed through the lip-hole— This, too, was by chance.

The breath found its way, And the ass looked askance,
For the flute gave a sound— It was by mere chance.

"Bravo!" cried the donkey, "Who now will dispute
That I'm a musician!— I play on the flute!"

Thus sometimes 'tis seen, In life's mazy dance,
That a booby succeeds For once by mere chance.

The Country Squire's Library.

(Translated by Robert Rockliff.)

A country squire, of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often blessed with fortune's smile),
Had built a splendid house, and furnished it
In splendid style.

"One thing is wanted," said a friend; "for though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,
If not for use."

"'Tis true; but, zounds!" replied the squire with glee,
"The lumber room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) will be
The very thing.

"I'll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode,
And rarest wood, befitting every way;
A squire's abode.

"And when the whole is ready, I'll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch
Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomp of cabinet and shelf,
The booby squire repented him, and cried
Unto himself:—

"This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,
A plaguy price.

"Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thoughts, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books
Were made of wood.

"It shall be so. I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colorable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal
Its nakedness.

"And gilt and lettered with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),
Assembled there."

The work was done; the simulated hoards
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood,
In bindings some; and some, of course, in boards,
Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves,
The choicest tomes in many an even row,
Displayed their lettered backs upon the shelves,
A goodly show.

With such a stock, which seemingly surpassed
The best collection ever formed in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last
Supremely vain?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to shelf,
And conned their titles, that the squire began,
Despite his ignorance, to think himself
A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks
To backs and bindings, take the hint and sell
His costly library; for painted books
Would serve as well.

J. F. DE ISLA.

PULPIT oratory, as cultivated in Spain in the seventeenth century, had contracted all the affectations of the artificial literary style. Sermons were filled with pompous phrases, interlarded with Latin quotations from the Scriptures. Yet to retain the attention of the common people, witticisms and jests were admitted, and the most popular preachers were those who could raise the loudest laughter. This debased style was ridiculed by the Jesuit Father Isla, who published under an assumed name his "History of the Famous Preacher, Friar Gerundio of Campazas." The preacher was the son of a wealthy farmer, who had kept open house for the monks when they resorted to the village. The father wished his son to receive a scholastic education and become a preacher. This he eventually did, taking for his model the senior of his convent. His later career and his sermons are recorded at such great length, that they prove tedious to readers outside of Spain.

José F. de Isla (1703–1781) had himself been a successful preacher, and his sermons, published at various times, were

noted for their purity of style. But the prevailing faults of the vulgar monks provoked him to hold them up to ridicule, somewhat as Cervantes had done with the romances of chivalry. The work is written in serious style, but the satire is none the less keen. The first volume was published in 1758, and had a large sale, but aroused a furious attack. Though the court enjoyed the fun, the Inquisition condemned the book in 1769. The second volume is said to have been printed in England, but the whole work was widely circulated in Spain, and was successful in its main purpose. In 1767 the Jesuits were expelled from Spain, and Father Isla went to Italy, where he died at Bologna. After his death his excellent translation of "Gil Blas" into Spanish was published. On its title page it claimed to restore this work to its native language.

Friar Gerundio's Sermon.

When Friar Gerundio was licensed to preach his father sent for him to deliver his first public sermon in his native village.

Friar Gerundio, as he went from the house to the church, drew on himself the eyes of all that could see him: he walked gravely forward, his body erect, his head elevated, his eyes tranquil, mild, and benignant; making, with dignity and reserve, inclinations of his head to the right and to the left to those who saluted him with their hats; nor did he forget to take out his white cambric handkerchief, with silk tassels at the four corners, to wipe away the perspiration that never broke, and afterwards his silk handkerchief, of rose-color on one side and pearl on the other, to blow his nose when he had no occasion. On his arrival at the church, the mass is sung by the licentiate Quixano, and two curates in the neighborhood serve him as dean and sub-dean. The choir is composed of three village sacristans; and as there is no organ, its place is advantageously supplied by two bagpipes from Galicia, which Gerundio's father had hired expressly for the occasion, on the terms of twenty reals to each player, with abundance of eating and drinking. . . . The sermon began in this manner:

"If the Holy Ghost has spoken the truth by the mouth of Jesus Christ, what an unhappy wretch am I! I must be lost and utterly confounded, for he has declared that no man can preach or prophesy in his own country—*Nemo propheta in patriâ suâ.* How rash, then, have I been to come forward as a preacher in mine! But pause for one moment, my brethren; for to my great consolation I find that all men are not alike subjected to the truths of the evangelist—*Non omnes obediunt evangelio*—and who knows but this may be one of those numerous theorems which, according to the opinion of a great philosopher, are written only to terrify us—*ad terrorem?*

"These, my brethren, are the first fruits of my oratorical labors, the exordium of my pulpit duties; or, to suit myself to the meanest capacity, this is the first of all my sermons, according to the holy Scripture, which saith—*primum sermonem feci, O Theophile!* But whither doth the bark of my discourse direct its voyage? Hearken to me, O my friends; everything around me betokens a happy issue. On every side I perceive prophetic glimpses of felicity. If the history of the evangelist is worthy of our credence, the Anointed himself preached his first sermon in the very place where he received the holy ablution of the waters of baptism. It is true that the narrative of the evangelist does not expressly declare this, but tacitly conveys it. The Saviour received the frigid purification—*baptizatus est Jesus;* and the azure taffety curtain of heaven was rent asunder—*et ecce aperti sunt cœli;* and the Holy Spirit descended in the shape of a fluttering dove—*et vidi Spiritum Dei descendentem sicut columbam.* Behold, the Messiah receives the baptism! The veil of the celestial regions is rent! The Holy Ghost descends on his head! And are not the blessed vestiges of that vision here for us to trace? Does not the Heavenly Dove hover around the head of the sacred preacher?

"But it is superfluous to explain, when the words of the oracle are themselves so clear. It is further declared that Jesus, when he was baptized, retired to the desert, or that he was led thither by the devil—*ductus est in desertum ut tentaretur a Diabolo.* He continued there for some time; there he watched, and prayed, and suffered temptation; and the first

place to which he went was to preach in a field in the country—*stetit Jesus in loco campestri.* How can I fail to recognize in this history the events of my own life? I was baptized in this illustrious parish; I withdrew into the desert of religious seclusion, if the devil indeed did not lead me thither—*ductus a Spiritu in desertum ut tentaretur a Diabolo.* And what else can a man do in a desert of a convent than watch, and pray, and fast, and endure temptation? And I escaped from this desert to preach! To preach where? *In loco campestri!* Yes, my friends, in a country place, even at Campazas; a place which calls to our recollection the fields of Damascus, which awakens envy in the plains of Pharsalia, and overwhelms in oblivion the fields of Troy—*et campus ubi Troja fuit!*"

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PERIOD VII. 1790–1830.

OPPOSITE as they were in character and genius, the labors of Voltaire and Rousseau combined in effecting the triumph of French ideas throughout the civilized world. These writers made no overt attempt to disturb the political system then in vogue. But their radical ideas, adopted and applied by others, gradually undermined the artificial social fabric. They implanted in the minds of men the pregnant doctrine of the rights of man, which was to become a potent explosive force in the political world.

The immediate literary heir of Rousseau was Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who in his charming "Studies of Nature," and in his famous novel, "Paul and Virginia," carried his master's nature-worship and sentimentalism to an extreme. The opposition to Christianity was vehemently displayed in Count Volney's declamatory "Ruins of Empires," while the defence of revealed religion enlisted the mystical Saint-Martin (1743–1803), the "Philosophe inconnu."

The meeting of the States-General, in 1789, opened a new era of political eloquence, and introduced on the Continent the periodical literature which had already been in existence in England for a century. The most conspicuous orator in the beginning of the Revolutionary movement was the brilliant Comte de Mirabeau, who might have saved the kingdom but for the perversity of those with whom he had to deal. Vergniaud (1759–1793) was the most eloquent of the moderate but ill-fated Girondists; while among the Jacobins, Marat,

Danton and Robespierre, were all noted for the effectiveness of their appeals to the passions of the mob. Almost the only poetry which rose above the din and turbulence of the period was the fiery "Marseillaise Hymn," destined to be carried over the world as the voice of the French democracy. Yet it was composed by the royalist Rouget de Lisle for the army of the Lower Rhine, and its author fled from his country among the *émigrés*. André Chénier, a youthful victim of the Revolution, composed before and during his captivity odes and lyrical pieces which attest his genius. His elder brother, Marie Joseph Chénier, wrote some approved tragedies. Comic writers were not wanting, even in the days of the Terror; but their names need not be preserved.

In spite of Napoleon's desire to secure the support of the literary class, his despotism effectually suppressed the free movement which is essential to its existence. Some branches of science flourished, while philosophy and history struggled for existence. The chief literary figures of the period were Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël. The former had been destined for the Church, but preferred the army. In the reaction from the excesses of the Revolution he became an ardent champion of Catholic Christianity. His "Genius of Christianity" is a magnificent display of the spirit and triumphs of the religion of Jesus. It was the overture of the Romantic school of literature. Chateaubriand's later works were written in the same spirit. In the wilderness of America he found a new opportunity to exhibit the beauty of religion. The "Natchez" includes the story of Atala and of René. Madame de Staël, the daughter of the financier Necker, desiring to be the instructor of statesmen, opposed both the Jacobins and the tyranny of Napoleon. Exiled from Paris, she became acquainted with Germany and Italy, and was able to interpret their thought, life and art to her countrymen. Notable as was her immediate success in "Corinne" and "De l'Allemagne," she has not maintained her hold on later readers.

The extreme representative of the reaction from the infidelity of Voltaire was the ultramontane Count Joseph de Maistre. In his "Evenings at St. Petersburg" he denied the free agency of men as individuals, and made the king

and the executioner the two corner-stones of political society. In striking contrast with his intellectual development stands that of Robert de Lamennais, who, starting as a Catholic priest, and helping the reaction by his writings, became a Liberal, and called the Church to be the champion of the working-classes. His call was unheeded, his journal was condemned by the Pope, and in his mystical "Words of a Believer" he proclaimed a new Gospel. He introduced into French a weird apocalyptic style, which was adopted partially by Michelet and Victor Hugo.

As a literary man, Alphonse de Lamartine was a successor of St. Pierre and Chateaubriand, turning their prose into poetry; as a statesman, he was a successor of the Girondists, whose history he has related. In early life he was best known as a descriptive and sentimental poet. His "Meditations" had great success, and he began a large epic on the ages of the world, but published only two parts, "Jocelyn," and "The Fall of an Angel," an Oriental poem resembling Moore's "Lalla Rookh." He had been a diplomatist, and rose to be for a moment, in 1848, almost the dictator of France. In his old age he was an incessant writer of history, biography, and fiction, but accomplished nothing equal to his early promise.

The great Romantic movement and the career of Victor Hugo are reserved for treatment in the next volume.

BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE.

ONE story, "Paul and Virginia," has given immortality to Henri Bernardin St. Pierre (1737–1814). As Abbé Prévost's "Manon Lescaut" was the outgrowth of the romances of sensibility, so St. Pierre's romance was the fruit of the sentimentality of Rousseau. That Genevese prided himself on having introduced "feeling" into French literature.

St. Pierre had a strange roving and motley life ere he fell under the influence of the great Jean Jacques. We hear of him from Russia to Martinique, in a number of capacities from that of an engineer to his ultimate craft of a littérateur. In 1768 he was commissioned by the French government to represent it in a small way at the Isle of France, Mauritius, where three years of residence inflamed his previous love of nature almost to a passion. By Rousseau's writings his sentimental morality and speculative philosophy were also quickened. Thus he was nearly ripe for his masterpiece. He first published his "Voyage to the Isle of France" and his "Studies of Nature," after which he gave to the world "Paul and Virginia" (1787.)

This work is full of over-ripe sentiment and false delicacy. Paul is a love-child, and Virginia the daughter of a widow who settles at Port Louis, Mauritius, thus bringing these two idyllic natures together. Virginia a few years later is sent to France to be "polished," and her family seek to induce her to wed a Count. But she is true to Paul and her beloved isle of Mauritius. At last when she is returning on a vessel, and is within a cable's length of the shore, a hurricane sud-

denly wrecks the ship, and Virginia perishes in view of the eagerly watching Paul. Her body is washed ashore. Paul droops, fades, and follows her to the grave within a few weeks. Unhealthy in sentiment, and over-exuberant in style as this work is, it must be accorded high praise for word-painting and nature-worship. After Rousseau, St. Pierre was the great apostle of a return to nature: both prepared for Chateaubriand. There are beautiful reflections on nature and descriptions of scenery, as well, in St. Pierre's "La Chaumière Indienne" (The Indian Cottage).

The Shipwreck of Virginia.

It was near ten o'clock at night, I was just extinguishing my lamp and going to bed, when I perceived, through the palisades of my dwelling, a light in the forest; soon after, I heard Paul's voice calling me. I arose, and was scarcely dressed, when Paul out of breath and quite exhausted, threw himself upon my neck saying, "Come, come, let us go to the port; Virginia has arrived; the vessel will anchor at break of day."

We immediately departed. As we were crossing the sloping mountain, we were already on the road from the Shaddock Grove to the harbor, when I heard footsteps behind us. It was a negro: as soon as he had caught up with us we asked him whither he was going in such haste? He replied, "I come from that part of the island called Golden Dust, and hasten to the port to inform the governor that a French vessel has anchored on the coast of Amber Island, and has fired guns of distress, the sea being very stormy." The man, having thus spoken, continued his route without any further stoppage.

I then said to Paul, "Let us hasten to the Golden Dust and meet Virginia; it is but three leagues from hence." Accordingly, we sought the road to the north of the island. It was oppressively hot, the moon had just risen, and three dark circles were to be seen around her disk; the sky was clouded by a dismal obscurity, and from the frequent and vivid flashes of lightning, we perceived long chains of thick dark clouds, which hung over the center of the island, and

which rolled with the greatest rapidity towards the ocean; there was not the slightest breath of air to be felt. As we proceeded, we thought we heard a peal of thunder, but on listening more attentively, we discovered it to be the repeated echoes of cannon. These distant sounds, joined to the somber and stormy aspect of the sky, made me tremble; I doubted not that they were signals from a vessel in distress. In half an hour, we heard no more firing, and this awful silence appeared to me more appalling than the dismal sounds which we had before heard.

We proceeded without speaking, and without daring to communicate our apprehensions. Towards midnight we reached the beach at that part of the island called Golden Dust. The billows broke with a most frightful crash, covering the rocks and sands with their white foam, mingled with sparks of fire. Notwithstanding the dismal obscurity of the night, we distinguished by their phosphoric lights the canoes of fishermen, which had been driven ashore.

By an opening in the wood, we perceived a fire at a short distance from us, with an assembly of the inhabitants around it, who had determined to remain there until morning. During the time we were seated there, one of the circle related, that in the afternoon he had seen a vessel driven by the waves towards the isle, but the darkness of the night had hidden it from his view; and, that, about two hours after the golden rays of the sun had sunk into the west, he had heard the gun of distress, but the sea was so rough that it was impossible for any boat to venture on it, and that soon after, he thought he had perceived the watch-light, and that in this case he feared the vessel had approached too near the shore, and had passed between the main land and the Amber Island, taking that for the Point of Endeavor, by which ships arrived at Point Louis; and if that was the case, he apprehended there was great danger. Another islander informed us that he had several times crossed the channel which separates the island of Amber from this coast, and that he had sounded it and found the water good and deep; that a vessel would be as secure there as in the best harbor, and, added he, "I will lay you a wager of it, that I should rest as quietly there as on

COPYRIGHT, 1900

C. VON BODENHAUSEN, PINX

VIRGINIA CAST ON THE SHORE

land." A third said it was impossible for a ship to enter this channel, which was scarcely navigable for boats. He asserted that the vessel had anchored, so that if the wind arose, it must either be put out to sea again or reach the port. Other islanders started different opinions; but during these contests between the ignorant creoles, Paul and I maintained perfect silence. We remained here until twilight dawned upon us, and it was then too hazy to observe anything that floated on the sea, which was covered with a dense fog. We perceived at a distance a thick cloud, which we were told was Amber Island, about a quarter of a league at sea. Owing to the density of atmosphere we could see nothing but the beach on which we stood, and some peaks of the mountains of the interior of the island, which appeared to be encircled by clouds.

Towards seven in the morning we heard in the wood the noise of beating of drums. It was Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, the governor, who had arrived on horseback, followed by a detachment of the military, armed with guns, and a number of islanders and blacks. He ranged the soldiers on the banks, and ordered them to make a regular discharge. It was immediately answered by one from the vessel; we judged that it could be at no great distance from the shore. We saw the stern of a large ship; we were so near as to hear, notwithstanding the noise of the waves, the voice of the boatswain at the helm, and the cries of the sailors, who shouted, "Long live the King!" for that is the usual exclamation of the French when in extreme danger, or when highly delighted, as if in the midst of peril they called to their king for help, or as if they wished always to show him that they are ready to perish for his sake.

As soon as the "Saint Geran" perceived that we were near enough to render her assistance, she regularly discharged cannon at intervals of three minutes. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais ordered fires to be lighted at certain distances on the strand, and sent to all the neighboring inhabitants to seek for provisions, planks, cables, and empty casks. In a short time a number arrived, accompanied by their slaves, bringing with them provisions and rigging; some came from the Golden Dust, others from the Flacque, and from across the

Rampart River. One of the most venerable planters approached the governor, and said to him, "Sir, we have heard all night hoarse noises in the mountains and in the woods; the leaves of the trees moving when there was no wind; sea birds taking refuge on the land; all these signs surely indicate a storm." "Well, my friends," replied the governor, "we are prepared for it, and no doubt the vessel is so likewise."

All around us presaged a dreadful hurricane; the clouds, which were visible at the zenith, were of a somber color, while their skirts were fringed with a copper hue. The air re-echoed with the cries of the frigate-bird, the cut-water, and many other marine birds, who, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, sought shelter in the peaceful retreats of the island.

At nine o'clock, P. M., we heard on the side of the ocean most tremendous noises, as if torrents of water mingled with loud peals of thunder were rolling with increased fury down the precipices. We all cried out, "There is the hurricane!" and in a moment a whirlwind dispersed the heavy mist which hung over the Amber Island and its channel. The "Saint Geran" then appeared full in our sight, with her deck crowded by passengers; her yard and main top-mast laid on the deck, her flag shivered, her four cables at her head, and one by which she was held at the stern. She had entered between Amber Island and the main land, and had gone over that chain of breakers in a place where no ship had ever before passed. Her head came in contact with the waves that rolled from the open sea, and as each wave rushed into the channel, she heaved so much that her keel was to be seen in the air, at the same time her stern sinking in the water never rose again, as if it were submerged. In this position, driven by the wind and waves towards shore, it was equally impossible for her to return by the track which she had come, or by cutting her cables to throw herself on the beach, from which she was separated by sand-banks and breakers. Each wave which broke upon the beach advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, and threw planks to the distance of fifty feet upon the land, and then retiring, left a part of its sandy bed, from which it rolled huge stones with a frightful and tremendous

noise. The waters, so greatly agitated by the wind, swelled and rose higher every minute, and the channel which lies between the Amber Isle and the Isle of France, presented but one vast sheet of white foam, with yawning pits of deep black billows. The foaming waves gathering together in the gulf, rose to more than six feet in height, and the rushing wind sweeping its surface, carried them to a distance of half a league on shore. These white flakes, driven as far as the base of the mountain, appeared as if snow had issued from the ocean. The horizon showed every mark of a continued tempest, and the sea seem confounded with the sky. Black and horrible clouds incessantly crossed the zenith with the swiftness of a bird, whilst others were as stationary as the rocks. No spot of azure could be discerned in the firmament; a pale yellow gleam showed the land, sea and skies.

From the violent motion of the ship, what had been so long anticipated now happened. The fore cables were broken, and as she was only held by a single anchor, she was immediately thrown upon the rock, within half a cable's length of the shore. A general cry of horror issued from among us: Paul started towards the sea, when I seized his arm and prevented him. "My son," said I, "would you perish?" "Let me go to save her," cried he, "or die." As despair had thus deprived him of reason, and in order to prevent his inevitable destruction, Domingo and I attached a long cord around his waist and kept hold of one end. Paul now advanced towards the "Saint Geran," sometimes swimming, and at other times walking on the breakers. Sometimes he comforted himself with the hope of rescuing her, for the sea, by its irregular motion, left the vessel almost surrounded by dry land, so that you might have reached it on foot; but soon after the water rushing with increased impetuosity, covered it, and lifted it upright on its keel, and threw the unfortunate Paul again on shore, with his legs bleeding, his bosom wounded, and half drowned. Scarcely had this young man recovered, than he arose, and returned with renewed ardor to the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the billows. All the crew then despairing of their safety, precipitated themselves into the sea, upon yards, planks, hen-

coops, tables, and barrels. On the gallery of the "Saint Geran" was seen an object of eternal sympathy, extending her arms to him who was making the greatest efforts to reach her. It was Virginia; she had perceived her lover by his intrepidity: the sight of this amiable girl exposed to such imminent danger, filled our hearts with the utmost grief and despair. As for Virginia, with a noble and resigned mien, she waved her hand, as if to bid us an everlasting farewell. All the sailors had thrown themselves into the sea, except one who had stripped himself, and was naked and strong as Hercules. He approached Virginia with respect, and knelt before her, endeavoring to persuade her to undress; but she repulsed him with indignity, and turned her head from him. Reiterated cries of "Save her! save her! do not forsake her!" were heard from all the spectators, but at this moment a tremendous wave rushed between Amber Isle and the coast, and advanced roaring towards the vessel, which it menaced with its black sides and foaming head. At this awful crisis, the sailor threw himself into the foaming billows, and Virginia, seeing no other prospect than a watery grave, placed one hand upon her clothes and the other on her heart, and lifting up her eyes with a serene resignation, appeared like an angel prepared to take her flight towards the celestial regions.

O tremendous and awful day! Alas! all was lost! The violence of the waves threw many of the spectators to a considerable distance on the beach, who had, from motives of humanity, endeavored to reach Virginia; also the kind-hearted sailor, who had tried to save her life. This man having reached the sand after an almost certain death threw himself on his knees and exclaimed, "O my God! who of thy infinite goodness hast spared my life, I would willingly have resigned it to have saved that amiable and modest young woman." Domingo and myself retired from the shore, carrying with us the senseless and unhappy Paul, with the blood gushing from his mouth and ears. The governor ordered the attendance of a surgeon, whilst we returned to the beach in search of the body of Virginia; but the wind having suddenly changed, as is frequently the case during hurricanes, our search was vain, and we had the sad reflection that we should

not be able to pay the last sad sepulchral rites to the body of this unfortunate young woman. We left the spot overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds bent on our cruel loss; although many other persons had perished, some of the spectators doubted, from the awful destiny of Virginia, the existence of a Providence. Alas! in life we find so many terrible and unmerited misfortunes fall upon the most innocent, as to shake the faith of the wisest and best of men.

During that time they had conveyed Paul, who was now recovering a little, to a house in the neighborhood, until he could be removed to his own house. I determined to proceed thither with Domingo, and undertake the melancholy task of preparing the mind of Virginia's mother and that of her friend, for the awful catastrophe which had happened. When we entered the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some of the blacks ran to inform us that the sea had thrown many vestiges of the wreck on the opposite bay. We descended thither, and the first object that presented itself to my view, was the body of Virginia; it was partly covered with sand, in the same attitude in which we had seen her for the last time. Her features were not materially altered. Her blue eyes were closed; and a placid serenity was still to be seen on her countenance; but the pale violets of death were blended with the blushes of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothes, and the other, that pressed upon her heart, was so firmly shut, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could rescue from it a small box; but what was my surprise, when I opened it, and found it to contain the miniature of Paul, which she had faithfully promised him never to forsake as long as she lived and had power to preserve anything! I wept bitterly, when I beheld this last mark of constancy and fidelity in this unfortunate young girl. As for Domingo, he struck his breast in an agony of grief, and rent the air with his piercing cries. We carried the lifeless corpse of Virginia to a fish-woman's hut, and intrusted it to the care of some poor Malabar women, who paid every attention to washing it.

Whilst they were occupied in this melancholy office, we in great agitation ascended the rock, and bent our steps towards the two cabins. There we found Madame de la Tour

and Margaret at prayer, and anxiously waiting to receive tidings respecting the vessel. As soon as Madame de la Tour perceived me she advanced towards me, and cried, "Where is my daughter, my beloved daughter?" From my long silence she feared that all was not right, and seeing my tears, she felt convulsive throbbings and agonizing pains, and her voice was only heard in sighs and groans. As for Margaret, she exclaimed, "Oh, where is my son? I do not see my son!" and then she fainted. We ran to her, and having revived her, we assured her that Paul was alive, and under the governor's care; when she was restored, she assisted her friend, who had long-continued faintings. Madame de la Tour remained the whole night in the most exquisite suffering; and such was her agitation, that I felt convinced that no sorrow was so poignant as maternal sorrow. When she recovered her senses, she cast a melancholy and languid look towards heaven. In vain did Margaret and myself press her hands in ours, and call her by the most kind appellations; she seemed insensible to such tributes of former affection, and only heaved deep and bitter groans.

In the morning they brought Paul home lying in a palanquin. He had recovered his senses, but was not able to speak. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour produced an effect quite different to that which I had anticipated and dreaded; it was of more service to them than all the tender care that we had shown them. One ray of consolation appeared on the faces of these unhappy mothers. They flew to meet him, clasped him in their arms, and embraced him; and their tears, which from the poignancy of their grief, had hitherto been supressed, now flowed in torrents. Paul mingled his with theirs. Nature having thus found relief, a long stupor succeeded that convulsive anguish which had before occupied their minds, and they now enjoyed a lethargic repose, similar to the sleep of death.

J. F. DE LA HARPE.

In his day Jean François de La Harpe (1739-1803), was esteemed as poet, tragedian, literary critic, and Academician; now he is almost forgotten save in name. His once noted work on "Ancient and Modern Literature" in sixteen volumes is hid beneath the dust of a century. He was professor of literature at the newly-established Lycée, worshipped Voltaire and lectured with the red cap on his head. He was nevertheless arrested and kept in prison for some time. In prison he sloughed his Voltairism and Jacobinism, and emerged a Catholic and a conservative. Then when the most violent storms of the Revolution had passed away the escaped La Harpe wrote in his "Memoirs" the following episode which might be styled the "Banquet of the Ancien Régime." It is a prophecy written after the event, so to speak, but the fiction is graphic enough to be true; for the events there recorded in the shape of predictions are but sober facts.

A Vision of the Revolution.

It seems to me but yesterday, and yet it was in the beginning of 1788. We were at table, in the house of one of our colleagues at the Academy, a gentleman of high position and a man of wit. The company was numerous and varied—courtiers, lawyers, men of letters, academicians. We had been well treated, according to the wont of our host. At dessert the wines of Malmsey and Constance added to our well-bred cheerfulness that sort of liberty which does not always maintain the well-bred tone. Men had then arrived at the point at which everything is forgiven if it leads to a laugh. Champfort had read to us his impious and libertine stories, and the ladies of distinction had listened without even resorting to their fans. Then followed a flood of jests upon religion. One quoted a tirade from Voltaire's "Pucelle," another repeated certain philosophical verses of Diderot. One of the guests had taken no part in all this lively conversation. It was Cazotte, a pleasant and original man, but unfortunately

infatuated by the dreams of the illuminati. He began to speak in the most serious tone: "Gentlemen," said he, "be content; you will all see this great revolution which you desire so much. You know that I am something of a prophet, and I repeat that you will see it. Do you know what will come of this revolution, what will happen to all of you that are here?" "Ah, let us hear," said Condorcet, with his sly and simple smile; "a philosopher is not sorry to come across a prophet." "You, Monsieur de Condorcet, will die on the pavement of a prison-cell; you will die of poison which you will have taken to escape the executioner, of poison which the luck of that time will compel you to carry always with you." At first there was great astonishment; then they laughed with the utmost gaiety. "What may all this have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?" "It is exactly as I tell you; it is in the name of philosophy, of humanity, of liberty, it is under the reign of reason that you will end thus; and it will be veritably a reign of reason, for it will have temples, and indeed there will be no other temples in all France at that time save those of reason. You, Monsieur de Champfort, you will cut your veins with two-and-twenty strokes of a razor, and yet you will only die months afterwards. You, Monsieur Vicq d'Azyr, will not open your veins yourself, but you will have them opened six times in one day, in the midst of an attack of gout, to be the more sure of your death; and you will die in the night. You, Monsieur de Nicolaï, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur Bailly, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur de Malesherbes, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur Roucher, also on the scaffold." "Oh, then, we shall be worsted by the Turks and Tartars?" "Not at all; as I have said, you will be governed by philosophy and reason alone. They who will treat you thus will be all philosophers, will continually have in their mouths the phrases you have been uttering for an hour past; they will repeat all your maxims, will quote like you the verses of Diderot and 'La Pucelle.'" "And when will all this happen?" "Six years will not pass before all that I have told you is accomplished." "Here are plenty of miracles," said La Harpe, "and you do not put me down for anything." "You

will come in for a miracle at least as extraordinary; you will then be a Christian." "Ah," replied Champfort, "I am relieved; if we are only to die when La Harpe is a Christian, we are immortal." "For one reason," then said the Duchess de Grammont, "we women are very fortunate not to count for anything in revolutions. It is an axiom that they take no trouble about us and our sex." "Your sex, ladies, will not protect you this time. You will be treated just like men, with no distinction whatever. You, Madame la Duchesse, will be led to the scaffold, you and many other ladies with you, in a cart, with your arms tied behind you." "Ah, I hope in that case, that I shall at least have a carriage draped in black." "No, madame, greater ladies than yourself will go like you in a cart, their hands bound behind them." "Greater ladies! what! princesses of the blood?" "Greater ladies still." They began to find the jest a little strong. Madame de Grammont, in order to dissipate the cloud, did not dwell upon this last reply, and contented herself with saying in a lighter tone: "You will see he does not mean to leave me so much as a confessor." "No, madame, you will not have one, you nor any one else; the last victim who will have one as a favor will be" . . . He paused for a moment. "Well, then, who is the happy mortal who will have this privilege?" "It is the only privilege which will remain to him, and that man will be the king of France."

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

After a most romantic career, André Marie de Chénier (1762–1794) perished upon the guillotine at the age of thirty-two. He has been styled the Adonis of the French Revolution—"the young swan who died strangled by its bloody hands." Born in Constantinople, he was at one time a French diplomat in London; at another time a soldier, stationed in Strasburg; but, above all, he was a poet, Greek at heart. The Revolution, however, drew this classicist into its maelstrom. He used all his eloquence against the Jacobins, and was one of those who prepared the defence for King Louis XVI. One of his poems, nevertheless, was an "Ode to

Charlotte Corday," the assassin of Marat. At last he fell a victim to the Reign of Terror, and a fellow-poet, Roucher (1745–1794), also rode to his death in the same tumbril.

They had been associated in literary work. A dubious tradition declares that as they rode along in the fatal cart, they recited together the first scene of Racine's "Andromaque," between Orestes and Pylades. On the scaffold Chénier exclaimed: "I have done nothing for posterity; nevertheless (touching his forehead) there was something there." He had hardly printed a line. He left behind him in Saint-Lazare the portfolios containing his poems. Some are full of the pathos of anticipated death. Thus he sings: "Before the eve my sun must set." Deeply touching is his prison lament for "The Young Captive." She was Mademoiselle Coigny, whom he met in the Conciergerie, and whom, in another ode, he calls "the white and gentle dove." Sainte-Beuve speaks of him as, "before 1789 especially, the poet of pure art and of pleasures; as the man of ancient Greece and of elegy." He compares the poet to "a flute of boxwood, a violin of gold, a lyre of ivory."

To Charlotte Corday.

(Executed July 18, 1795.)

What! while everywhere cowards and evil-doers,
With tears and plaints, whether sincere or feigned,
Consecrate Marat among the immortals;
While from the mire of Parnassus
An impudent reptile, proud priest of that vile idol,
At the foot of his altars vomits an infamous hymn,

Truth is silent! In her frozen mouth
Her tongue, fettered with bonds of fear,
Denies to generous exploits their just homage!
Is it, then, so sweet to live? Of what value is life,

When, under a shameful yoke, the enslaved thought,
Trembling in the depth of the heart, conceals itself from
all eyes?

No! no! Not in silence will I honor thee,
Who didst trust by thy death to give France new life,
And didst dedicate thy days to punishing crimes.
Thy arm grasped the sword, O maid, great and sublime,
To shame the gods, and to repair their crime,
When they gave to that monster the features of a man.

The black serpent, who had emerged from his cavern foul,
Saw the poisonous web of his abhorred days
Break under thy hand, firm and sure.
Back from the bowels of the tiger and from his man-slaying
teeth
Didst thou demand the livid members and blood
Of the human beings whom he had devoured!

His dying eye saw thee, in thy great joy,
Congratulate thy arm and contemplate thy victim.
To him thy look said: "Go, furious tyrant!
Go! hasten to open the way for the tyrants, thy accomplices.
As thy sole delight was to bathe in blood—
Bathe in thine own, and recognize the gods!"

Greece—O illustrious girl!—admiring thy courage,
Would have exhausted Paros to place thy image
By the side of Harmodius,—by the side of his friend;
And on thy tomb, choirs in a holy intoxication
Would have celebrated Nemesis, the tardy goddess,
Who strikes the wicked asleep on his throne.

But France abandons thy head to the axe;
For the butchered monster a fête is prepared
Among his companions, all worthy of his lot.
Ah! what a noble disdain made you smile
When a brigand,—the avenger of that savage brigand,—
Sought to terrify thee with threats of death.

Rather should he grow pale, and thy judges unjust,
And our horrible senate, and its horrible servants,
When at their tribunal, without fear or support,

Thy sweetness, thy speech, simple and generous,
Taught them that, indeed, however powerful is crime,
One who renounces life is still more powerful.

Long did thy impenetrable soul,
Under the disguise of a loving cheerfulness, in its deep recesses
Keep hidden the fate of the evil-doer.
Thus smiles a beautiful azure sky,
While gathering in secret the tempest, it prepares
To cast down the mountains, to toss on high the seas.

Beautiful, young, brilliant, when led to execution
Thou didst seem to ride on the bridal chariot;
Thy brow was peaceful, and thy look serene.
Calm on the scaffold, thou didst despise the rage
Of an abject people, servile and fruitful in outrage,
Who still believe themselves free and supreme.

Virtue only is free. Honor of our history,
Our immortal shame lives there with thy glory;
Thou alone wast a man, and didst avenge mankind!
And we, vile eunuchs,—cowardly and soulless herd,—
We can repeat womanish complaints,
But the sword would be too heavy for our feeble hands.

In this mire crawls one villain less.
Virtue applauds thee; listen, fair heroine!
Listen to the glorious voice of her manly praise.
O Virtue! the dagger is thy consecrated weapon,
Sole hope of the world, when the thunder
Allows crime to reign and sells thee to its laws.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

THE Tyrtæus of the French Revolution was Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle (1760–1836). He composed both the words and the music of the famous hymn of the Marseillaise. As a captain of engineers he was quartered at Strasburg when the volunteers of the Lower Rhine were ordered to join Luckner's army. Mayor Dietrich expressed regret that the soldiers had no patriotic song to march to, whereupon Rouget de Lisle was

inspired to write his great "War Song for the Army of the Rhine." An amateur musician, he picked out on a violin the first strains of its martial and inspiriting melody. This was on the night of April 24, 1792. It was played five days later by the band of the Garde Nationale at a review. On June 25 a singer named Mireur created a perfect furore by singing it at a civic banquet at Marseilles, and printed copies were distributed to the volunteers of the battalion just starting for Paris. Originally it contained only six stanzas, but a seventh was added when it was dramatized for the Fête of the Fédération, in order to complete the characters—an old man, a soldier, a wife and a child, among whom the characters were distributed. Rouget de Lisle was cashiered later for political reasons, and only released from prison on the fall of Robespierre.

The royalist poet received no favor from Napoleon, but after the Revolution of 1830 Béranger interested himself in the unfortunate poet, and Louis Philippe conferred a pension upon him. His other poems are entirely unworthy of the author of "La Marseillaise." Schumann has used the tune in his spirited song of the "Two Grenadiers," with splendid climactic effect.

The Marseillaise.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While liberty and peace lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The bold insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

COPYRIGHT, 1900

I. A. A. PILS, PINX

ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE

MADAME DE STAËL.

FAMOUS among modern literary women is she whose proper name and title is Anne Louise Germaine Necker, Baroness of Staël-Holstein. She was born in 1766 and died in 1817. She was the daughter of the famous Swiss financier, Necker, one of the richest bankers of Europe, and Gibbon's early love, Suzanne Curchod; and by her marriage *á la mode* to Eric Magnus, Baron of Staël-Holstein, she gained a doubly distinguished position at court. The Baron was appointed (according to an amusing pre-nuptial promise) Swedish ambassador to France, and thus Mme. de Staël—at the time of her marriage when not yet twenty years of age—secured a privileged social status at the court of Marie Antoinette. That she was a great personal favorite can scarcely be imagined. She was not only plain in features, but she was an inveterate strainer after effect, and had an overweening ambition to play a grand rôle in the world. She was eager to be recognized as the first woman of her day in France, and (probably owing to the statesmanship of her great sire) desired to be considered a real factor in the state. That she exerted some influence on the statecraft of her generation can hardly be denied, for—despite her lack of the truly feminine charms—she could fascinate some men. Benjamin Constant was her avowed adorer, as were such different individuals as August Wilhelm Schlegel and Narbonne. She sought, however, to pose in the dramatic attitude of Napoleon Bonaparte's severe critic and antagonist. However sincere her opposition to the Cor-

sican, there can be no doubt that throughout her serio-comic struggle with Napoleon her attitude and actions were distinctly theatrical. In this ridiculous warfare Napoleon was unscrupulous in his exercises of power, and went so far as to suppress her work, "De l'Allemagne" (Concerning Germany) after it had been carefully submitted to his censorship. He was vexed that a woman should dare to resist his intentions. As a despot, he felt it necessary to hush this meddlesome woman at any cost. What she would have been in the salons of the Empire is apparent in what she was elsewhere on the Continent—"A blue-stocking who spent much of her time in pestering men of genius, and drawing from them sarcastic comment behind her back." She held her social court, during her Napoleonic exile from Paris, at Coppet, her father's estate on the Lake of Geneva, where she reigned as absolute mistress. When Napoleon ordered Madame de Récamier and others into exile from France simply for visiting her there, Mme. de Staël professed to take alarm and escaped into Russia. Afterwards she visited England, and even bought property in America, and thought of moving to the New World. But with Napoleon's downfall she returned to Paris and held her triumphant salon there while her old enemy was caged on the little isle of St. Helena.

As social historians dispute over her claims to political influence, so the critics disagree concerning her literary merits. She largely reflected other people's ideas and had little originality. But it must be admitted that she was a phenomenal absorber and adapter. One of her severest arraigners admits that "nothing save a very great talent could have shown itself so receptive; to have caught from all sides in this manner the floating notions of society and individuals, to reflect them with such vigor and clearness, to combine them with such not inconsiderable skill, is not anybody's task." In her interesting work "On Germany" she furnished all the rest of Europe with the first view of the new German thought and letters. Even though Goethe hid from her and Schiller wrote piteous letters to him for condolence on account of her "siege," Mme. de Staël performed a memorably grateful task in this book, which is perhaps the most remarkable ac-

count of one country by a native and inhabitant of another. In her "Corinne," the record of a picturesque tour through Italy, with Schlegel and Sismondi, couched in the form of a novel, she gave France its first æsthetic romance. Corinne, like the titular heroine of Mme. de Staël's other romance, "Delphine," has a faithless lover, and dies of a broken heart. The sentimentality of the age saturates both tales.

Passion Week in Rome.

(From "Corinne." Book X.)

Much has been said of Passion week in Rome. A number of foreigners arrive during Lent, to enjoy this spectacle; and as the music at the Sixtine Chapel, and the illumination of St. Peter's, are unique of their kind, they naturally attract much curiosity, which is not always satisfied. The dinner served by the Pope to twelve representatives of the Apostles, whose feet he bathes, must recall solemn ideas; yet a thousand inevitable circumstances often destroy their dignity. All the contributors to these customs are not equally absorbed by devotion; ceremonies so oft repeated become mechanical to most of their agents; the young priests hurry over the service with dexterous activity anything but imposing. All the mysteries that should veil religion are dissipated, by the attention we cannot help giving to the manner in which each performs his function. The avidity of the one party for the meat set before them, the indifference of the other to their prayers and genuflections, deprive the whole of its due sublimity.

The ancient costumes still worn by the ecclesiastics ill accord with their modern heads. The bearded Patriarch of the Greek Church is the most venerable figure left for such offices. The old fashion, too, of men courtesying like women, is dangerous to decorum. The past and the present, indeed, rather jostle than harmonize; little care is taken to strike the imagination, and none to prevent its being distracted. A worship so brilliantly majestic in its externals is certainly well fitted to elevate the soul; but more caution should be observed, lest its ceremonies degenerate into plays, in which the actors get by rote what they have to do, and at what time;

when to pray, when to have done praying; when to kneel, and when to rise. Court rules introduced at church restrain that soaring elasticity which alone can give man hope of drawing near his Maker.

The generality of foreigners observe this; yet few Romans but yearly find fresh pleasure in these sacred fêtes. It is a peculiarity in Italian character, that versatility of taste leads not to inconstancy; and that vivacity removes all necessity for truth; it deems everything more grand, more beautiful than reality. The Italians, patient and persevering even in their amusements, let imagination embellish what they possess, instead of bidding them crave what they have not; and as elsewhere vanity teaches men to seem fastidious, in Italy warmth of temperament makes it a pleasure to admire.

After all the Romans had said to Nevil of their Passion week, he had expected much more than he had found. He sighed for the august simplicity of the English Church, and returned home discontented with himself, for not having been affected by that which he ought to have felt. In such cases we fancy that the soul is withered, and fear that we have lost that enthusiasm, without which reason itself would serve but to disgust us with life.

Good Friday restored all the religious emotions of Lord Nevil; he was about to regain Corinne—the sweet hopes of love blended with that piety, from which nothing save the factitious career of the world can entirely wean us. He sought the Sixtine Chapel, to hear the far-famed *Miserere*. It was yet light enough for him to see the pictures of Michael Angelo—the Day of Judgment, treated by a genius worthy so terrible a subject. Dante had infected this painter with the bad taste of representing mythological beings in the presence of Christ; but it is chiefly as demons that he has characterized these Pagan creations. Beneath the arches of the roof are seen the prophets and heathen priestesses, called as witnesses by the Christians (*teste David cum Sibylla*); a host of angels surround them. The roof is painted as if to bring heaven nearer to us; but that heaven is gloomy and repulsive. Day scarcely penetrates the windows, which throw on the pictures more shadows than beams. This dimness, too, enlarges the already

commanding figures of Michael Angelo. The funeral perfume of incense fills the aisles, and every sensation prepares us for that deeper one which awaits the touch of music.

While Oswald was lost in these reflections, he beheld Corinne, whom he had not expected yet to see, enter that part of the chapel reserved for women, and separated by a grating from the rest. She was in black; pale with abstinence, and so tremulous, as she perceived him, that she was obliged to support herself by the balustrade. At this moment the *Miserere* commenced. Voices well practiced in this pure and antique chant rose from an unseen gallery; every instant rendered the chapel darker. The music seemed to float in the air; no longer in the voluptuously impassioned strains which the lovers had heard together a week since, but such as seemed bidding them renounce all earthly things. Corinne knelt before the grate. Oswald himself was forgotten. At such a moment she would have loved to die. If the separation of soul and body were but painless; if an angel would bear away thought and feeling on his wings—divine sparks, that shall return to their source—death would be then the heart's spontaneous act, an ardent prayer most mercifully granted. The verses of this psalm are sung alternately, and in very contrasted styles. The heavenly harmony of one is answered by murmured recitative, heavy and even harsh, like the reply of worldings to the appeal of sensibility, or the realities of life defeating the vows of generous souls: when the soft choir reply, hope springs again, again to be frozen by that dreary sound which inspires not terror, but utter discouragement; yet the last burst, most reassuring of all, leaves just the stainless and exquisite sensation in the soul which we would pray to be accorded when we die. The lights are extinguished; night advances; the pictures gleam like prophetic phantoms through the dusk; the deepest silence reigns: speech would be insupportable in this state of self-communion; every one steals slowly away, reluctant to resume the vulgar interests of the world.

Corinne followed the procession to St. Peter's, as yet illumined but by a cross of fire: this type of grief shining alone through the immense obscure, fair image of Christianity amid

the shades of life! A wan light falls over the statues on the tombs. The living, who throng these arches, appear but pigmies, compared with the effigies of the dead. Around the cross is a space cleared, where the Pope, arrayed in white, with all the cardinals behind him, prostrate themselves to the earth, and remain nearly half an hour profoundly mute. None hear what they request; but they are old, going before us towards the tomb, whither we must follow. Grant us, O God! the grace so to ennoble age, that the last days of life may be the first of immortality.

Corinne, too, the young and lovely Corinne, knelt near the priests; the mild light weakened not the lustre of her eyes. Oswald looked on her as an entrancing picture, as well as an adored woman. Her orison concluded, she rose; her lover dared not approach, revering the meditations in which he believed her still plunged; but she came to him, with all the rapture of reunion;—happiness was so shed over her every action, that she received the greetings of her friends with unwonted gayety. St. Peter's, indeed, had suddenly become a public promenade, where every one made appointments of business or of pleasure. Oswald was astonished at this power of running from one extreme to another; and, much as he rejoiced in the vivacity of Corinne, he felt surprised at her thus instantly banishing all traces of her late emotions. He could not conceive how this glorious edifice, on so solemn a day, could be converted into the *Café* of Rome, where people meet for amusement; and seeing Corinne encircled by admirers, to whom she chatted cheerfully, as if no longer conscious where she stood, he felt some mistrust as to the levity of which she might be capable.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

THE ablest leader of the anti-revolutionary and New Catholic movement that rose against the French Republic and Napoleon was Joseph de Maistre (1754–1821), senator, count, diplomatist. He was a Legitimist to such an extent that he willingly left Savoy and his senatorship to escape the invading French Republic; and yet this *emigré* was Roman

Catholic even more than Legitimist. He was not so much a defender of absolute monarchy as a believer in absolute Papacy. He was the great champion of both the spiritual and the temporal supremacy of the pope. His work, "On the Pope," is a defiant apology for this claim of the Roman pontiffs. He defends it in the name of humanity itself, as the only sure balance of equity between the other forces of society. He had no patience whatever with the philosophism of the eighteenth century.

He displays constantly an alert and profound logic; but his critics assert that this logic was used in defense of paradoxes. His most severe antagonists even condemn him bitterly. Michelet, the historian, has written, for instance, this verdict on the great Catholic polemic: "Voltaire had cleverly foreseen and foretold that the last barbarians in this age of tolerance would be found amongst the magistrates. It is, indeed, a disease amongst those who, from father to son, have been accustomed to judge, condemn, dispose of human life—it is a disease to feel the need for always exercising that terrible function. . . . After the power of God, which is to create, the highest power, no doubt, is that of killing. . . . This was the genius of the greatest writer of the Restoration, de Maistre, a judge at Chambéry, whose audacious little book, not at all defensive, attacked, on the contrary, Reason, and challenged it to defend itself. . . . All that he knows of the world is the Fall of man, and the beautiful Christian justice where the innocent pays for the guilty. 'Let us not grieve for the great massacres of innocents which always took place on the earth.' It is the method by which the heavenly gardener, by lopping off some branches, renders the others fertile. There the author enumerates the immense massacres which God has allowed; it seems that he takes pleasure in them, and that (as in the ancient *taurobolium*) he revives in a bath of blood."

De Maistre certainly saw in the horrors of the French Revolution the hand of God ("Considerations upon the French Revolution"). In his "Letters to a Russian Gentleman" he defends the Holy Inquisition. In his "Unpublished Chapters on Russia" he opposes the emancipation of serfs. And in

his "Evenings at St. Petersburg," eleven conversations on the fortunes of virtue and vice in the world, he declares: "The hangman ought to have in society a grand and terrible place." This panegyric on the executioner as the foundation of social order is so startling that it is small wonder that most critics have allowed it to overshadow all the author's work.

The Executioner.

From that awful prerogative, of which I was just now speaking, arises the necessary existence of a man destined to inflict on crimes the punishments decreed by human justice; and such a man, in fact, is found everywhere, without there being any means of explaining how; for reason cannot discover in the nature of man any motive capable of determining the choice of that occupation. I think you are too well accustomed to reflect, gentlemen, for it never to have happened to you to meditate often on the executioner. What is, then, that inexplicable being who has preferred to all the trades—agreeable, lucrative, honest, and even honorable—which present themselves so abundantly to human strength or dexterity—that of tormenting and putting to death his fellow-beings? His head, his heart—are they made like ours? Do they contain nothing peculiar and foreign to our nature? For my part, I cannot doubt it. He is made like us externally; he is born as we are; but yet he is an extraordinary being, and that he should exist in the human family there is needed a special decree, a FIAT of the creative Power. He is brought into existence as a world is created. Behold what he is in the opinion of men, and explain, if you can, how he can ignore or withstand that opinion. Hardly has authority assigned his residence; hardly has he taken possession of it, when the other residents withdraw so far that they may no longer see his. In the midst of that solitude, and of that desert formed around him, he lives alone with his family and his children, who make him know the human voice, for without them he would know nothing of it but groans. . . .

A mournful signal is given; an abject servant of justice has rapped at his door, and warned him that there is need

of him; he departs; he arrives in the public square covered with a crowd thronging and throbbing. There is cast before him a poisoner, a parricide, a sacrilegious wretch. He seizes him; he stretches him; he binds him on a horizontal cross; he lifts the arms. Then there falls a terrible silence, and they hear only the crash of the bones, which resound under the bludgeon, and the shrieks of the victim. He unfastens the body; carries it to the wheel; the broken limbs are entwined with the spokes; the head hangs down; the hair stands erect; and the mouth, open as a furnace, sends forth at intervals a few sobbing cries which call for death.

The executioner has finished his task; his heart beats, but it is with joy; he applauds himself; he says in his heart, "No one can ply the wheel better than I." He descends; he extends his hand, soiled with blood, and Justice casts in it, from afar, some pieces of money, which he carries through a double row of men separated by horror. He sits down at table and eats; he lies in bed and sleeps; and to-morrow on awakening he thinks of something quite different from what he did the morning before. Is this a man? Yes. God receives him in His temples, and permits him to pray. He is not a criminal; nevertheless, no one is willing to say, for example, that he is virtuous; that he is a good man; that he is respectable. There is no moral commendation suitable for him, for all such commendations are based on relations with men, and he has none.

Nevertheless all greatness, all power, all government rests on the executioner. He is at once the horror and the bond of human society. Remove from the world that incomprehensible agent, and in the same instant order gives place to chaos, thrones are sunk in the abyss, and society is dissolved. God, who is the author of sovereignty, is also the author of punishment. He has hung our world on these two poles; for Jehovah is the controller of these two poles, and on them He makes the world revolve.

VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

At the opening of the nineteenth century the greatest literary man in France was François Auguste, Vicomte de Chateaubriand (1768–1848). In his egotism he believed himself to be Napoleon Bonaparte's literary counterpart. He may, indeed, be called Father of the Romantic Movement. His "Genius of Christianity" and his epic romance of "Atala" exhibit the religious sentimentality and the picturesque nature-worship of Rousseau and Saint Pierre. In "Atala" he drew a picture of savage life and love in the wilds of America. The sister epic romance of "René" has been truly declared to be a connecting link between Goethe's Werther and Byron's Childe Harold. It reveals the misery of a morbid, dissatisfied soul, in which sensibility, poetic sentiment and egotism are thoroughly intermixed. Chateaubriand was perhaps the earliest exponent of that spiritual epidemic and weariness of life, which is most fully exemplified in Byron.

Both "Atala" and "René" are detached episodes of "The Natchez," a prose epic in which he portrays the life of the American Indians, making them, however, refined and noble barbarians after the fashion of Ossian. This knowledge of American scenery was secured from a visit to this country in 1790 on a romantic but otherwise fruitless search for a Northwest Passage. He traveled from Niagara to Florida.

Chateaubriand followed up his grandiloquent "Genius of Christianity" with a prose epic, "The Martyrs," a story of Diocletian's reign, which shifts to Gaul and mythic Frankish

heroes, and actually ends in Purgatory itself. In this epic and his greater work, as also in his "Itinerary of a Trip from Paris to Jerusalem," he sought to embody the romantic and picturesque aspect of Catholicism. His "Genius of Christianity" happily appeared on the eve of Napoleon's re-establishment of the Catholic religion. The author was then, as befitted his noble Breton blood, an emigré; but Napoleon appointed him an attaché at Rome. Nevertheless he was estranged by the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. He once called the history of France under Napoleon "slavery without the shame." In 1814, by another lucky chance, he published his "Bonaparte and the Bourbons," which Louis XVIII. afterward declared had been worth to him a thousand men. He spent the Hundred Days at Ghent with that monarch. His autobiography is entitled "Memoires d'Outre Tombe."

Chactas Relates the Death of Atala.

The heroine of "Atala" is the daughter of a white man and a Christianized Indian. By her mother's command she took a vow of virginity, but later fell in love with Chactas, a young Indian. When she was tempted by this passion to break her vow she took poison. She was absolved by a hermit to whom she confessed her sins. She makes an edifying end, and is buried by her lover on a tomb of sensitive plants, with a magnolia blossom in her hair and the scapulary of her vows about her neck.

As the last rays of light calm the winds and restore serenity to the sky, so the tender words of the hermit appeased the troubles that agitated the breast of my beloved. Her thoughts now rested only upon my grief, which she endeavored to alleviate; and, to fortify my mind to bear the loss, sometimes she told me that she should die happy, if I would dry up my tears; sometimes she talked of my mother, or my native country; seeking to distract my mind from my present sorrow, by awaking other remembrances, she exhorted me to patience and virtue. "Thou wilt not always be unhappy," said she; "if Heaven sends you this severe trial now, it is only to render you more compassionate to the misfortunes of others. The heart, O Chactas, resembles those trees, which yield a balm to heal the wounds of man only when they are

wounded by a knife." When she had thus spoken she turned towards the missionary for that comfort which she had administered to me; and alternately consoling and consoled, she gave and received the word of life upon the couch of death.

The hermit's zeal seemed to increase; his aged limbs were re-animated by the ardor of his charity. He was constantly preparing drugs, re kindling the fire, attending the couch, and making pious exhortations on God and the happiness of the just. With the torch of religion in his hand, he showed the way to future regions. The humble cell was filled with the splendor of her Christian death; and the celestial spirits, no doubt, attended the edifying scene, where religion struggled with love, youth, and death.

Divine religion triumphed; and the pious melancholy that succeeded in our hearts, to the transports of passion, was the trophy of her victory. Towards the middle of the night, Atala seemed sufficiently revived to repeat the prayers of the holy priest; rising from the side of her couch a short time after, she extended her hand toward me, and in a trembling voice said, "O son of Outalissi, dost thou remember the first night when thou didst take me for the virgin of the last love! Oh! wonderful omen of our future fate." She then stopped, then resumed, "When I think that I am about to leave thee for ever, my heart makes such efforts to revive, that love seems almost to render me immortal; but God, thy will be done." After a short pause, she added, "It now only remains for me to ask your forgiveness for all the uneasiness that I have caused you. I have made you unhappy by my pride and my caprices. Chactas, a little earth will soon separate us, and deliver you from all my misfortunes." "Forgive you," replied I, bathed in tears; "is it not I who have caused your misfortunes?" "Beloved friend," said she, interrupting me, "you have rendered me very happy, and had I to begin life again, I should prefer the happiness of our short love in exile, to a life of tranquillity in my native country."

Here Atala's voice faltered; the films of death covered her glassy eyes and mouth; her wandering hands seemed to seek

the shroud, and she whispered to the invisible spirits; then making an effort, she endeavored, but in vain, to untie the golden crucifix that was suspended around her neck; she begged of me to take it off, and in a low voice said, "When I spoke to thee the first time, near the pile, thou observedst this cross by the light of the fire: it is the only property which Atala possesses. Lopez, thy father and mine, sent it to my mother at my birth. Receive it from me as thine inheritance, preserve it as a memorial of our misfortunes: thou wilt doubtless implore the God of the unfortunate, as thou goest through this life of trouble. O Chactas, I have one last request to make to thee: O my dearest friend, our union on this earth could have been but short, but there is a future state which will be more durable; it is everlasting; and how dreadful to be separated forever. I only precede and wait thy arrival in the celestial regions: if thou lovest me, embrace the Christian religion, which will procure for us an eternal reunion. That divine religion performs a great miracle, since it enables me to quit thee without despair. O Chactas! I only wish to exact one single promise from thee. I know too well the consequence of a rash vow. It might deprive thee of some other woman more happy than myself. O my mother! forgive thy distracted child; O Virgin, take pity on me! I fall again into my former weakness, I avert my thoughts from Thee, O God! when they should all be applied in imploring Thy mercy."

Overwhelmed with grief and sobbing, my heart was ready to burst. I promised Atala that one day I would embrace the Christian religion. At these words, the priest rising as if inspired, extended his arms towards the vault of the cell, and exclaimed, "It is time to call here the presence of the Omnipotent."

As he spoke, methought an invisible hand forced me to prostrate myself at the side of Atala's couch. The priest then opened a secret recess, where a golden urn was concealed, covered by a silk veil; he fell on his knees in devout adoration: the whole cell seemed suddenly illuminated by it. Methought I heard the voices of angels, and the sounds of celestial harps. When the hallowed hermit took

the sacred urn from the tabernacle, to me it seemed as if I saw the Great Spirit emerging from the rock.

The priest uncovered the chalice, took a wafer as white as snow between his fingers, and approached Atala, pronouncing mysterious words. She raised her eyes towards Heaven, and was in rapture: all her pains subsided: departing life seemed as if collecting on her faded lips; and her mouth, half opened, received the God concealed under the mystic bread: the holy divine then dipped some cotton in consecrated oil, and anointed her forehead, and after looking a few minutes upon Atala, he suddenly uttered these solemn words: "Depart, Christian soul; go and rejoin thy Creator." Then raising my drooping head, and steadfastly looking at the vase which contained the consecrated oil, I exclaimed, "Will that remedy restore life to Atala?" "Yes, my son," said the pious anchoret, falling in my arms, "to life eternal." Atala had just expired.——

Here Chactas was again obliged to interrupt his narration; his tears fell; sobs stifled his utterance. The blind sachem uncovered his bosom, and taking out Atala's crucifix, "Here," said he, "this is the pledge of love and misery; René, my son, thou canst behold it—but I,—no more; tell me after so many years is not the gold changed; have not my tears left some traces on it? Couldst thou perceive a place where a saint pressed it to her lips? Why is not old Chactas a Christian? What frivolous reasons of policy could make me still adhere to the idolatry of my forefathers? No! I will delay it no longer: the earth cries to me aloud, When wilt thou descend to the grave? and what do you wait for to embrace this divine religion? O earth, thou wilt not wait long. As soon as a priest shall have renovated by the baptismal flood a head grown white with age and sorrow, I hope to be united to Atala."—But to continue our narration.

I cannot now, O René, describe the despair that seized my soul when Atala had breathed her last; such a description would require more warmth than remains to my grief-worn spirits. Yes, the moon that spreads her silvery rays around our heads, and over the vast plains of Kentucky shall cease to shine, and the rivers to flow, before my tears for Atala shall

be dried up. For two days I was insensible to the advice of the hermit. In endeavoring to calm my distress, this holy man did not use vain and worldly arguments; he only said, "My son, the will of God be done;" and clasped me in his arms. Had I not felt, I never should have thought there could have been so much comfort in those few words of a resigned Christian. The tenderness, compassion, and unalterable affection, of the pious servant of the Most High, conquered my obstinate grief. Ashamed of the tears he had shed on my account, "O father," said I, "let not the passions of a miserable youth disturb thy aged breast; let me take the sad remains of my beloved; I will bury them in some remote corner of the desert, and if I am condemned to live, I shall endeavor to render myself worthy of those eternal nuptials promised by Atala."

The hermit was delighted with my returning fortitude, and enthusiastically exclaimed, "May the blood of Jesus Christ, our divine master, which was shed in compassion to our miseries, have mercy upon this young man; increase his courage, and restore peace to his troubled mind, and only leave in it a useful and humble recollection of his misfortunes."

The holy priest refused to give up the corpse of the daughter of Lopez, but he offered to assemble the inhabitants of the village and to inter her with all Christian pomp, but I refused, saying, "The misfortunes and virtues of Atala are unknown to the rest of mankind; let a solitary grave be dug by our hands to share their obscurity." We agreed to set out the next day by sunrise to inter Atala, at the foot of the natural bridge, and in the entrance to the groves of death.

Towards night we carried the precious remains of this pious saint to the entrance of the cell on the north side. The hermit had enveloped her in a piece of linen cloth of his mother's spinning—the only thing that he had preserved from Europe, and which he intended for his own shroud. Atala lay stretched on a couch of sensitive plants; her feet, head, and shoulders were uncovered, and her hair was adorned with a flower of a magnolia; it was the sensitive flower which I had placed upon the maiden's head. Her lips, that were like

a withered rose, seemed endeavoring to smile: dark blue veins appeared upon her marble cheeks, her beauteous eyelids were closed, her feet were joined, and her alabaster hands pressed an ebony crucifix to her heart; the fatal scapulary was suspended on her bosom; she looked as if enchanted by the spirit of melancholy, and resting in the double sleep of innocence and death. Her appearance was quite celestial, and had any one seen her, and been ignorant that she had possessed animation, he would have supposed her the statue of virginity.

The pious anchoret ceased not to pray during the whole night. I sat in silence at the top of Atala's funeral couch: how often had I supported her sleeping head upon my knees, and how often had I bent over her beauteous form listening to her and inhaling her perfumed breath; but now no soft murmur issued from her motionless bosom, and it was in vain that I waited for my beloved to awake. The moon supplied her pale light to the funeral eve: she rose at midnight, as a fair virgin that weeps over the bier of a departed friend: it covered the whole scene with a deep melancholy, displaying the aged oaks and flowing rivers. From time to time the cenobite plunged a bunch of flowers into consecrated water, and bathed the couch of death with the heavenly dew, repeating in a solemn voice some verses from the ancient poet Job.

"Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery? and life unto the bitter in soul?"

Thus did the venerable missionary sing; his grave and tremulous voice was re-echoed in the silent woods, and the name of God and the grave was resounded by the neighboring torrents and mountains: the sad warbling of the Virginia dove, the roaring of the waves, and the bell that called travelers, mixed with these funeral chants, and methought I heard in the groves of death the departed spirits join the hermit's voice in mournful chorus. The eastern horizon was now fringed with gold: sparrow-hawks shrieked on the cliffs, and the squirrels hastened into the crevices of old elms: it was the time appointed for Atala's funeral. I carried the

COPYRIGHT, 1900

A. L. Girodet de Roussy, Finx

THE BURIAL OF ATALA

corpse upon my shoulders, the hermit preceding me with a spade in his hand. We descended from one mountain to another: old age and death equally retarded our steps. At the sight of the dog which had discovered us in the forest, and who now leaping with joy followed us another road, I could not refrain from tears. Often did the golden tresses of Atala, fanned by the morning gale obscure my eyes, and often was I obliged to deposit my sacred load upon the grass to recover my strength. At last we arrived at the sad spot: we descended under the bridge. O my dear son, what a melancholy sight to see a young savage and an old hermit kneeling opposite each other busily engaged in digging a grave for an innocent virgin, whose corpse lay stretched in a dried ravine.

When we had finished our dismal task we placed the beauteous virgin in her earthly bed: alas! I had hoped to have prepared another couch for her. Then taking a little dust in my hand, and maintaining the most profound silence I scattered it, and for the last time looked at the remains of my beloved; then I spread the earth on a face of eighteen years. I saw the lovely features and graceful form of my sister gradually disappear behind the curtain of eternity. Her snowy bosom appeared rising under the black clay as a lily that lifts its fair head from the dark mold. "Lopez!" I exclaimed, "behold thy son, burying his sister!" and I entirely covered Atala with the earth of sleep. We returned to the cell, when I informed the priest of the project that I had formed of settling near him. The saint, who was thoroughly acquainted with the heart of man, discovered that my thoughts were the effects of sorrow. He said, "O, Chactas, son of Outalissi, whilst Atala lived, I entreated you to remain here, but now that your destiny is altered, you owe yourself to your native land; believe me, my dear son, grief is not eternal; it will sooner or later forsake the heart of man. Return to Meschacébé [Mississippi], and console your mother, who daily weeps and wants your support.

"Be instructed in the religion of your beloved Atala, and never forget the promise you made her to follow the paths of virtue, and to embrace the Christian religion: I will guard

the tomb of your sister. Depart my son; God, the soul of Atala, and the heart of your old friend, will follow you."

Such were the words of the hermit of the rock. His authority was so great, and his wisdom so profound, that it was impossible to disobey him. The next day I quitted my venerable host, who, as he clasped me to his arms, gave me his last counsel and benediction, accompanied with tears. I went to the grave of my Atala, I was surprised to see upon it a little cross, that looked like the top-mast of a wrecked ship seen at a distance. I guessed that the priest had come to pray at the tomb, during the night; this mark of friendship and religion filled my eyes with tears, I felt almost tempted to open the grave, that I might once more behold my beloved Atala; I sat on the earth newly turned, my elbows resting upon my knees, my head supported by my hands; I remained buried in deep and sorrowful meditation. Then for the first time I made the most serious reflections upon the vanity of mankind, and the still greater vanity of human projects.

ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS.

THE most eloquent representative of Christian socialism was Robert de Lamennais (1782–1854), who was also one of the earliest to espouse that cause. He had been for a time a Catholic priest, but failed to bring about his proposed alliance between that Church and the masses, in opposition to kings. He had hoped to see the Church become an organizing power and gather the people into a new economic, as well as religious society, with a grand coöperative association of laborers. His original ultramontanism had won for him the favor of Pope Leo XII. But when he afterward published his paper, *L'Avenir* (The Dawn) with the motto, "God and Liberty; the Pope and the People;" and called to the clergy, "Separate yourselves from the kings, extend your hand to the people," Pope Gregory XVI. was displeased. Lamennais submitted at the time, but afterwards renewed his effort, and being condemned, left the Church. "Catholicism," he stated, "was my own life because it is the life of humanity;" but he bitterly denounced the clergy. He poured forth his

own socialistic Christianity in one of the strangest prose poems ever written—"Les Paroles d'un Croyant" (The Words of a Believer). It has well been called "a strange, weird, fascinating book." Its spirituality reminds us of Pascal; full of the fervor and beauty of poetry, it describes with deepest pity the wrongs and sufferings inflicted on the laborer by rulers and capitalists. This work was speedily condemned by the Pope as "small in size, but immense in its perversity." To-day, however, we may view all the ideas of Lamennais, we must agree with Ernest Renan's literary verdict: "The two essential qualities of Lamennais, simplicity and grandeur, are unfolded quite leisurely in these little 'poems,' which are pervaded by exquisite and true sentiment. He created, with reminiscences of the Bible and of the ecclesiastical language, this harmonious and grand manner which realizes a phenomenon unique in the literary world—a pastiche of genius."

Lamennais was naturally no admirer of Napoleon. "To study the genius of Bonaparte," he wrote while the Emperor was on Elba, "in the institutions which he founded, is to sound the darkest depths of crime, and to seek the measure of human perversity."

Vision of the Future.

When after a long drought, a gentle shower falls upon the earth, it drinketh greedily the rain from heaven which refreshes and fertilizes it.

So thirsty nations shall greedily drink the Word of God, when it falleth upon them like a refreshing shower.

And justice, with love, and peace, and liberty, shall spring up in their bosom.

And this time shall be as the time when all men were brethren, and the voice of the master, and the voice of the slave, the groans of the poor, and the sighs of the oppressed, shall no more be heard, but songs of joy and thanksgiving.

Fathers shall say to their sons: Our early days have been troubled, full of tears and anguish. But now the sun rises and sets upon our joy. Praised be God, who hath showed us these blessings before we die!

And mothers shall say to their daughters: Ye see your countenances now serene; disappointment, sorrow and misery trace no longer there, as in olden times, their deep furrows. Your countenances are like the surface of a lake in spring time, which is rippled by no breeze. Praised be God, who hath showed us these blessings before we die!

And the young men shall say to the young virgins: Ye are lovely as the flowers of the field, pure as the dew which refreshes them, as the light which colors them. It is sweet to look upon our fathers, it is sweet to stand near our mothers, but when we behold you standing near us there passeth over our spirits something which is heavenly. Praised be God, who hath showed us these blessings before we die!

And the young virgins shall answer: The flowers fade, they pass away; there cometh a day when the dew shall not refresh them, when the light shall not color them. But there is upon the earth a virtue which fadeth not, neither passeth it away. Our fathers are like the ear which is filled with grain in autumn, our mothers like the vine which is laden with fruit. It is sweet to us to look upon our fathers, it is sweet to us to stand near our mothers, and the sons of our fathers and of our mothers are sweet to us also. Praised be God, who hath showed us these blessings before we die.

Mother and Daughter.

It was a winter's night. The wind sighed without, and the snow whitened the roofs.

Under one of those roofs, in a narrow chamber, were seated, working with their hands, a woman of bleached locks and her young daughter.

And from time to time, the aged woman warmed at a little fire her pallid hands. An earthen lamp lighted this poor abode, and a ray of that lamp fell upon an image of the Virgin which was hung upon the wall.

Then the young daughter, lifting her eyes, regarded for some moments in silence the woman of bleached locks; at length she spoke: My mother, you have not always been in this distress.

And there was in her voice a sweetness and a tenderness which were inexpressible.

And the woman of bleached locks replied: My daughter, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

Having spoken these words, she was silent for a short time; at length she spoke again:

When I lost your father, I thought my sorrow incurable; still you remained to me; but then I felt only my agony.

Since that time, I have thought that had he lived, and seen us in this distress, his heart would have broken; and I have felt that God hath been kind to him.

The daughter said not a word, but, bending her head, some tears which she struggled to hide, fell upon the work which she held in her hands.

The mother added: God, who hath been kind toward him, hath also been kind toward us. Wherein have we wanted, while so many have wanted every thing?

It is true, that God hath caused us to become accustomed to little, and to gain that little by our labor; but is not that little enough? And have not all, since the beginning, been condemned to live by their labor?

God in His goodness hath given us bread from day to day; how many have it not? He hath given to us a shelter, and how many know not where to lay their heads?

He hath, O my daughter! given thee to me; wherefore should I complain?

At these last words, the young daughter, deeply moved, fell upon her knees before her mother, took her hands, kissed them, and hung upon her bosom weeping.

And the mother, struggling to raise her voice: My daughter, said she, happiness consisteth not in possessing much, but in hoping much and loving much.

Our hope is not here below, neither our love, for if they are here, they are here but for a moment.

After God, you are my all in this world; but this world passeth away like a dream, and therefore my love riseth with thee toward another world.

When I carried you in my womb, I prayed one day with much earnestness to the Virgin Mary, and she appeared to

me during my sleep, and seemed, with a celestial smile, to present me with a little infant.

And I took the infant which she gave me, and whilst I held it in my arms, the Virgin Mary placed upon its head a crown of white roses.

In less than a month after, you were born, and the sweet vision was always before my eyes.

So saying, the woman of bleached locks started up and folded her young daughter to her heart.

Not long after this, a holy spirit saw two brilliant forms mounting toward heaven, and a troop of angels accompanied them, and the air resounded with their songs of joy.

The Exile.

I have been asked: Wherefore weepest thou? And when I have answered, no one wept with me, for no one could understand me. The exile is everywhere alone.

I have seen old men surrounded by their children, like an olive tree by its shoots; but none of those old men called me his son, not one of those children called me his brother. The exile is everywhere alone.

I have seen young maidens bestow a smile, pure as the dawn of the morning, upon him whom their affection had chosen for a spouse; but no one smiles on me. The exile is everywhere alone.

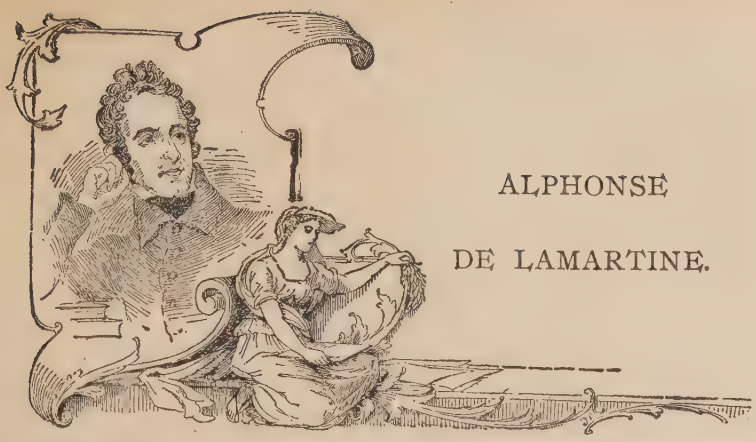
I have seen young men, bosom to bosom, embrace as if they wished their two lives might grow into one; but no one hath grasped my hand. The exile is everywhere alone.

There are nor friends, nor spouses, nor fathers, nor brethren, but in one's own country. The exile is everywhere alone.

Poor exile! cease to mourn, all are banished like thyself; all hasten to vanish away, fathers, brethren, spouses, friends.

Your country is not here below; man vainly seeks it here, and finds, in place of it, nothing more than a lodging for a night.

There goes one, a wanderer on the earth. May God guide the poor exile.



ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

For the melancholy generation of Frenchmen after Waterloo, Alphonse de Prat de Lamartine (1791–1869) was the high priest of sentimentalism. He penned his "Meditations" and "Laments," as he himself expressed it, "not in ink, but in written tears." While chiefly a sentimentalist he was also a landscape painter. He may be said to have wrought into verse what Rousseau, Bernardin de St. Pierre, and Chateaubriand had already expressed in prose. His tenderness and invariable nobility of temperament (despite a certain monotony of complaint which runs like an undercurrent through his verses) may compensate, in his best poems, for his lack of vigor and sterling emotion; and the exquisite harmony and dainty charm of his verse makes us well understand the fervor of Alfred de Musset's apostrophe to his adored Lamartine. Well-bred is the term that irresistibly suggests itself as descriptive of Lamartine, both as poet and as man. Born in Franche-Comté, the son of a royalist who had narrowly escaped from the guillotine of the Terror, this darling of the mournful muse had received the education of a Catholic noble, had served—even while inditing his first "Meditations"—in the royal body-guard, after the Restoration, and was essentially aristocratic. By a curious revolution of the political whirligig, Lamartine was elected to the Chamber of Deputies after the July Revolution of 1830, won great fame as an orator on its floor, and contributed an appreciable share of influence to the overthrow of Louis Philippe. For a brief space, in 1848, he was almost the dictator of France, but his political

prestige was speedily dissipated; and before his death this discredited leader of the Republic was glad to accept a pension from "Napoleon the Little." Lamartine attempted a grand epic, utterly unsuited to his genius, two fragments of which—"Jocelyn" and "The Fall of an Angel"—remain as relics. He was more successful in his picturesque descriptions of the Holy Land in his "Travels in the Orient." He also left a brilliant declamatory "History of the Girondists" and numerous biographies, histories and miscellanies.

My Childhood's Home.

Paternal vales, poor cot, and pleasant field,
Hard by the woods hung on the mountain brow,
Seems your low roof, by ivy tufts concealed,
A nest beneath a bough.

Ye lawns with intersecting streams and shade,
Porch, where my father, honored far and nigh,
Told his fat herds returned from grassy glade,
Throw wide your gates.——'Tis I.

Here rustic gods to make their home rejoice;
I hear a horn blare from the turret walls;
The air seems laden with a tearful voice,
Which my young days recalls.

To thee, my childhood's cradle, I return,
Clinging henceforth to thy protecting hearth;
Cities with their vain opulence I spurn,
I had, midst shepherds, birth.

A child, I roved far over the plain, like these,
Till eve after the truant lambs to look;
And then, like them, to wash their snowy fleece
In pool of running brook.

I loved on woodbine's supple chains to swing,
And branch on branch to climb to, where above
First I might snatch from 'neath the mother's wing,
Eggs of the turtle-dove.

The Lovers' Last Interview.

In "Raphael," an idyllic romance, Lamartine tells a story somewhat resembling Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther," but with a better moral. The lady is a consumptive, destined to an early death.

In the morning a carriage, which I had hired for the day, conveyed us to Monceau. The windows were down, the blinds closed. We traversed the almost deserted streets of the more elevated parts of Paris, leading to the high walls of the park. This garden was at that time almost exclusively reserved for their own use by the princes to whom it belonged, and could only be entered on presenting tickets of admission, which were very parsimoniously distributed to a few foreigners or travelers desirous of admiring its wonderful vegetation. I had obtained some of these tickets, through one of my mother's early friends, who was attached to the prince's household. I had selected this solitude because I knew its owners were absent, that no admissions were then given, and that the very gardeners would be away enjoying the leisure of a holiday.

This magnificent desert, studded with groves of trees, interspersed with meadows, and traversed by limpid streams, is also embellished by monuments, columns, and ivy-colored ruins, imitations of time in which art has copied the old age of stone. That day we knew it would be visited only by the bright sunbeams, the insects, the birds and us! Alas! never were its leaves and its green turf to be watered by so many tears!

The warm and glowing sky, the light and shade dancing fitfully on the grass driven by the summer breeze, as the shadow of the wings of one bird pursuing another—the clear note of the nightingale ringing through the sonorous air—the distinctness with which the lilies of the valley, the daisies and the blue periwinkle which carpeted the sloping banks of the clear waters, were reflected in their polished mirror; all this gladness of nature saddened us, and the luminous serenity of a spring morning only seemed to contrast the more with the dark cloud which weighed upon our hearts. In vain we

sought to deceive ourselves, even for a moment, by expatiating on the beauty of the landscape, the brilliant tints of the flowers, the perfumes of the air, the depth of the shade, the stillness of those solitudes in which the happiness of a whole world of love might have been sheltered. We carelessly threw on them an unheeding glance, which quickly fell to the ground; our voices, when answering with their vain formulas of joy and admiration, betrayed the hollowness of words and the absence of our thoughts, which were elsewhere.

It was in vain we sought a resting-place to pass the long hours of this our last interview; seating ourselves alternately beneath the most fragrant lilacs, or the green branches of the loftiest cedars, on the fluted fragments of columns half-buried in ivy, or by the side of those waters that lay most still within their grassy banks, for scarcely had we chosen one of these sites when some vague disquietude drove us away in search of another. Here it was the shade, and there the light; further on the importunate murmur of the cascade, or the persisting song of the nightingale over our heads, that turned into bitterness all this exuberance of joy, and made it odious in our eyes. When our heart is sad within us, all creation jars upon our feelings, and it could but have added fresh pangs to the grief of two lovers, had the garden of Eden been the scene of their parting.

At last, worn out by wandering for two hours, and finding no shelter against ourselves, we sat down near a small bridge across a stream; a little apart, as if the very sound of each other's breathing had been painful, or as if we had wished instinctively to conceal from one another the suppressed sobs which were bursting from our hearts. We long watched abstractedly the green and slimy water as it was slowly swept beneath the narrow arch of the bridge. It carried along on its surface, sometimes the white petals of the lily, and sometimes an empty and downy bird's nest, which the wind had blown from a tree. We soon saw the body of a poor little swallow turned on its back, and with extended wings, floating down. It had, doubtless, been drowned when skimming over the water before its wings were strong enough to bear it

on the surface; it reminded us of the swallow which had one day fallen at our feet from the top of the dismantled tower of the old castle, on the borders of the lake, and which had saddened us as an omen. The dead bird passed slowly before us, and the unruffled sheet of water rolled and engulphed it in the deep darkness below the bridge. When the bird had disappeared we saw another swallow pass and repass a hundred times beneath the bridge, uttering its little sharp cry of distress, and dashing against the wooden beams of the arch. Involuntarily we looked at each other. I cannot tell what our eyes expressed as they met, but the despair of the poor bird found us with our eyelids so over-charged, and our hearts so nearly bursting, that we both turned away at the same moment, and throwing ourselves with our faces to the ground, sobbed aloud. One tear called forth another tear, one thought another thought, one foreboding another foreboding, each sob another sob. We often strove to speak, but the broken voice of the one only made that of the other still more inaudible, and we ended by yielding to nature, and pouring forth in silence, during hours marked by the shadows alone, all the tears that rose from their hidden springs. They fell on the grass, sank into the earth, were dried by the winds of heaven, absorbed by the rays of the sun—God took them into account! No drop of anguish remained in our hearts, when we rose face to face, though almost hidden from each other by the tearful veil of our eyes. Such was our farewell; a funeral image, an ocean of tears; an eternal silence. Thus we parted without another look, lest that look should strike us to the earth.

Never will the mark of my footsteps be again traced in that desert scene of our love and of our parting.

The Cedars of Lebanon.

(Translated by Toru Dutt.)

Eagles that wheel above our crests,
  Say to the storms that round us blow,
They cannot harm our gnarled breasts,
  Firm-rooted as we are below.

Their utmost efforts we defy,
They lift the sea-waves to the sky;
  But when they wrestle with our arms,
Nervous and gaunt, or lift our hair,
Balanced within its cradle fair,
  The tiniest bird has no alarms.

Sons of the rock, no mortal hand
  Here planted us; God-sown we grew.
We are the diadem green and grand
  On Eden's summit that He threw.
When waters in a deluge rose,
Our hollow flanks could well enclose
  Awhile the whole of Adam's race;
And children of the Patriarch
Within our forest built the Ark
  Of Covenant, foreshadowing Grace.

We saw the Tribes as captives led,
  We saw them back return anon;
As rafters have our branches dead
  Covered the porch of Solomon;
And later, when the Word, made man,
Came down in God's salvation plan,
  To pay for sin the ransom-price,
The beams that formed the Cross we gave;
These, red in blood of power to save,
  Were altars of that Sacrifice.

In memory of such great events,
  Men come to worship our remains;
Kneel down in prayer within our tents,
  And kiss our old trunks' weather-stains,
The saint, the poet, and the sage,
Hear and shall hear from age to age
  Sounds in our foliage like the voice
Of many waters; in these shades
Their burning words are forged like blades,
  While their uplifted souls rejoice.

The Trial and Death of Charlotte Corday.

(From "The History of the Girondists.")

The hour fixed for the trial of Charlotte Corday was known in Paris the previous evening. Curiosity, horror, interest and pity, had attracted an immense crowd. When she appeared, a murmur, as though of malediction, burst from this throng, but scarcely had she passed through them in the full blaze of her beauty, than this murmur of rage was changed into a shudder of interest and admiration. Her features, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, colored by emotion, troubled by the confusion of a young girl exposed to the regards of so many, ennobled by the very grandeur of a crime which she bore in her heart as a virtue, and her pride and modesty, gave her a charm mingled with terror, that troubled all eyes and all hearts, and her very judges seemed to be culprits in her presence. Men deemed they saw divine justice, or the antique Nemesis, substituting conscience for law, and appearing to demand from human justice, not to absolve, but to recognize her and tremble!

When she was seated on the bench of the prisoners, she was asked if she had a defender. She replied that a friend had undertaken this office, but not seeing him, she supposed his courage had failed him. The president then assigned her the young Chauveau Lagarde, afterward illustrious by his defense of the queen, and already famous for his eloquence and courage in causes and times when the advocate shared the peril of his client. Chauveau Lagarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte gazed on him, as though she feared lest, to save her life, her defender would abandon some part of her honor.

The widow of Marat wept while giving her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief, exclaimed, "Yes, yes—'twas I that killed him." She then related the premeditation of the act for three months; her project of stabbing him in the Convention; and the *ruse* she had employed to obtain access to him. "I confess," said she, with humility, "that this means was unworthy of me, but it was necessary to appear to

esteem this man in order to obtain access to him." "Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?" she was asked. "I did not need the hatred of any one else," she replied. "My own was sufficient; besides, you always execute badly that which you have not devised yourself." "What did you hate in him?" "His crimes." "What did you hope to effect by killing him?" "Restore peace to my country." "Do you then think that you have assassinated all the Marats?" "Since he is dead, perhaps the others will tremble." The knife was shown her, that she might recognize it. She pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust. "Yes," replied she; "I recognize it." "What persons did you visit at Caen?" "Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Curé of Saint Jean." "Did you confess to a conforming or non-juring priest?" "Neither one nor the other." "Since when had you formed this design?" "Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested. I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution." Fauchet was confronted with her. "I only know Fauchet by sight," said she disdainfully. "I look on him as a man devoid of principles; and I despise him." The accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to render it more certain, and observed that she must doubtless have been well exercised in crime. At this suggestion, which destroyed all her ideas, by assimilating her to professed murderers, she uttered a cry of horror. "Oh, the monster!" exclaimed she, "he takes me for an assassin!"

Fouquier Tinville summed up, and demanded that sentence of death should be passed.

Her defender rose. "The accused," said he, "confesses her crime, she avows its long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defense. This imperturbable calm and entire forgetfulness of self, which reveals no remorse in presence of death—this calm and this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of view, are not natural: they can only be explained by the excitement of political fanaticism, which placed the poignard in her hand. It is for you to decide what weight so stern a fanaticism

should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your consciences."

The jury unanimously sentenced her to die. She heard their verdict unmoved; and the president having asked her if she had anything to say relative to the punishment inflicted on her, she made no reply; but, turning to her defender,— "Monsieur," said she, "you have defended me as I wished to be defended: I thank you; I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. These gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just declared my property confiscated; I owe something in the prison, and I bequeath to you the payment of this debt."

During her examination she perceived a painter engaged in taking her likeness; without interrupting the examination, she smilingly turned toward the artist, in order that he might the better see her features. She thought of immortality, and already sat for her portrait, to immortality. . . .

The artist who had sketched Charlotte's likeness at the tribunal, was M. Hauer, officer of the national guard. On her return to the prison, she requested the concierge to allow him to finish his work, and on his arrival Charlotte thanked him for the interest he appeared to take in her, and quietly sat to him, as though whilst she permitted him to transmit her form and features to posterity, she also charged him to hand down her mind and her patriotism to unborn generations. She conversed with M. Hauer on his profession, the events of the day, and the peace of mind she felt after the execution of her design; she also spoke of her young friends at Caen, and requested him to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family.

Suddenly a gentle knock was heard at the door, and the executioner entered. Charlotte, turning round, perceived the scissors and red chemise he carried over his arm. "What! already," exclaimed she, turning pale. Then recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, "Monsieur," said she, to the artist, "I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude." As she spoke, she took the scissors from the exe-

cutioner, and severing a lock of her long fair hair, gave it to M. Hauer.

This portrait, interrupted by death, is still in the possession of the family of M. Hauer. The head only was painted, and the bust merely sketched. But the painter, who watched the preparations for the scaffold, was so struck with the sinister splendor added by the red chemise to the beauty of his model, that after Charlotte's death, he painted her in this costume.

A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolations of religion. "Thank," said she, to him, "those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal." The executioner then cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the *chemise des condamnés.* "This," said she, "is the toilet of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal cart, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowd who blocked up the squares, the bridges, and the streets along which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather furies, followed her with the fiercest imprecations; but, insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rain which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like that of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the setting sun fell on her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of unearthly brilliancy. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins had placed themselves on her passage to gaze on her; for all those who anticipated assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them on the morrow. She

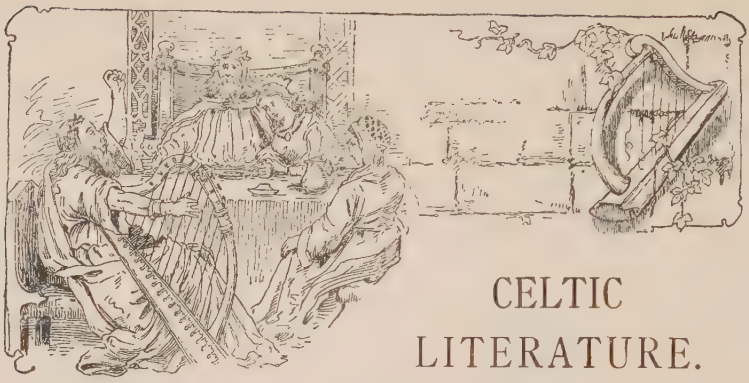
COPYRIGHT, 1900

E. M. WARD, PINX

THE LAST TOILET OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY

resembled celestial vengeance appeased and transfigured, and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on which her eye could rest. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honoré, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold. "He engraved in his heart," to quote his own words, "this unutterable sweetness amidst the barbarous outcries of the crowd, that look so gentle, yet penetrating—these vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from these bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes, which should have melted a stone."

Thus an enthusiastic and unearthly attachment accompanied her, without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her, in hope of an eternal reunion. The cart stopped, and Charlotte, at the sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale, but, soon recovering herself, ascended the scaffold with as light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted. When the executioner, to bare her neck, removed the handkerchief that covered her bosom, this insult to her modesty moved her more than her impending death; then turning to the guillotine, she placed herself under the axe. The heavy blade fell, and her head rolled on the scaffold. One of the assistants, named Legros, took it in his hand and struck it on the cheek. It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted longer even than life.



CELTIC LITERATURE.

Section III. LATER IRISH LITERATURE.

CELTIC Literature is necessarily fragmentary. It is gathered from many regions on the western border of Europe—islands and peninsulas, into which the race, once widely spread on the Continent, has been driven by successive conquests. As now brought forth from its hiding places, the literature, chiefly lyrics, is found to belong to many periods of time. We have already given glimpses of it from Wales, from Scotland, and from Ireland in the Pagan times.* When this island embraced Christianity, it became conspicuous for its zeal and devotion to the true faith. Its poets attest this faith, but otherwise they preserve the same traits of race as before. Their genius is marked by a peculiar melancholy. For all the merry songs of Irish singers, the most permanent effect of their poetry is sorrowful. This is seen in the genuine remains of the heroic age, and was preserved even in Macpherson's blundering attempts to restore and improve them. It is undoubtedly due to the fact that the history of the race is a lament of exiles and of the conquered remnant. A tragic gloom covers and colors its heartfelt utterances.

But another marked feature of Celtic poety is its love of wild nature. The solemn rites of the Druids were performed in the forests and the wilderness. When the Celts were driven from their early homes, they found refuge on lonely shores, on barren moors, in mountains difficult of access. Turning their thoughts to the aspects of nature, they found

* See Vol. I., pp. 316–336; Vol. V., pp. 305–323.

in them a strange sympathy, and even a notable consolation and inspiration.

It is also claimed by some advocates for the Celts that to them is really due the modern idea of love and devotion to woman, which first appears in the romances of chivalry, and has now become the common property of all European nations. Renan, himself of Celtic descent, says boldly, "No other human tribe has carried so much mystery into love. No other has conceived with more delicacy the ideal of woman, not been more dominated by her. It is a kind of intoxication, a madness, a giddiness." And for proof of this he refers to the story of Peredur,* and bids us compare Guinevere and Iseult with Gudrun and Kriemhilde, whom he stigmatizes as "Scandinavian furies." He then pronounces that "woman, as chivalry conceived her—that ideal of sweetness and beauty set up as the supreme object of life—is a creation, neither classic, Christian, nor Germanic, but in reality Celtic." This matter may be left undecided, yet it is worth while to consider that the Arthurian legend is undeniably of Celtic origin, and that this legend is the nucleus of the romances of chivalry.

The isolation of the Celtic race tended to preserve inviolable its native character. Restricted in territory, it has striven to oppose barriers to all alien influences. Except in regard to religion, it has drawn its mental and spiritual nurture from its own resources. In the Celts of to-day are still seen the strong clannishness and dislike of the stranger, which have ever characterized their race. Ireland still cherishes the proofs of its lineage from prehistoric ages.

St. Patrick's Breastplate.

This earliest Christian ode of Ireland is said to have been composed by St. Patrick. It is sometimes called, "The Guardsman's Cry," and is recited as a protection against evil.

I bind on me to-day on the Triune a call
With faith on the Trinity-Unity—God over all.
I bind me the might of Christ's birth and baptizing,
His death on the Cross, His grave, His uprising,

* See Vol. I. pp. 328–335.

His homeward ascent, the power supernal
Of His coming for judgment eternal.
I bind me the might of the Seraphim's love,
The angels' obedience, the hope of arising
To guerdon above:
The prayers of the Fathers, prophetical teachings,
The virtue of virgins, apostolical preachings,
The acts of the True;
I bind to me, too,
Heaven's dower, sun's brightness,
Fire's power, snow's whiteness,
Wind's rushing, lightning's motion,
Earth's stability, rock's solidity,
Depths of Ocean.

I bind me to-day
God's might to direct me,
God's power to protect me,
God's wisdom for learning,
God's eye for discerning,
God's ear for my hearing,
God's word for my clearing,
God's hand for my cover,
God's path to pass over,
God's buckler to guard me,
God's army to ward me
Against snares of the devils,
Against vice's temptations,
Against wrong inclinations,
Against men who plot evils
To hurt me anew,
Anear or afar, with many or few.

I have set all these powers around me,
Against danger and dole
Of all the foe-powers that would wound me
In body and soul;
Against each incantation
By false prophets breathen,
Against black legislation—
The laws of the heathen,
Against idolatry's wares and heretical snares,

Against spells of the women, smiths, druids, the whole
Of that knowledge which blindeth the soul.
Christ keep me to-day
Against poison and burn,
Against drowning and wounding,
Until I may earn
The guerdon abounding.
Christ near, Christ here,
Christ be with me, Christ beneath me,
Christ within me, Christ behind me,
Christ be o'er me, Christ before me,
Christ on the left and the right,
Christ hither and thither,
Christ in the sight
Of each eye that shall seek me,
Christ in each ear that shall hear,
Christ in each mouth that shall speak me,
Christ not the less,
In each heart I address,
I bind me to-day on the Triune the call
With faith on the Trinity-Unity—God over all.

Bran's Voyage to the Isle of Delight.

The Isle of Delight was the Paradise of the Gael. The poem shows an attempt to introduce a Christian element into the Pagan belief. Bran sailed out to seek the Isle of Delight. The son of Lir, the ocean god, met him, and sang this lay.

Bran beholds a shining sea,
From his curach [boat] fair and free,
I, in chariot driving there,
See a flow'ring meadow fair.
The sea is clear,
So thinks Bran when sailing here,—
I, in car, with purer powers,
Know the happy Plain of Flowers.
Bran beholds
Flowing billows, fold on fold,—
O'er the plain I have in sight,
Waving blossoms red and bright.
Summer sea-steeds leaped and ran
Far as reach the eyes of Bran,—

Rivers, run with honey clear
In the fair land of MacLir.
He, the ocean's gleaming glint
Sees, and billows' pallid tint,—
I the bounteous land behold
Decked with azure and with gold.
Speckled salmon leap for him
From the water's bitter brim,—
I can see, o'er lovely lawns,
Lambkins play and frolic fawns.
Thine eyes mark one charioteer
O'er Moy Mell in light appear—
Many chariots race, I ween,
O'er the plain, by thee unseen.
Wide the plain, the hosts are great,
Bright their colors, high their state,
Streams of silver, gleams of gold
Welcome and abundance hold.
Beauteous their delightful game,
Flows the wine like ruddy flame,
Noble men and gentle maids,
Stainless in the sinless shades.
O'er the finest forest trees
Swam thy curach, cleaving seas,
Bright fruit on boughs are glancing
Now, 'neath thy prow advancing.
Branches rich with fruit and bloom
Breathing forth the vine's perfume;
Wood moulders not, tho' olden,
Fruitless, with foliage golden.
We are here since time had birth,
Aging not, nor called to earth;
Nor fear we aught should wither
Since the Sin came not hither.
For the snake went—ill the hour!
To the father's [Adam's] fortress bower;
An ill change on earth was wrought,
Gray decay, unknown, it brought.
Greed has wrecked his noble race,
Thence, with'ring body wasteth,
Hence, oft to torment hasteth.
Law of worldlings is Pride's nod,

Minding creatures and not God;
Hence decay, disease, defeat,
Age, and soul-death through deceit.
Yet our Maker-King shall send
Great deliverance ere the end,
There shall come White Law o'er sea,
And He God and Man shall be.

The Epitaph of Œngus.

Œngus was a Cele De (Culdee) of the eighth century. Of this passage relating to him Matthew Arnold writes: "A Greek epitaph could not show a finer perception of what constitutes propriety and felicity of style in compositions of this nature."

Œngus out of the assembly of heaven,
Here are his tomb and his bed;
It is hence he went to death,
On the Friday, to holy heaven.
It is in Cluain Eidnech he was reared,
It is in Cluain Eidnech he was buried;
In Cluain Eidnech of many crosses
He first read his psalms.

The Heavenly Pilot.

This poem, which anticipates the thought of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," was composed by Cormac, King-Bishop of Cashel (837–903).

Wilt thou steer my frail black bark
O'er the dark broad ocean's foam?
Wilt thou come, Lord, to my boat,
Where afloat my will would roam?
Thine the mighty: Thine the small:
Thine to mark men fall, like rain;
God! wilt Thou grant aid to me,
Who came o'er the upheaving main?

The Sea-Maiden's Vengeance.

This anonymous poem which has a Teutonic rather than Celtic aspect, is from the "Book of Ballymote," and belongs perhaps to the tenth century.

A great gallant king of yore
Ruled shore and sea of Erinn;

Noble then all sections shone
'Neath Rigdon's son of daring.

O'er the main of slow gray seas,
With the breeze, lay his hoar way;
To behold his foreign friend
He would wend north to Norway.

Sped his splendid vessels three,
When the sea calmed its motion;
Till they, sailing, sudden stop
On the ridgy top of ocean.

They refused to wend away—
Fixed they lay, nowhere faring!
Then into the dark dread deeps
Ruad leaps, greatly daring.

When he dived, for their release,
Through the sea's surging waters;
There he found the forms divine
Of its nine beauteous daughters.

These with clear soft accents said,
It was they stayed his sailing:
That to leave nine maidens sweet
Were a feat few prevail in.

He with these nine nymphs remained,
Where there reigned shade nor sadness;
'Neath the waters, where no wave
Ever gave gloom to gladness.

One of these his bride became,
Still his fame forced him forward;
But he vowed to greet her lips
When his ships came from nor'ward.

Once on board, he bade them sail
Past the pale billows breaking;
And, with one bound, make their course
To the Norse of quick speaking.

O'er the salt sea then they rode,
And abode, sweet the story,

Till the seventh glad year ends,
With their friends, great in glory.

Ruad then ran out once more,
On the hoar salt sea faring;
Speeding forth his ships to reach
The bright far beach of Erinn.

Warped and wrong the royal will,—
Solemn still is promise spoken:
He should have gone to the maid
As he said, nor pledge have broken.

When the prince of Tuired's name
Unto Muired's borders came,
Around the shore—foul his fame!
A sound arose of sad acclaim.

'Twas the sweet-voiced women's song
Borne along in music's motion,
Following Ruad's fleeing sail
O'er wail of wave-worn ocean.

Sailing in bronze boat, they came—
No plank-frame, made by mortal—
Those nine maidens, fair and fierce,
Till they pierce Ollbin's portal.

Dire and dread the deed then done
There by one, 'mid the water,
Ruad's son—her own—she slew,
Vengeance knew, sweet in slaughter!

Then, upraising high her hand,
Forth she cast him on the strand,—
Shrank the shore and shuddering foam
From King Ruad's welcome home!

The Harp that Ransomed.

(By Gillabride Mac Conmide, A.D. 1230.)

Bring my King's harp here to me,
That my grief, forgot, may flee;
Full soon shall pass man's sadness
When wakes that voice of gladness.

Noble he, and skilled in all,
Who owned this tree musical [harp];
Many lofty songs he sang
While its soft sweet numbers rang.
Many jewels he bestowed,
Seated, where this fair gem glowed;
Oft he guerdoned the beholder,
Its curved neck on his shoulder.
Dear the hand that smote the chords
Of the slight, smooth, polished boards;
Bright and brave, the tall youth played,
True his hand, for music made.
When his hand o'er this would roam—
Music's meet and perfect home—
Then its great soft tender sigh
Bore away man's misery.
When the curled Dalcassians came,
Guests, within his hall of fame,
Then its deep voice, woke again,
Welcomed Cashel's comely men.
All men admired the Maiden,
Banba with praise was laden:
"Doncad's harp," they all exclaim,
"The fair, fragrant tree of fame!"
"O'Brian's harp! clear its call
O'er the feast in Gabran's hall;
How the heir of Gabran's Kings
Shook deep music from its strings!"
Son of Gael, of weapon sharp,
Wins not now O'Brian's harp:
Son of stranger shall not gain
From this gem its Spirit's strain.
What woe to come a pleader
For harp of Lim'rick's Leader!
What woe to come a-dreaming
That flocks were thy redeeming!
Sweet thy full melodious voice,
Maid, who wast a Monarch's choice:
Thy blithe voice would woe beguile,
Maiden of my Erinn's isle!
Could I live the yew tree's time,
In this deer-loved eastern clime,

I would serve her gladly still,—
The Chief's harp of Brendon Hill.
Dear to me—of right it should—
Alba's ever-winsome wood,
Yet, though strange, more dear I love
This one tree of Erinn's grove!

Lament for Eoghan Rua O'Neill.

This is the earliest of three laments or dirges for this chief. It bears date 1649.

How great the loss is thy loss to me!
A loss to all who had speech with thee:—
On earth can so hard a heart there be
As not to weep for the death of Eoghan?
Och, ochón! 'tis I am stricken,
Unto death the isle may sicken,
Thine the Soul which all did quicken;
—And Thou 'neath the sod!

I stood at Cavan o'er thy tomb,
Thou spok'st no word through all my gloom;
O want! O ruin! O bitter doom!
O great, lost Heir of the House of Niall!
I care not now whom Death may borrow,
Despair sits by me, night and morrow,
My life henceforth is one long sorrow;
—And Thou 'neath the sod!

O child of heroes, heroic child!
Thou'dst smite our foe in battle wild,
Thou'dst right all wrong, O just and mild!
And who lives now—since dead is Eoghan?
In place of feasts, alas! there's crying,
In place of song, sad woe and sighing,
Alas, I live with my heart a-dying,
—And Thou 'neath the sod!

My woe, was ever so cruel woe?
My heart is torn with rending throe!
I grieve that I am not lying low
In silent death by thy side, Eoghan!
Thou wast skilled all straits to ravel,
And thousands broughtst from death and cavil,

They journey safe who with thee travel,
—And Thou with thy God!

My days shall count but a short, sad space,
Till I, 'mid saints, shall behold thy face;
Nor meet to mourn in that holy place,
In joy before the self-chosen Lamb.
O then I ne'er shall fear to sever,
O from thy side I'll wander never,
Singing the glory and peace forever;
—And we, with our God!

The Song of Echo.

(By Brian Mac Giolla Meidre, who died in 1808, one of the latest Irish bards using the native language.)

Dawn came softly, as a dove,
O'er the cove of slumb'ring ocean;
Bending boughs were thrilled, above,
With cooing love and sweet commotion.
All around, from blossomed bowers,
Fragrant flowers sent odors airy;
Lo, there shone a radiant light—
A brilliant, bright and noble Fairy!

Ah, she wept in weary woe,
Her accents low, her full tears flowing,
Her sobbing sighs came sad and slow,
Her tresses go on breezes blowing,
Bowed the head that once was high,
Dim her eye, with woe and worry,
It rent the heart to hear her sigh—
So sad, and sick, and sore, and sorry.

"Now," she said, "I'm lorn and lone,
As, 'neath stone, a corpse of coldness;
Darts go through me, friends I've none,
Gone is Thomond's ancient boldness.
Faint my spirit now and sore,
Strength is o'er, my heart is breaking;
Down the breeze a venom blows—
Cause of woes—a Shrew is shrieking!

"Long I've lain 'neath Druid sway,
Whose cry was gay, from hill to hollow;
All I've answered, night or day,
Faithful still their fate I follow.
No horn of Chieftain on the height,—
No murmur slight of billow dying,
But found responses, loud or light—
Thou, aright, heard my replying.

"Once my accents bore command
O'er the land, like mellow thunder:
Conn I sang, and Eoghan's fight,
Mac Morna's might, and Finn, our Wonder!
From wood and scar, I sped afar
Of noble war the rolling clangor,
My bosom's sword!—now, no such lord
Starts from the sward in awful anger.

"Last I told our grief of griefs,
The Flight of Chiefs o'er foreign water;
The Fall of Erinn's fairest flower,
William's power, and Aughrim's slaughter:
The bullet flies,—my wild notes rise
With battle's cries, and cannon's roaring;
They kill, they kill;—my wail is shrill
A wounded Nation still deploring.

"Vaunt not yet, though faint I seem,
Ye shall not deem me lost forever;
Though ruin roll in sullen stream,
And Morning's beam appeareth never.
I a thousand fights have seen,—
And I have been by fetters bounded,—
And I have served and sung My Queen
When foe on foe went under, wounded!"

SCOTCH LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. 1550–1800.*

DURING the last part of the sixteenth century and throughout the seventeenth, the intellectual activity of Scotland was absorbed in intense religious controversy and questions of political and national strife. Sir David Lyndsay (1490–1555), who favored the first movements towards the Reformation has been called "the first of the Scotch laureates." He wrote several satires, the principal of which was "The Three Estates"—that is, clergy, nobility and burghers. It was a rude dramatic composition, and more than once was acted in the open air in the presence of the king's court. Others of Lyndsay's works were "The History of Squire Meldrum" and a dialogue, called, "The Monarchy," which is a compendium of events in sacred and profane history, with exposure of the corruptions of the Church.

The vehement and valiant Reformer John Knox (1505–1572) "who never feared the face of man," wrote numerous works amid the distractions of his busy life. The most noted is his "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment [government] of Women," which was directed against Queen Mary of England as well as against Mary Queen of Scots. His "History of the Reformation" is vigorous and picturesque, though confused, but rendered almost unreadable by its obsolete dialect. George Buchanan (1506–1582) was noted for his classical learning and wrote Latin poems and a version

* For Period I. see Volume III., pp. 376–385.

of the Psalms. But the most noted poet of this age, William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585–1649), is associated in fame with Ben Jonson and other English writers. He belonged to the school of Spenser, but wrote chiefly in the heroic measure. His sonnets are graceful and generally free from the conceits found in those of his contemporaries in England.

Many of the ballads and songs which were collected in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" belong to this period. Most of them are of unknown authorship, and in other cases the persons to whom they are ascribed are not known to have composed more than a single piece. The Scottish song is distinguished from the usual English form by a peculiar rhythmical movement called the "lilt," and musicians observe in Scottish music a sudden break or peculiar cadence, corresponding to this lilt. Many of the old Scottish songs have been revised and rearranged from time to time, so that several versions are found. Burns did much to adapt and improve those floating in the mouths of the people. Watson's "Collection of Scots Songs," published in 1706, gave Allan Ramsay (1686–1758) his first impulse towards verse-making. He was introduced to an Easy Club whose sympathies were with the exiled Stuarts, and wrote songs expressing their feelings. A discussion in Steele's *Guardian* on the merits of Pope's and Philips' rival "Pastorals" led Ramsay to compose "The Gentle Shepherd," depicting rustic life in Scottish dialect. This genuine pastoral drama is his only enduring title to fame. Its success was immediate, and it was acted throughout Scotland by enthusiastic amateurs. It proved that the Scottish dialect could be made a powerful means of literary expression and raised the songs of the people to higher esteem even in England. During the next fifty years the poetic spirit overspread Scotland, and singers showed themselves in all classes of the community. Among these were Alexander Ross, author of "The Fortunate Shepherdess," and John Skinner, author of "Tullochgorum," pronounced by Burns the best of Scotch songs. Both were well educated, skillful musicians, and enthusiastic for native manners and music.

But though the poetic temperament was widely diffused

in Scotland, it was still reserved for the genius of the ploughman Robert Burns to attract the world's attention to the capabilities of Scottish song. Burns belonged to a reading family and had become familiar with several of the English classics as well as with the native songs. His happy temperament combined the excellencies of both dialects. In most of his serious pieces he used with effect the English speech, in his jovial and satirical effusions he heightened the fun by phrases racy of the soil. Among Burns' imitators and successors may be mentioned Lady Nairn, Tannahill, and McNeil.

Apart from the foregoing Scotch writers, yet closely connected with them in patriotic spirit, stands the towering genius of Sir Walter Scott. In all his writings, except where Scotch characters of the lower class were brought forward, he used a truly English style, yet employed it to adorn and dignify the traditions of both Highlands and Lowlands. Around him may be grouped, so far as regards language, Campbell, John Wilson, Leyden and Tennant. Motherwell followed his example in endeavoring to preserve from oblivion the songs of the people. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, tried to rival his narrative poems. The final effect of these writers has been to blend harmoniously Scotch into English literature.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE incident on which this ballad is founded is as follows: In 1280 a company of distinguished noblemen attended Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. of Scotland, when she embarked for Norway to become the bride of King Eric. On the return voyage of these noblemen their vessel was overtaken by a violent storm, and most of them perished.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O where will I get a *skeely skipper* [*skillful mariner*
To sail this new ship of mine?"

Up and spoke an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a *braid* letter, [*broad*
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

The hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords of Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend our king's *gowd* [*gold*
And a' our queenis *fee*." [*property*
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white monie,
As *gane* my men and me— [*suffice*
And I hae brought a *half-fou* o' gude red gowd [*quart*
Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the *lift* grew dark and the wind blew loud [*sky*
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts *lap*, [*sprang*
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand;
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ship's side,
—But still the sea came in.

O *laith*, laith were our gude Scots lords, [*loath*
To weet their cork-heeled *shoon!* [*shoes*
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white—
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake of their true loves,—
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd *kaims* in their hair, [*combs*
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,—
For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE most harmonious Scotch poet of the seventeenth century was William Drummond of Hawthornden. Born in 1585, he was educated at the University of Edinburgh and in France. When, on the death of his father, in 1611, he settled in his romantic residence, he devoted himself to authorship in prose as well as poetry. The death of the young lady to whom he was betrothed drove him to seek relief in foreign travel. He journeyed to Paris and Rome, and spent nearly eight years abroad, and collected a library of the choicest books of ancient and modern classics. He was fortunate in meeting a lady so strongly resembling the former object of

his affections, that he obtained her in marriage. Returning to Hawthornden, he cultivated the acquaintance of Drayton and other English men of letters. Ben Jonson published an account of his visit to the Scotch poet's home. Drummond's poems belong to the same class as those of the contemporary English, yet are more natural and free from conceits. His purity of language and play of fancy are conspicuous. He was a devoted Cavalier, and the execution of Charles I. is said to have hastened the poet's death in 1649.

Epitaph on Prince Henry.

(Prince Henry, eldest son of James I. of England, died in 1612.)

Stay, passenger, see where inclosed lies
The paragon of Princes, fairest frame
Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds (hard like the Destinies):
For as to his brave spirit, and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
The immortal amaranthus, princely rose,
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Ind
You saw where Earth's perfections were confined.

To His Lute.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their *ramage* did on thee bestow. [*warbling*
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune the spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;

For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

To a Nightingale.

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres,—yes, and to angels' lays.

Sweet Rose.

Sweet rose! whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell,
And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
In flowery Pæstum's field perhaps ye grew,
On Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew.
Or hath the Queen of Love you dyed anew
In that dear blood which makes you look so red?
No! none of these, but cause more high you bliss'd:
My Lady's breast you bare, and lips you kiss'd.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Allan Ramsay was not merely the predecessor of Burns, but also the chief inspirer of the Scotch peasant-poets of the eighteenth century. He was born in Lanarkshire in 1686, and was apprenticed to a barber in Edinburgh. He became

acquainted with William Hamilton of Gilbertsfield, who had contributed to "Watson's Collection of Scots Songs" (1705), and by his favor was introduced to the Easy Club, a band of young Jacobites of literary proclivities. In this Ramsay, according to the custom, assumed the name Bickerstaff. When the publication of Pope's "Windsor Forest," in 1712, provoked a discussion among the London wits as to the merits of the rival pastorals of Pope and Ambrose Philips, there was an echo in Edinburgh. The *Guardian* in April, 1713, laid down the rules for genuine pastoral poetry: "Paint the manners of actual rustic life, not the manners of artificial shepherds and shepherdesses in a fictitious golden age; use actual rustic dialect; instead of satyrs and fauns and nymphs introduce the supernatural creatures of modern superstition." Ramsay, who had already written some humorous and fanciful poetry, took this criticism to heart, and composed pastoral dialogues true to life. Several of these were afterwards fitted together to form his renowned drama, "The Gentle Shepherd," which was completed in 1725. Long before this Ramsay had exchanged his business of wig-making for that of book-selling, and had opened the first circulating library in Edinburgh. He also collected and edited old Scotch poetry and compiled the "Evergreen" from poems written before 1600, and the "Tea-Table Miscellany" from more recent English as well as Scotch sources. His labors both as publisher and editor were stimulating to the Scotch genius. His last literary work was a collection of "Fables" published in 1730, but he lived till 1758.

"The Gentle Shepherd," written in their own dialect, became at once a favorite among the Lowland Scotch peasantry. It was circulated and acted in every parish, and its rather low tone of morality, derived from the drama of the Restoration, quickened the opposition to the Puritan spirit of the Kirk. It tended to foster the ostentation of libertinism seen in the warm-hearted incontinent Burns. Through the Easy Club of Jacobites, the generous, jovial, swaggering ideal of the Cavaliers was transmitted to the peasantry of Scotland, and has become a permanent element in the national character.

Lochaber no More.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on *weir;* [*war*
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Rustic Courtship.

(From the "Gentle Shepherd," Act I.)

Hear how I served my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as *leil* [*faithful*
Last morning I was *gye* and early out, [*gay*
Upon a dike I leaned, glow'ring about;
I saw my Meg come *linkin'* o'er the lea; [*tripping*
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.

Her *cockernony* snooded up fu' sleek, [*coil of hair*
Her *haffet* locks hang waving on her cheek; [*side*
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her *een* sae clear; [*eyes*
And oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blithsome, I cried: "My bonny Meg, come here,
I *ferly* wherefore ye're so soon asteer; [*wonder*
But I can guess; ye're gaun to gather dew."
She scoured away, and said: "What's that to you?"
"Then, fare-ye-well, Meg Dorts, and e'en 's ye like,"
I careless cried, and *lap* in o'er the dike. [*leaped*
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right *thieveless* errand back, [*ungracious*
Misca'd me first; then bade hound my dog,
To wear up three *waff* ewes strayed on the bog. [*worthless*
I *leugh*; and sae did she; then wi' great haste [*laughed*
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a *fouth* [*plenty*
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your *jo* puts on her gloom, [*sweetheart*
Do ye sae too, and never *fash* your thumb. [*trouble*
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean *wud*. [*insane*

The Maids' Dialogue on Marriage.

Jenny. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.
Peggy. Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How,
There a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow:
There, 'tween twa *birks*, out ower a little *linn*, [*birches, pool*
The water fa's and maks a singin' din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bordering grass. . . .
We 're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;

The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're *our lane*, [*alone*
What *gars* ye plague your wooer wi' disdain? [*makes*
The neebours a' *tent* this as weel as I, [*notice*
That Roger lov's ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He 's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.
Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there 's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bannet *lug*, [*ear*
Whilk *pensily* he wears a thought *a-jee*, [*hanging, to one side*
And spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee.
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gang *trigger* to the kirk or fair: [*smarter*
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, "How d' ye?"—or, "There's a bonny day."
Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye 'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld—
What like 's a *dorty* maiden when she 's auld? . . . [*sullen*
Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.
Peggy. Nor I: but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men. . . .
Yes, it 's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I 'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots *toolying* at your knee; [*struggling*
When a' they *ettle* at—their greatest wish, [*aim*
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tending day and night
The like o' them, when love maks care delight?
Jenny. But *poortith*, Peggy, is the wurst o' a'; [*poverty*
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae *duddy* doublets, and a pantry *toom*. [*ragged, empty*
Your nowt may die—the *spate* may bear away [*freshet*
Frae aff the holms your dainty rucks o' hay.
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or *blashy thows*, [*drenching thaws*
May *smoor* your wethers, and may rot your ewes. [*smother*

A *dyvour* buys your butter, woo', and cheese, [*debtor*
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, and flees.
Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
It 's no to gie; your merchant's to the bent.
His honor mauna want—he *poinds* your gear; [*seizes*
Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth, it 's nae *mows* to be a married wife. [*play*

Peggy. May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required; let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that 's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, *tron,* or fair, [*weigh-beam*
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind 's our ain. Thus without fear,
Wi' love and *rowth,* we through the warld will steer; [*plenty*
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kenned kisses, hardly worth a feg?

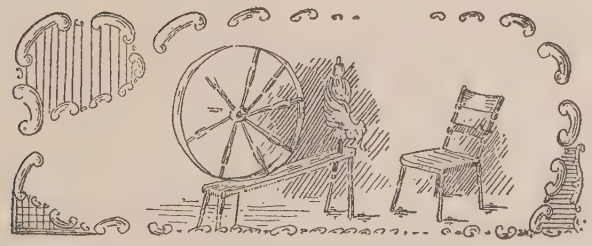
Peggy. Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There 's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the *ferly* great, when nature kind [*wonder*
Has blest them wi' solidity o' mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their *maiks* at hame, [*mates*
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,

I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will;
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak aff;
Clean *hag-a-bag* I'll spread upon his board, [*huckaback*
And serve him wi' the best we can afford;
Good humor and white *bigonets* shall be [*caps*
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
And *dosens* down to nane, as fouk grow auld. [*dozes*

Peggy. But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single—a state sae liked by you!—
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie; I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field.



ROBERT BURNS.

To be heard by "the common people gladly," whether as their teacher or their minstrel, is a compensation for which many a favorite of fortune would change careers with some whose lives have been almost a prolonged despair. Some poets, aiming at this broad fame, have yet so overlaid their melodies with musical embellishments that the simple air, so eloquent alone, is smothered beneath the added beauties. The display of brilliant powers may dazzle all, but it can give intelligent delight only to the few, for only few have the capacity or the training to measure its worth, and the mass of hearers listen unthrilled; but the singer who utters in unadorned natural tones the sentiments that are common to the common heart, is the one whose music will move whole peoples to unaffected tears, and in turn lash them into honest passion. The harp on which Burns played was neither large nor many-stringed, but from its modest chords he drew the notes that all men know, notes that set urchins and roisterers jigging, notes that draw sweet tears from love-sick maidens, notes that fire strong men to sing their patriotism, and notes that wail for the ills that befall us all. This is the open secret of Burns's hold on the great throng the world around. He is of all true poets the truest poet of the people because he was one of the people, lived their rugged life, thought their everyday thoughts, had his flights of high fancy as we all have between the monotonies of necessity, and even played the fool in love and drink as one of the frailest sons of Adam.

The pitiful tale of Robert Burns's career is too familiar to need more than outlining here. He was the eldest son of a

poor Scotch farmer, noble-hearted and pious amid drudgery and poverty. He was born on January 25, 1759, picked up a little schooling amid the hardest toils of farm life, till his strong frame was bowed with overwork and his lively spirit half-broken with the misery of such life. The moral philosophy of Alexander Pope, the easy ethics of Sterne, the coarse humor of the old ballads, tempered with the finer poesy of Allan Ramsay's rhymes, and the undercurrent of revolutionary sentiment, all freely stimulated with "Scotch drink," —these were the ingredients to form a creature of stormy conditions, whom critical mediocrities persist in misjudging as though his lot had been as smooth as that of Gray, Thomson, or Tennyson. At sixteen he began his erratic career as an unwise lover. At twenty-one farming was given up for flax-dressing, but his shop was burnt out on the night of a New Year's carouse, leaving him penniless. One of his sweethearts jilted her fickle poet, who made it an apology for more carousing, and so, in rough waters of love, hard work, poverty, family woes and worry of soul, Burns passed the years till in 1786 his good angel sent him cheer. Jean Armour had won his whole heart and he hers, but her wary father had little faith in the scapegrace song-maker. Burns, in despair, took his passage for Jamaica, eager to quit his heartless but still dearly-loved Scotland.

At the crisis he managed to get his budget of verse printed by subscription in the little town of Kilmarnock. Soon after the small volume came out in July, the broken ploughman became the poet laureate of his proud country. For two years he was the pet of Scotland's aristocracy of intellect and birth. The small fortune his book gathered in was put into the Ellisland farm, where Jean and he seemed so sure of as happy an afterlife as ordinary mortals could wish. This was not to be. A rustic Robin Goodfellow, idolized by the courtier class in patronizing curiosity, is for ever spoiled for practical farm-work. Burns sank under the troubles that beset him on every side. After three years of weary struggle, he was glad to take the humble office of exciseman at a meagre salary. His fine friends in Edinburgh had now their chance to lift the man whose poetry they lauded. But Burns

was a free-spoken radical, not to say a revolutionary, and in quaking times like the end of the eighteenth century gentility shrank from contact with doubtful characters, even though genius itself was in suffering. The independent spirit of the defiant poet found utterance in rasping verse that lives while the cruel inspiration of it is forgotten and ignored. Burns the carouser is remembered in the singing of his own roaring choruses, but who gives a thought to the harrowing heart-pain that drove a weak mortal to write them? Burns the fierce satirist is scolded for his impious confounding of sincerity and hypocrisy, but how many of his censors recall the stings that poisoned his innate sympathy with every living creature? In those last sad years of home distresses, of conscious failure, of poignant remorse, of reckless floundering in the ditch of half-drowned dread of the debtors' jail, of agonizing pity for the babe to be born on the day its wasted father was doomed to be put in his grave, poor Burns's life dragged on, a very death-in-life to a truly noble spirit. "I fear (so he wrote a few weeks before the end) it will be some time before I tune my lyre again. By Babel's streams I have sat and wept. I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope." He closed them forever on the 21st of July, 1796.

Poet though he was in every fibre, his songs outvie his poems. He sang, not wrote, them. His Edinburgh experience imperilled his true genius. By taking to fine writing in English prose he despised his birthright of transforming Scotch dialect into purest poetry. His work suffers from any interference, it is racy of the soil, natural, and is ruined if adapted to city rules. His art was that of the landscape gardener who composes truly artistic scenes out of Nature's materials without seeming to have interfered with her capricious display. He is least successful when aiming at formal beauty and most enjoyable when least restrained. No portrait of Burns should be studied apart from the written one left by Sir Walter Scott. "As for Burns, *Virgilium vidi tantum*, I was a lad of fifteen when he came to Edinburgh, but had sense enough to be interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him. . . . I remember him

shedding tears over a print representing a soldier lying dead in the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms. His person was robust, his manners rustic, not clownish. His countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. There was a strong expression of shrewdness in his lineaments, the eye alone indicated the poetic character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, and literally glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head. . . . He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling."

Burns, with Cowper, following in the wake of Goldsmith and Thomson, rescued poetry from the trammels with which the eighteenth century artifice had encumbered it. He gave words to the voice of nature. In this he did immeasurable service to all future poets and poetry.

Mary Morison.

O Mary, at thy window be,
  It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
  That make the miser's treasure poor;
How blithely wad I bide the *stoure*, [*dust*
  A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
  The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
  The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
  I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
  And you the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
  "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
  Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
  Whase only faut is loving thee?

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

The Cotter's Family Worship.

(From "The Cotter's Saturday Night.")

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride: [*hall-Bible*
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His *lyart haffets* wearing thin an' bare; [*gray side-locks*
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He *wales* a portion with judicious care; [*chooses*
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" *beets* the heavenward flame, [*feeds*
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:

How he who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power incensed the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them, and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lording's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Tam O' Shanter.

When *chapman billies* leave the street, [*peddler fellows*
And drouthy neibors neibors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the *gate;* [*road*
While we sit bousing at the *nappy*, [*ale*
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, *slaps*, and stiles, [*gaps in fences*
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam O' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonie lasses). . . .

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' *reaming swats*, that drank divinely; [*frothing ale*
And at his elbow, *Souter* Johnie, [*shoemaker*
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whustle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd;
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam *skelpit* on thro' dub and mire, [*hurried*
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

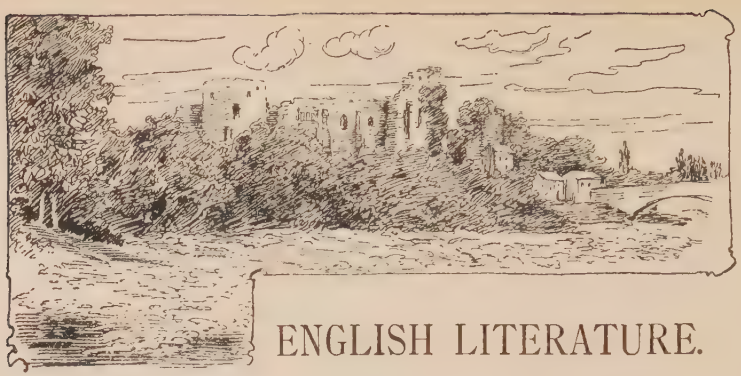
By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman *smoored;* [*smothered*
And past the *birks* and *meikle* stane, [*birches, big*
Where drunken Charlie brak 'is neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where the hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:

When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Thro' *ilka bore* the beams were glancing; [*every hole*
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' *tippenny*, we fear nae evil; [*twopenny ale*
Wi' *usquebae*, we'll face the Devil! [*whiskey*
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion *brent* new frae France, [*brand*
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At *winnock-bunker* in the east, [*window-seat*
There sat old Nick, in shape o' beast,
A *towzie tyke*, black, grim, and large, [*shaggy dog*
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and *gart* them *skirl*, [*made, scream*
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish *cantrip* slight [*trick*
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet *airns;* [*irons*
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a *rape*, [*rope*
Wi' his last gasp his *gab* did gape; [*mouth*
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till *ilka carlin* swat and reekit, [*every old woman*
And coost her *duddies* to the wark, [*clothes*
And *linket* at it in her sark! . . . [*tripped*
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and *walie*, [*choice*
That night enlisted in the *core*, [*corps*
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and *bear*, [*barley*
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her *cutty* sark, o' Paisley *harn*, [*short, coarse linen*
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she *coft* for her wee Nannie, [*bought*
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grace a dance of witches!
But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, *syne* anither, [*then*
Tam *tint* his reason a' thegither, [*lost*
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry *fyke*, [*bustle*
When plundering herds assail their *byke*; [*hive*
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an *eldritch* skreech and hollo. [*frightful*
Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The *fient* a tail she had to shake! [*deuce* (*fiend*)
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
And flew at Tam wi' furious *ettle;* [*aim*
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.

* Witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.



ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD VII. 1770–1820. PART I.

HISTORICAL and political writing flourished in England in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The government was now thoroughly settled on the Hanoverian dynasty, but the contest remained between the Whigs and Tories as to the administration. French prose-writers, some of whom, as Voltaire and Rousseau, had been stimulated by personal observation of the wealth and liberty of England, in turn exerted a powerful influence on English prose, both in regard to subjects and treatment, as French critics and poets had done on English poets in the early part of the century. The immense increase of the industry and commerce of Great Britain roused publicists to inquire into the laws regulating wealth. The political philosophy of Hume was taken up by his friend, Adam Smith, who in 1776 published "The Wealth of Nations," and thus laid the foundations of the science of political economy. There was at the same time a general stir of philanthropy and a new growth of interest in the condition of the poor. This was increased by the rise of Methodism and the diffusion of Rousseau's humanitarian ideas. When the new theories resulted in a violent revolution in France, the practical genius of Burke took alarm. Though he had eloquently pleaded the cause of the American Colonies, even after they had taken up arms, he now denounced the uprising of the French people with philosophical reasoning and poetic passion. His most mature and powerful work was his "Reflections on the French Revolution." His arguments were continued in his "Letters

on a Regicide Peace" (1796–7). His greatest works belong to literature rather than oratory.

Another writer of Irish birth who was associated with Burke in Parliament, won fame by his success as a dramatist. Richard B. Sheridan was a worthy follower of Congreve, and produced two brilliant comedies, "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," which hold the stage to the present day. With him the history of the elder English drama closes.

Meantime in the field of poetry there was an abundance of pieces in heroic couplets and in blank verse, and even in odes of various forms. There were imitations of Pope's "Satires" and Thomson's "Seasons" and Waller's lyrics. Frigid allegories and stilted style supplied the place of genuine inspiration. Yet there was preparation for something better in the renewed study of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan poets, and the imitations of Spenser by Shenstone and Thomson. The interest in the romantic past was quickened by the publication of Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" in 1765. There was renewed search in early records for wild natural stories of human life, and the pleasure in these was attended by a growing love of savage scenery. The poet Gray had already translated several ballads from the Norse. Macpherson's "Ossian," presented as a translation of Gaelic epic poems, tended to increase this effect, but had probably more influence on the Continent than in England.

Cowper who, by his tendency to insanity, was withdrawn from much intercourse with the world, was induced to compose poetry as a relief to his own mind. His simple, easy style, devoid of all the fashionable affectations, was welcomed and achieved a marked innovation. His genuine love of nature enabled him to excel even Thomson in natural description. Nature was now painted for its own sake, and not as a background to human action. Cowper also shared in that interest in mankind which had begun to appear in various parts of Europe. He loved England, but he showed sympathy for men of other races, regarding all as one vast brotherhood. Hence he treated freedom, education, and pro-

gress with reference to the whole world. He was the precursor of Wordsworth.

His contemporary, Crabbe, worked in a limited field. He set himself to tell "the short and simple annals of the poor." He rejected the fictions of a Golden Age as depicted by previous pastoral poets and determined to show the pathos and misery of the lives of English peasants, as he had seen and felt them. His work was minute and accurate, and its truth, easily ascertained, gained for it success.

The revival of interest in the romantic past yet awaited the appearance of the great enchanter, who was to transform the whole world of fiction, to establish on a firm basis the new form of historical novels, and to make this department of literature supreme. Sir Walter Scott's infant mind had been fed on the ballads of the Scottish Border, and in his early manhood he had gathered a large collection of these. His imagination thus stimulated gave new life and new dress to the characters and events of mediæval Scotch history. Beginning with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in 1805 he carried on a succession of narrative poems, full of wonderful invention and brilliant description of Highland and Lowland scenery. His love for his native land inspired him to make its names forever famous. When Byron came to contest the palm with the Scotch minstrel, the latter quietly turned to a new domain which was ever to remain his own. With astonishing rapidity his fertile mind, well stored with history and tradition, poured out for many years a grand series of historical romances. With accurate pictures of the past he combined dramatic presentation of characters of all classes of society. His swiftness of work gave to his story-telling an animated movement and intense personality. His richly endowed nature made him equally successful in humorous and pathetic, in gay and tragic scenes. Thus was the nineteenth century in English literature grandly inaugurated.

BISHOP THOMAS PERCY.

THE historian of literature, or of any department of it, is necessarily a literary workman, subdued, like the dyer's hand, to the element he works in, but occasionally one like Percy can create as well as color and model. In the return to nature, as marked in the poetry of Thomson and his contemporaries, Bishop Percy proved a potent force. He revived the ever-charming ballad romance, which had been buried under the pretentious structure of the severely chiseled poetry of Pope. When Percy had once reopened the old fountain of simple, natural poetry, it refreshed the heart of the people with the old enthusiasm for tales of love and valor, and all poets since then have sought the same inspiration.

Thomas Percy was born in 1729, educated at Oxford, and took orders in the Church. In 1753 he was given a living in Northamptonshire. Here his literary work was mostly done, and in recognition of his services and fame he was in 1778 made Dean of Carlisle, and in 1782 Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland. Here he lived until his death in 1811, aged eighty-two. He was privileged to enjoy the friendship of Johnson and Goldsmith, and predicted the great career of Walter Scott. Scholarly tastes and capacity moved him to make an original translation of the "Song of Solomon" and Mallet's "Northern Antiquities;" he edited specimens of Icelandic poetry, and reprinted the "Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland" for 1512, which is the best authority upon the social life of that period. Other valuable antiquarian work he did, until all was eclipsed by his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," which he published in 1765. To a number of old songs and ballads, somewhat modernized, he added a selection of lyrics by later hands. The historic ballads have had many editings since Percy showed the way, but his versions hold their own among the best. His poetical gift shows well in his own ballads, "The Hermit of Warkworth," "Nanny wilt thou Go with Me?" which, with slight variations, is a favorite song with the Scotch, and the charming piece of patchwork, "The Friar of Orders Gray." Scott gladly owned that his

enthusiasm for Scottish Minstrelsy was the outcome of Percy's work.

O Nanny, Wilt Thou Go with Me?

The Scotch version is "O Nanny, Wilt Thou Gang wi' Me?" But Burns objected to foisting the Scotch dialect into Percy's English version.

O Nanny, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snow,
Nor shrink before the winter wind?
Oh! can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

JOHN HOME.

SCOTLAND is still proud of Home as her foremost dramatic writer. He was born in 1722 and became a Presbyterian minister. While serving as a volunteer in the forces against the Pretender he was captured and imprisoned, but made his escape. His first tragedy was declined by Garrick in London. The old ballad of "Gil Morice" tempted him to write "The Tragedy of Douglas." Though he spent five years upon it Garrick hesitated to produce it. When played at Edinburgh in 1756, it proved a remarkable success, and has been considered by critics and audiences one of the most powerful tragedies that hold the stage. Home left the pulpit under the storm of censure by the Presbyterians, who were mortified that a minister should write a play. After acting as private secretary to Lord Bute, Secretary of State, a pension enabled him to live at ease until his death in 1808, aged eighty-six. He wrote several other tragedies and some poems, also a "History of the Rebellion of 1745."

LADY RANDOLPH DISCOVERS HER SON.

LORD RANDOLPH had been attacked by four men, and rescued by young Douglas. An old man is found in the woods, and is taken as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being also in his possession.

The Prisoner is brought before Lady Randolph who is attended by Anna, her maid.

Lady Randolph. Account for these; thine own they cannot be:
For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.
[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*
Prisoner. Alas! I'm sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.
Lady R. O Anna, hear! Once more I charge thee speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration:

With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.
Pris. Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servant seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river-side
Received us: there hard labor, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.
Lady R. Was he alive?
Pris. He was.
Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?
Pris. I was not so inhuman.
Lady R. Didst thou not?
Anna. My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.
Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon

To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them;
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.
Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives!
Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.
Lady R. O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?
Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health and beauty.
Lady R. Where is he now?
Pris. Alas! I know not where.
Lady R. O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
Anna. Permit me, ever honored! keen impatience,
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.
Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stored a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide
From all the world this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, traveled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,

But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountain came—
Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?
Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.
Lady R. 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.
Anna. Just are your transports; ne'er was woman's heart
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen,
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.
Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna. Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!
Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.
Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.
Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.
Pris. Blessed be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty has saved my master's house.
Lady R. Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.
Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!

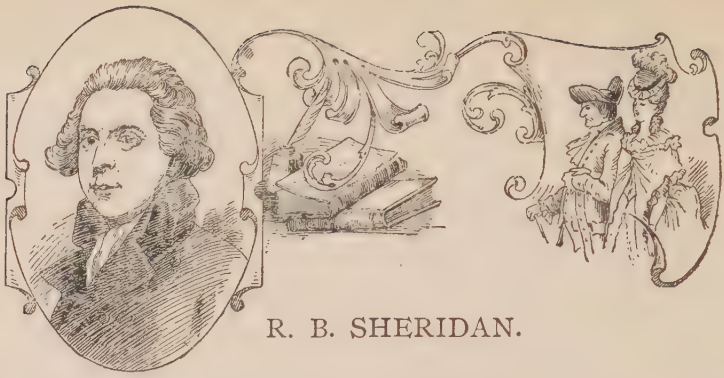
Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember.
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean;
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honor all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.
Remember well my words: if thou shouldst meet
Him whom thou call'st my son, still call him so,
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I should mar so fair an harvest,
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home, and ancient dame?
To find the youth to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear these jewels in his arms;
Which might, I thought, be challenged, and so bring
To light the secret of his noble birth. . . .

Lady R. My faithful Anna, dost thou share my joy?
I know thou dost. Unparalleled event!
Reaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatched from the waves, and brings to me my son!
Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father,
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For such a gift! What does my Anna think
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
How soon he gazed on bright and burning arms,
Spurned the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
And towered up to the region of his sire!



R. B. SHERIDAN.

Wit and high spirits ran in the family from the Thomas Sheridan, D. D., who was Dean Swift's boon companion in Ireland. This clergyman's son combined the profession of acting with ambitious efforts to reform the prevailing system of education, and with such success that Oxford and Cambridge conferred on him their honorary degrees after listening to his lectures. He played *Hamlet* and similar prominent parts, being regarded as second only to Garrick. His romantic marriage resulted in the birth of the dramatist at Dublin in 1751. The father's means, with expectations from his educational scheme, permitted Richard to lead the idle life of a beau of the period, though he produced a few dramatic sketches. As the lover of Miss Linley, the young daughter of a popular composer, and singer at his concerts, Sheridan outrivalled a Captain Matthews, a married suitor, and fought two duels with him. A secret marriage had taken place between the young pair, as the girl's father objected to Sheridan. Not until 1773 were they openly married. On her slender fortune they lived in high style in London, a shrewd scheme for winning friends worth having. When he produced his first comedy, "The Rivals," in 1775, these influential friends made it the talk of the town, which ensured Sheridan good returns. In association with Linley as composer, he produced his opera, "The Duenna," in the same year, the success of which enabled him to buy, first, one half of Garrick's share in Drury Lane theatre, and, two years afterwards, the other half. In 1777 was produced "The School for Scandal," which stands at the head of all comedies by reason of the unbroken level of its wit, its crisp action and

keen satire. Though in fact inferior as a work of art to "The Rivals," it has remained till the present day the most popular comedy that holds the stage. The amusing farcical piece, "The Critic," appeared in 1779, and twenty years later the tragedy of "Pizarro," but the dramatist's talents now found new occupation in politics. As their Parliamentary candidate, Sheridan paid the voters of the borough of Stafford five guineas each for electing him their member. His mastery of subjects and skill in oratory at once won him the favor of statesmen. Fox gave him office, leading to his becoming Secretary of the Treasury while yet a young man. When the impeachment of Warren Hastings was under discussion Sheridan spoke for three hours, with so powerful an effect that the House adjourned until it could recover its calmness. His four days' speech on the same topic has been described by Macaulay. His great speeches rank among the worthiest traditions of oratory. The break-up of the Whig party and the death of Fox left Sheridan isolated, and he used his influence as a social companion of the Prince Regent to keep it in the cold. The latter years of Sheridan tell a melancholy story. They were wild days at best; drink and gambling were the rule in fashionable society, and the bloated faces of statesmen and orators, and the shattering of great fortunes on the card table, were common spectacles. Sheridan's gay temperament made him the easiest prey to all the popular vices. The theatre, his only support for thirty years, suffered from his reckless ways, his health was ruined, his parliamentary influence waned under the scandals he courted rather than stopped. Twice his theatre was burnt out. Debts of every kind piled upon his head a load too heavy for a much stronger man than ever he was, and so, hunted by and hiding from the sheriff's officers, at last he found release in death, which came in 1816. Nevertheless, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was buried with all the outward honors among his betters in genius and character in Westminster Abbey.

Bob Acres' Duel.

(From "The Rivals.")

Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir L. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. 'Faith, I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L. Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius:—I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival—and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir L. Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter! She has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L. Then sure you know what is to be done?

Acres. Not I, upon my soul.

Sir. L. We wear no swords here—but you understand me.

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir L. Ay, to be sure; what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L. Now I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir L. That's no argument at all—he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it. But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir L. What the devil signifies *right* when your *honor* is concerned? Do you think Achilles or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart. I believe courage must be catching. I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir L. Ah! my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man. For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too!—every man of them colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"——

Sir L. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage! —Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. (*Sits down to write.*) I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir L. Pray compose yourself. [*Sits down.*

Acres. Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a dam'me!

Sir L. Pho, pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir"—

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir L. "To prevent the confusion that might arise"—

Acres. (*Writing and repeating.*) "To prevent the confusion which might arise"—Well?—

Sir L. "From our both addressing the same lady"—

Acres. Ay—there's the reason—"same lady"—Well?—

Sir L. "I shall expect the honor of your company"—

Acres. Zounds, I'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir L. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then, "honor of your company"—

Sir L. "To settle our pretensions"—

Acres. Well?

Sir L. Let me see—aye, King's Mead-fields will do—"in King's Mead-fields."

Acres. So, that's down. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger—shall be the seal.

Sir L. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir L. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice and you'll decide it this evening, if you can; then, let the worse come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir L. So I shall see nothing more of you unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message, but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres. By my valor, I should like to see you fight first. Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir L. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

[*Exit Sir Lucius.*

[*While Acres seals the letter, David his servant enters.*

David. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing! Ne'er a Sir Lucifer in the kingdom should make me fight when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't!

Acres. But my honor, David, my honor! I must be very careful of my honor.

David. Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it; and I think, in return, my honor couldn't do less than be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

David. I say, then, it would be but civil in *honor* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman*. Look ye, master, this *honor* seems to me a marvellous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank Heaven, no one can say of me), well—my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh! I kill him (the more's my luck.) Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? Why, my *honor*. But put the case that he kills me! By the mass! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David, in that case—odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave.

David. Now that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valor to listen to you. What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David. Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds life!—people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d——d double-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em!—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there a'n't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol.

Acres. Zounds! I *won't* be afraid—odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

David. Ay, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger. —For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass, it don't look like another letter!—It

is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off. [*Drops it in alarm.*

Acres. (*Starting.*) Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valor of a grasshopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall—but I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it!—ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after!—and I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! [*Whimpering.*

Acres. It won't do, David—so get along, you coward—I am determined to fight while I'm in the mind. [*Enter servant.*

Serv. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. Oh! show him up. [*Exit servant.*

David. (*On his knees.*) Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that?—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good-bye, master. [*Exit David, whimpering.*

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven.

[*Enter Captain Absolute.*

Capt. A. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead; if I hadn't the valor of St. George, and the dragon to boot—

Capt. A. But what do you want with me, Bob?

Acres. Oh! there—(*Gives him the challenge.*)

Capt. A. "To Ensign Beverley." (*Aside.*) So, what's going on now? Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Capt. A. Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Capt. A. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Capt. A. Well, give it me, and, trust me, he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Capt. A. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind. What it is to have a friend!—you couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

Capt. A. Why no, Bob, not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

Capt. A. Whenever he meets you, believe me. [*Enter servant.*

Serv. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain.

Capt. A. I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. [*Going.*

Acres. Stay, stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Capt. A. To be sure I shall. I'll say you're a determined dog—hey, Bob?

Acres. Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Capt. A. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country "Fighting Bob."

Acres. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honor.

Capt. A. No! That's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him; do you, Jack?

Capt. A. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*

Acres. True, true. But stay—stay, Jack; you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage.

Capt. A. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Capt. A. Ay, ay—"Fighting Bob." [*Exeunt severally.*

King's Mead-fields.—Enter Sir Lucius and Acres, with pistols.

Acres. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Sir L. It is for muskets or small fieldpieces; upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now; I'll show you. (*Measures six paces.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. 'Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pho, pho! Nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near. Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but I don't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—Or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before, (*aside*) and never will again, if I get out of this.

Sir L. Ah, that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I've practised that. There, Sir Lucius, there—(*puts himself in an attitude*)—a side-front, hey!—Odd! I'll make myself small enough—I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now, you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim——(*leveling at him.*)

Acres. Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know; it may go off of its own head.

Sir L. Pho! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my

bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But, there—fix yourself so (*placing him,*) let him see the broadside of your full front. (*Sir Lucius places him face to face, then turns and goes to the left. Acres has in the interim turned his back in great perturbation.*) Oh, bother! do you call that the broadside of your front? (*Acres turns reluctantly.*) There—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! A ball or two clean through me!

Sir. L. Ay, may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look ye! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one.—So, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us!

Acres. (*Aside.*) I hope they do.

Sir L. Hah! no, 'faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey?—what?—coming!

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius?—We—we—we—we—won't run (*takes his arm*).

Sir L. Run?

Acres. No, I say—we *won't* run, by my valor!

Sir L. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O fie! consider your honor.

Acres. Ay, true—my honor—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honor.

Sir L. (*Looking.*) Well, here they're coming.

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you I should almost think I was afraid—if my valor should leave me!—valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes, my valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honor, your honor! Here they are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware! [*Enter Faulkland and Captain Absolute.*

Sir L. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah! what? Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack! my dear Jack! my dear friend!

[*Shakes his hand.*

Capt. A. Harkye, Bob, Beverley's at hand. [*Acres retreats to left.*

Sir L. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. (*To Faulkland*) So Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, sir!

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

[*Shakes hands with Faulkland—goes back.*

Sir. L. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir L. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by standing out.

Capt. A. Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Look ye, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir L. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him—now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why no, Sir Lucius, I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face. If he were here I'd make him give up his pretensions directly.

Capt. A. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you may please.

Sir L. Well, this is lucky. (*Slaps him on the back.*) Now you have an opportunity.

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute! — not if he were fifty Beverleys! (*Shakes his hand warmly.*) Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural!

Sir L. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres Not in the least! odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir L. Pho, pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir L. Well, sir?

Acres. Very well, sir. (*Gently.*) Look ye, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward. Coward may be said in joke; but if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls!—

Sir L. (*Sternly.*) Well, sir?

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir L. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Acres. I'm very glad of it.

Capt. A. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog—called in the country Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

Acres. Ay—at home!

EDMUND BURKE.

As the eloquent English Cicero —orator, philosopher and statesman—Burke is entitled to very high rank. His contributions to statecraft in speeches, essays, and political writings are not only a splendid treasury of varied knowledge, noble enunciations of principles in ornate language, but they form a body of high and sound doctrines, elaborately worked out upon problems as they arose in practical politics, which succeeding statesmen have studied

for their use, and students of literature will not cease to admire as triumphs in the art of rhetoric.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, 1729, educated in Trinity College, studied law in London, and earned his living with his pen. His first venture was a clever parody of Lord Bolingbroke's views on life, imitating his eloquent style, but intended as a satire. Then followed his essay on "The Sublime and Beautiful," which is now less highly esteemed than formerly. Burke projected, and for years did most of the work on *The Annual Register*. In 1765 he entered Parliament and made political writing his life-work. He was for some time secretary to Lord Rockingham, the prime minister, and they remained life-long friends. His "Observations on the Present State of the Nation and Thoughts on the Present Discontents," 1770, made a great impression by their force and lofty tone. Of the noble part Burke played in the controversy turning upon the Revolution of the American Colonies it has been well remarked that "his speeches are almost the one monument of the struggle on which a lover of English greatness can look back with pride and a sense of worthiness." He had earlier in his career written an "Account of the European Settlements in America," and it was rumored that he had visited them. These speeches are among our prized American classics.

Even more famous in the annals of oratory are his masterly parliamentary speeches on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Of these laborious efforts, inspired by enthusiasm for the right, Burke said, on the acquittal of Hastings after his fourteen years' trial, "If I were to call for a reward, it would be for the services in which, for fourteen years without intermission, I showed the most industry and had the least success,—I mean in the affairs of India, they are those on which I value myself the most." His "Reflections on the Revolution in France," issued at the close of 1790, denouncing in measured but scathing terms the philosophers who supplied the impetus, was eagerly welcomed by the conservative element. It went through ten editions in twelve months. He was thanked by monarchs and attacked by Thomas Paine in his "Rights of Man." Though a genuine friend of the people

Burke had little faith in the stability of a popular system unsecured by the legal safeguards which prevent liberty being degraded into license. His attitude ruptured life-long friendships and party ties. Other political publications intensified the strife, and he retired from Parliament to his estate at Beaconsfield, which was to have given the title of the peerage the king intended conferring on the foe of the Revolution. The sudden death of his son and heir decided Burke to refuse the honor. In 1796 he wrote the "Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France," a splendid piece of sustained rhetoric, glowing with passion. The effect on the nation was immense in stirring patriotic fury. Before the final "Letter" appeared their author's pen had dropped forever. He died in 1797 and was interred, at his own wish, in Beaconsfield Church. In spite of defects of judgment, and even of literary taste, and excessive severity in estimating the motives of the revolutionists of France, Burke stands foremost among the most high-principled statesmen and most potent wielders of the English language.

Marie Antoinette.

(From his "Reflections on the Revolution in France.")

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life, of splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calumniators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

Burke's Tribute to His Son.

The Duke of Bedford having assailed Burke in the House of Lords on the ground of his having accepted a pension, Burke replied in a public "Letter to a Noble Lord," in which he nobly defended his conduct, and contrasted the insignificant grant to himself with the riches conferred on the Duke's ancestors by Henry VIII. and others. He then refers pathetically to the death of his only son, Richard.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been—according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in—a sort of founder of a family. I should have left a son who—in all points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment—would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. *He* would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have repurchased the bounty of the

Crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behooves us not at all to dispute, has ordered it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it.

But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But, even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending—and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity—those ill-conditioned neighbors of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery.

I am alone! I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain and poverty and disease. It is an instinct: and, under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed for me: I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent,

WILLIAM COWPER.

COWPER'S poetry marks the return from the artificialism of the early eighteenth century to a natural style of thought and expression. He continues the description of nature introduced by Thomson, and joins with it the spirit of humanity which pervaded Europe in the era before the French Revolution. Throughout his writings there is an earnest religious tone, and in general a sober cheerfulness which becomes pathetic when his personal history is examined. Not until he was nearly fifty years of age did he write poetry, and then as one of the devices to combat a tendency to insanity, to which he had twice succumbed.

William Cowper was born in 1731, the son of a clergyman, and educated at Westminster School, where, though he formed friendships with some boys who became distinguished men, his sensitive nature suffered injury. He studied law in London, and formed a deep attachment for his cousin, Theodora, but her father opposed the match. When Cowper was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Lords, he became insane in 1763. On his recovery, two years later, he went to live with the Unwin family at Huntingdon, and afterwards at Olney. Here, in 1773, he had a second attack of melancholia, which lasted sixteen months. His friendship with Rev. John Newton, the Evangelical curate of Olney, led to his contributing to the "Olney Hymns" (1779). A year later he began to write poetry as a regular occupation, taking at first

didactic and mildly satirical subjects. But later, under the judicious prompting of the fascinating Lady Austen, he wrote "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," and his longest poem, "The Task," in which he describes his daily life, the surrounding scenery, and his thoughts on a variety of topics. Afterwards, feeling that Pope's translation had not done justice to Homer, Cowper translated the Iliad and Odyssey into blank verse, which he regarded as the proper epic metre in English, but he failed to reproduce the majesty of the original. When his friend, Mrs. Unwin, was paralyzed in 1791, his dejection returned, and he believed himself an outcast from God. After some years of mental misery, he died in 1800.

Cowper's longer poems, undertaken as an amusing occupation for himself, were yet written with a desire to instruct and benefit his readers; and this purpose is often so fully manifested as to injure their literary merit. His shorter pieces are free from this moralizing, and are more entertaining. His letters are among the best examples of their kind in English —cheerful and natural.

The Gipsies.

(From "The Task," Book I.)

I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel; flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange! that a creature rational, and cast

In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature, and, though capable of arts
By which the world might profit and himself,
Self-banished from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honorable toil!
Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft,
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers, and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world!
And breathing wholesome air and wandering much,
Need other physic none to heal the effects
Of loathsome diet, penury and cold.

The Stricken Deer.

(From "The Task," Book III.)

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had Himself
Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
And never won. Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,

And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams,—empty dreams.

To Mary.

This is addressed to Mrs. Unwin, in whose family Cowper had lived from the time of his first attack of insanity.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfill
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

John Gilpin's Ride.

(From "The Diverting History of John Gilpin.")

Now see him mounted once again upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones, with caution and good heed;
But finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot, which galled him in his seat.

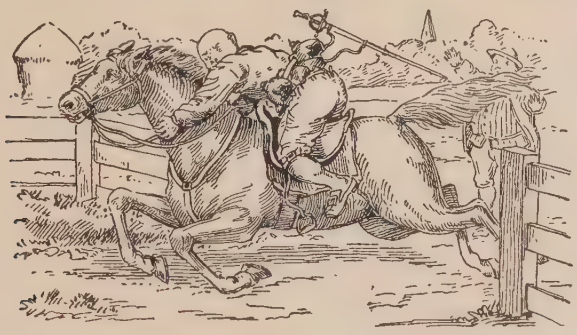
So, fair and softly, John he cried, but John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and reign;
So, stooping down, as needs he must who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands, and eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught; away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out, of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.
Then might all people well discern the bottles he had slung,—
A bottle swinging at each side, as hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, Well done! as loud as he he could bawl.
Away went Gilpin—who but he? his fame soon spread around,
He carries weight! he rides a race! 'tis for a thousand pound!



And still, as fast as he drew near, 'twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men their gates wide open threw.
And now, as he went bowing down his reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke, as they had basted been.
But still he seemed to carry weight, with leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington these gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash of Edmonton so gay:
And there he threw the wash about on both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop, or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife from the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did ride.
Stop! stop, John Gilpin!—here's the house!—they all at once
did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired: said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there:
For why?—his owner had a house full ten miles off at Ware.
Away went Gilpin, out of breath and sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's his horse at last stood still.

On the Loss of the Royal George.

Toll for the brave!—the brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave, fast by their native shore!
Eight hundred of the brave, whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel, and laid her on her side.
A land breeze shook the shrouds, and she was overset;
Down went the Royal George, with all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave! Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought,—his work of glory done.
It was not in the battle; no tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak; she ran upon no rock;
His sword was in its sheath; his fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down with twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up, once dreaded by our foes;
And mingle with our cup the tears that England owes.
Her timbers yet are sound, and she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder, and plough the distant main.
But Kempenfelt is gone, his victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred shall plough the wave no more.

England.

(From "The Task," Book II.)

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime

Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.

The Castaway.

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I
Washed headlong from on board;
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went;
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford,
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow.

But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea.
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried "Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perish each alone:
But I, beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To measure rightly the quality and force of Scott's genius the contrast must be noted between English literature as he found it and as he left it. The poetry of the eighteenth century had petrified into elaborate structures which interested experts, but rarely stirred the emotions of common people. Its fiction consisted of licentious tales of adventure, and sensational extravaganzas, with occasional philosophical treatises in dialogue. When Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared in 1805, its enthusiastic reception more than justified his surmise, after some minor experiments, that "the attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed." The revolution he thus helped to lead in poetry was carried into the realm of fiction with a success all his own. The historical romance which has flourished right through the century owes its popularity, if not its parentage, to Scott. These two achievements entitle Scott to the boundless praise of the English race, which at times seems to verge on excess, but for the deliberate judgments of impartial foreign critics, such as Goethe, who said of the novels, "All is great; material, effect, characters, execution," and Taine, who, after enumerating Scott's defects, substantially echoes the verdict of the brilliant German.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, the year in which Gray, the poet, and Smollett, the novelist, died. He was always proud of his descent from the wild Border clan whose marauding exploits are lovingly touched upon in his

works. His education was left largely to himself because of his delicate constitution and lameness, which yet never prevented his engaging in out-door sports with zest. His romantic instinct led him to read all the old ballads and gather up the folk-lore so abundant in the Lowlands. At twelve he knew Percy's "Reliques," which were a powerful inspiration. His career at the university was not brilliant. His reading was deeper in French and Italian romances than in the law, to which he was apprenticed. In his eighteenth year he heard a lecture by Mackenzie ("The Man of Feeling") on German literature, which sent him to the study of its romances. His reading translations of ghostly German ballads, and "Monk" Lewis's imitations, stirred Scott to publish his own translations from Bürger in 1796, and Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1799. He was now in comfortable circumstances, married, and as sheriff-substitute enjoyed an income of £300 with easy duties.

In 1802–3 Scott issued his collection of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," old ballads and new ones by himself on old themes, enriched with notes that show what immense stores of historical and antiquarian information he had gathered. These volumes were a great success. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" marked an epoch in his career. It appeared in 1805. No poem had sold so widely or sunk so deeply in the popular heart. Milton received ten pounds for "Paradise Lost," and Dr. Johnson only fifteen guineas for his "Vanity of Human Wishes," whereas Scott is said to have realized £751 for this. The Countess of Dalkeith had asked Scott to write a poem about Gilpin Horner, the goblin page. This attempt was indeed a failure in respect of the intended hero, but the conception and portrayal of the picturesque minstrel and the Duchess, his patron, made the fortune of the poem.

Scott now decided to wield the pen and give up practice at the bar. This involved no sacrifice, but the reverse, as he was fortunate in securing a second clerkship, the two offices ultimately yielding him £1600 a year. This, in addition to his income from his publications, made him a fairly rich man, but he was not content. In 1805 he lent a small capital to a school-fellow, James Ballantyne, to set him

up as a printer. Scott not only gave his friend his own books to print, but influenced considerable legal and other work. When prosperity was sure Scott entered into a partnership, the firm-name thenceforth being Ballantyne & Co. Four years afterwards he set up the firm of John Ballantyne & Co. as publishers and booksellers. The result of this association was disaster. Scott had been paid one thousand guineas for "Marmion" in 1808. This meant large profits for the publisher. The new house brought out "The Lady of the Lake" as their first book. Its popularity was greater than that of the earlier poems, but it was beginning to turn. Besides his other productions in verse he had edited the works of Dryden (1808) and Swift (1814), the latter in nineteen volumes, and other miscellaneous work. Meanwhile the publishing venture was in trouble. Scott had, in 1812, realized his dream of establishing a country seat by buying or making Abbotsford. His tastes were costly in all directions, the Ballantynes kept pace, until Scott was forced to remind them that he was not their milch-cow. His former publisher Constable came to the rescue in the next year and the bookselling business was wound up as an alternative to bankruptcy.

Although Scott published some poems after 1813, it is that year which marks the decline of his popularity as a poet. Byron had come upon the scene, and the glitter of his genius was in sharp contrast to the plainer charm of the Scottish minstrel. This very simplicity had won the enthusiasm for Scott's poems which has never since been manifested for any poet in the same degree. So deeply intense was the popular liking for "Marmion" that people overheard each other repeating its verses as they walked along the streets. He chose subjects dear to the popular mind, scenes of chivalry, life in the olden time; in his baronial halls fine pageants move and quaint characters throng the court and camp. With these accessories and a strong romantic story he constructed those famous earlier poems mentioned. They have been criticised as novelettes in rhyme, and the rhythm of his eight-syllable verse has come to be monotonous to our finer ear, but it will be long before the beauty of his descriptions, the sustained swing of narrative, the clarion note of impassioned feeling,

and the sweetness of his lyrics cease to delight lovers of the truly sublime in unpretentious but spirit-thrilling poetry.

At this critical juncture Scott took up a manuscript he had begun eight years before, and finished it off hand. This was "Waverley," which appeared anonymously in 1814. From then until his last novels, "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," came out in 1831, Scott had produced twenty-seven novels, twenty of which are historical, demanding a marvelous grasp of miscellaneous knowledge in the writer, equalled by a command of picturesque style. They range over centuries from the eleventh to the eighteenth. Their characters are so numerous, varied, and clearly delineated as to rank next to those of Shakespeare. Other great novelists may excel in subtler analysis and other arts of portrayal or minute description, but they mostly write of their own land and generation while Scott traverses the earth and is as much at home with the Crusaders and Elizabethans as Dickens and Thackeray were in London. Scott, in his most proper pride in the possession of this gift, which he had so highly cultivated, did not hesitate to write, in the guise of a review of his own books, a spirited defence of his art against critics who had charged too free tampering with history. He wrote, "If the features of an age gone by can be recalled in a spirit of delineation at once faithful and striking . . . the author, leaving the light and frivolous associates with whom a careless observer would be disposed to ally him, takes his seat on the bench of the historians of his time and country. . . . The volume which this author has studied is the great book of nature. . . . The characters of Shakespeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author."

This reference to the anonymity of the author indicates his strong desire that it should be maintained. The reason why is variously explained; the truth probably is that Scott counted on the possibility of "Waverley" being a failure, which would have been a greater burden than he could have borne, added to the decline of the poems and the business troubles. The mystery was kept up, whether from cautiousness or love of frolic, though it was no secret in Edinburgh

and the literary world. His activity of mind and pen was and remains the greatest feat of his wizardry. In 1817 serious illness overtook him, but could not stop him, for when too racked with pain to sit and write he dictated as he paced his room. A year later he believed himself free of all the Ballantyne liabilities, and from then until 1825 basked in the sunshine of territorial lairdship and luxury to his heart's content. But he and his partners had all along made a practice of forestalling their incomes without any clearing up of accounts. The commercial panic of 1825 caught them meshed in inextricable complications and the richest, ablest, and most popular novelist of his generation found himself bankrupt at fifty-five, with liabilities of £117,000. His ailing wife died about the same time. He disdained to take advantage of the bankruptcy law, vowing to earn and repay every penny "with this right hand." He refused all offers of service except extension of time, and set himself to his heroic task. Within three years he had written several novels, the "Life of Napoleon," equalling thirteen volumes of novels, the "Tales of a Grandfather," "History of Scotland," and an immense pile of miscellaneous matter, earning £40,000 in two years. It could not last. The release came on September 21, 1832. Though he had the happy delusion some time before his death that he had cleared the debt of honor, it was not so until several years later, and then Abbotsford came into the possession of his heirs. His ambition to found a family was not fulfilled.

Scott's dominant characteristic was shown in three conspicuous turning-points in his career, and this was his manly pride, devoid of all meanness. Pride counselled secrecy in the partnership of a rich legal official and popular poet with a working printer, pride was at the bottom of the "Waverley" mystery, and pride of the largest kind forbade his acceptance of the ignominy which his as well as his partner's recklessness had brought upon him. This nobler pride was the inspiration that nerved his weakened brain and hand to the last forlorn hope. He had the defect of this quality, which appeared in his sycophantic championship of the worthless king who dowered the laureate of feudalism with his baronetcy. Scott

was in truth a typical man of the world, covetous of its glories, satisfied with its superficialities, and yet easily duped by its pretences, but he was "a man, for a' that." He was generous of heart, kind to the humble, meaning well to all. His influence, too vast to estimate, has, like himself, its noble and its regretable sides. His poems and novels inspire to patriotism, chivalrous sentiments, good fellowship and manliness. His glowing pictures of the past, while giving a grand impetus to the study of history and art, are also responsible for a share of the long-surviving craze for medievalism, ecclesiastical and artistic, which too often has the semblance without the inner spirit and meaning of its original.

ABBOTSFORD.

CALEDONIA.

(From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel.")

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.
  O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
  To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
  And Douglas gave a guide:

The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not a peer
To any lord of Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clenchéd hand,
And shouts of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers,
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace.
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
St. Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.—
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."—
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu.

(From "The Lady of the Lake.")

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain air;
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenchéd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished, and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
And up he sprang, with sword in hand:—
"Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!"—
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"—
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire;
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."—
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—
"I dare! To him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."—
"Bold words! but though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked where, how, or when

The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts: yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!"
"They do! By Heaven! Come Roderick Dhu
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest!"—
"If by the light I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens thou may'st know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe!"—
"Enough, enough! Sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."
He gave him of his Highland cheer
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
He tended him like a welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, hand to hand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But not for clan nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a weary man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day,
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—

"Well, rest thee ; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."—
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

The Storming of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle.

(From "Ivanhoe.")

The noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy, yet hasty, step of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks ; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—"The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it," said Wilfred, impatiently; "This dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the instant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion; at least cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this

species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion protect us!—What a dreadful

sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "St. George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "*En avant, De Bracy! Beauseant! Beauseant! Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed, —by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their long cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at

their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles on both sides was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will the followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades, they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers —they rush on—they are thrust back!—Front-de Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press.—They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth and almost immediately exclaimed—"Holy Prophets of the Law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand in the breach amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with those who strike for the cause of the oppressed and the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed—"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other. . . Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe, "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push them away?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight. "Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down upon the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows; they rush in—the outwork is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men, if indeed ye be men—spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed. Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle; the shrieks and the cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "Look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such

derring-do!—a fetterlock, and a shacklebolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—Seest thou naught else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors.—He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of blood-shed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat.—Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprize; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas," said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health.—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned—Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire of Moloch?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

The Betrothal of Lucy Ashton.

(From "The Bride of Lammermoor.")

The meditations of Ravenswood were of a very mixed complexion. He saw himself at once in the very dilemma which he had for some time felt apprehensive he might be placed in. The pleasure he felt in Lucy's company had indeed approached to fascination, yet it had never altogether surmounted his internal reluctance to wed with the daughter of his father's foe; and even in forgiving Sir William Ashton the injuries which his family had received, and giving him credit for the kind intentions he professed to entertain, he could not bring himself to contemplate as possible an alliance betwixt their houses. Still he felt that Alice spoke truth, and that his honor now required he should take an instant leave of Ravenswood Castle, or become a suitor of Lucy Ashton. The possibility of being rejected, too, should he make advances to her wealthy and powerful father—to sue for the hand of an Ashton and be refused—this were a consummation too disgraceful. "I wish her well," he said to himself; "and for her sake I forgive the injuries her father has done to my house; but I will never—no, never—see her more!"

With one bitter pang he adopted this resolution, just as he came to where two paths parted; the one to the Mermaiden's Fountain, where he knew Lucy waited him; the other leading to the castle by another and more circuitous road. He paused an instant when about to take the latter path, thinking what apology he should make for conduct

which must seem extraordinary, and had just muttered to himself, "Sudden news from Edinburgh—any pretext will serve, only let me dally no longer here," when young Henry came flying up to him, half out of breath: "Master, Master, you must give Lucy your arm back to the castle, for I cannot give her mine; for Norman is waiting for me, and I am to go with him to make his ring-walk, and I would not stay away for a gold Jacobus, and Lucy is afraid to walk home alone, though all the wild nowt [cattle] have been shot, and so you must come away directly."

Betwixt two scales equally loaded a feather's weight will turn the scale. "It is impossible for me to leave the young lady in the wood alone," said Ravenswood; "to see her once more can be of little consequence, after the frequent meetings we have had; I ought, too, in courtesy, to apprise her of my intention to quit the castle."

And having thus satisfied himself that he was taking not only a wise, but an absolutely necessary step, he took the path to the fatal fountain. Henry no sooner saw him on the way to join his sister, than he was off like lightning in another direction, to enjoy the society of the foresters in their congenial pursuits. Ravenswood, not allowing himself to give a second thought to the propriety of his own conduct, walked with a quick step towards the stream, where he found Lucy seated alone by the ruin.

She sat upon one of the disjointed stones of the ancient fountain, and seemed to watch the progress of its current, as it bubbled forth to daylight, in gay and sparkling profusion, from under the shadow of the ribbed and darksome vault, with which veneration, or perhaps remorse, had canopied its source. To a superstitious eye, Lucy Ashton, folded in her plaiden mantle, with her long hair escaping partly from the snood, and falling upon her silver neck, might have suggested the idea of the murdered Nymph of the Fountain. But Ravenswood only saw a female exquisitely beautiful, and rendered yet more so in his eyes—how could it be otherwise—by the consciousness that she had placed her affections on him. As he gazed on her, he felt his fixed resolution melting like wax in the sun, and hastened, therefore, from his conceal-

ment in the neighboring thicket. She saluted him, but did not arise from the stone on which she was seated.

"My mad-cap brother," she said, "has left me, but I expect him back in a few minutes, for, fortunately, as anything pleases him for a minute, nothing has charms for him much longer."

Ravenswood did not feel the power of informing Lucy that her brother meditated a distant excursion, and would not return in haste. He sat himself down on the grass, at some little distance from Miss Ashton, and both were silent for a short space.

"I like this spot," said Lucy at length, as if she had found the silence embarrassing; "the bubbling murmur of the clear fountain, the waving of the trees, the profusion of grass and wild flowers, that rise among the ruins, make it like a scene in romance. I think, too, I have heard it is a spot connected with the legendary lore which I love so well."

"It has been thought," answered Ravenswood, "a fatal spot to my family, and I have some reason to term it so, for it was here I first saw Miss Ashton—and it is here I must take my leave of her forever."

The blood, which the first part of this speech called into Lucy's cheeks, was speedily expelled by its conclusion.

"To take leave of us, Master!" she exclaimed; "what can have happened to hurry you away? I know Alice hates—I mean dislikes—my father; and I hardly understood her humor to-day, it was so mysterious. But I am certain my father is sincerely grateful for the high service you rendered us. Let me hope that having won your friendship hardly, we shall not lose it lightly."

"Lose it, Miss Ashton?" said the Master of Ravenswood. "No, wherever my fortune calls me; whatever she inflicts upon me—it is your friend, your sincere friend, who acts or suffers. But there is a fate on me, and I must go, or I shall add the ruin of others to my own."

"Yet do not go from us, Master," said Lucy; and she laid her hand, in all simplicity and kindness, upon the skirt of his cloak, as if to detain him—"You shall not part from us. My father is powerful, he has friends that are more so

COPYRIGHT, 1900

A. VELY, PINX

LUCY OF LAMMERMOOR

than himself; do not go till you see what his gratitude will do for you. Believe me, he is already laboring in your behalf with the Council."

"It may be so," said the Master, proudly; "yet it is not to your father, Miss Ashton, but to my own exertions that I ought to owe success in the career on which I am about to enter. My preparations are already made: a sword and a cloak, and a bold heart and a determined hand."

Lucy covered her face with her hands, and the tears, in spite of her, forced their way between her fingers. "Forgive me," said Ravenswood, taking her right hand, which, after slight resistance, she yielded to him, still continuing to shade her face with the left—"I am too rude—too rough—too intractable to deal with any being so soft and gentle as you are. Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your path of life—and let me pursue mine, sure that I can meet with no worse misfortune after the moment it divides me from your side."

Lucy wept on, but her tears were less bitter. Each attempt which the Master made to explain his purpose of departure, only proved a new evidence of his desire to stay; until, at length, instead of bidding her farewell, he gave his faith to her forever, and received her troth in return. The whole passed so suddenly, and arose so much out of the immediate impulse of the moment, that ere the Master of Ravenswood could reflect upon the consequences of the step which he had taken, their lips, as well as their hands, had pledged the sincerity of their affection.

"And now," he said, after a moment's consideration, "it is fit I should speak to Sir William Ashton; he must know of our engagement. Ravenswood must not seem to dwell under his roof, to solicit clandestinely the affections of his daughter."

"You would not speak to my father on the subject?" said Lucy, doubtingly; and then added more warmly: "O do not —do not! Let your lot in life be determined—your station and purpose ascertained, before you address my father; I am sure he loves you—I think he will consent—but then my mother!"

She paused, ashamed to express the doubt she felt how far her father dared to form any positive resolution on this most important subject without the consent of his lady.

"Your mother, my Lucy?" replied Ravenswood, "she is of the house of Douglas, a house that has intermarried with mine, even when its glory and power were at the highest; what could your mother object to my alliance?"

"I did not say object," said Lucy; "but she is jealous of her rights, and may claim a mother's title to be consulted in the first instance.

"Be it so," replied Ravenswood; "London is distant, but a letter will reach it and receive an answer within a fortnight; I will not press on the Lord Keeper for an instant reply to my proposal."

"But," hesitated Lucy, "were it not better to wait—to wait a few weeks? Were my mother to see you—to know you, I am sure she would approve; but you are unacquainted personally, and the ancient feud between the families"—

Ravenswood fixed upon her his keen dark eyes, as if he was desirous of penetrating into her very soul.

"Lucy," he said, "I have sacrificed to you projects of vengeance long nursed, and sworn to with ceremonies little better than heathen; I sacrificed them to your image, ere I knew the worth which it represented. In the evening which succeeded my poor father's funeral, I cut a lock from my hair, and, as it consumed in the fire, I swore that my rage and revenge should pursue his enemies until they shrivelled before me like that scorched-up symbol of annihilation."

"It was a deadly sin," said Lucy, turning pale, "to make a vow so fatal."

"I acknowledge it," said Ravenswood, "and it had been a worse crime to keep it. It was for your sake that I abjured these purposes of vengeance, though I scarce knew that such was the argument by which I was conquered, until I saw you once more, and became conscious of the influence you possessed over me."

"And why do you now," said Lucy, "recall sentiments so terrible,—sentiments so inconsistent with those you profess

for me—with those your importunity has prevailed on me to acknowledge?"

"Because," said her lover, I would impress on you the price at which I have bought your love—the right I have to expect your constancy. I say not that I have bartered for it the honor of my house—its last remaining possession. But though I say it not, and think it not, I cannot conceal from myself that the world may do both."

"If such are your sentiments," said Lucy, "you have played a cruel game with me. But it is not too late to give it over. Take back the faith and troth which you could not plight to me without suffering abatement of honor. Let what has passed be as if it had not been. Forget me—I will endeavor to forget myself."

"You do me injustice," said the Master of Ravenswood; "by all I hold true aud honorable, you do me the extremity of injustice. If I mentioned the price at which I have bought your love, it is only to show how much I prize it, to bind our engagement by a still firmer tie, and to show, by what I have done to attain this station in your regard, how much I must suffer should you ever break your faith"

"And why, Ravenswood," answered Lucy, "should you think that possible? Why should you urge me with even the mention of infidelity? Is it because I ask you to delay applying to my father for a little space of time? Bind me by what vows you please; if vows are unnecessary to secure constancy, they may yet prevent suspicion."

Ravenswood pleaded, apologized, and even kneeled to appease her displeasure; and Lucy, as placable as she was single-hearted, readily forgave the offence which his doubts had implied. The dispute thus agitated, however, ended by the lovers going through an emblematic ceremony of their troth-plight, of which the vulgar still possess some traces. They broke betwixt them the thin broad-piece of gold which Alice had refused to receive from Ravenswood.

"And never shall this leave my bosom," said Lucy, as she hung the piece of gold round her neck, and concealed it with her handkerchief, "until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to

resign it to you; and, while I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge another love than yours."

With like protestations, Ravenswood placed his portion of the coin opposite to his heart.

Queen Elizabeth and Amy Robsart.

(From "Kenilworth.")

It chanced upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train, who appeared from her chamber in full array for the chase, was the princess, for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the Castleyard.

To this new scene of pleasure they walked, the earl's arm affording his sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by, did not conceive their duty to the queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the queen and the earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting suits, almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient Amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary

female weeds. Leicester's hunting-suit of Lincoln-green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle-horn, and a wood-knife instead of a sword, became its master, as did his other vestments of court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion, that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver, that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek: and still farther, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the meanwhile neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base-court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view, or, to speak more

justly towards him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The queen—an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents—"No, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her sovereign.—No, Leicester, urge it no more—Were I as others, free to seek my own happiness—then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be.—Delay the chase—delay it for half-an-hour—and leave me, my lord."

"How, leave you, madam!" said Leicester,—"Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the queen hastily; "it is but madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence—and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself—"Were it possible—were it *but* possible!—but no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless, and yet but too successful, rival lay concealed.

The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments, called rocking-stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of

Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace towards the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the queen became aware, that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain, which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad, whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her sex, and her awe for the stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands, perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many maskers and revellers were assembled; so that the queen's doubt of her being a living form was well justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed

upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness,—"How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear?—We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate countess dropped on her knee before the queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said; "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel—what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the queen; "but your distress seems to have deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos

which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth, impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested her feelings, "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are WE accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request—I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate countess,—"I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the queen.

"What, Varney,—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester!—What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I—I—was his prisoner—and he practised on my life—and I broke forth to—to——"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it—that is if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost.—Thou art," she said, bending on the countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul,—"Thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?"

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches.—Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father—thy look confesses it—cheated Master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it—and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the queen eagerly, with, "No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy, woman!—I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her, —"tell me, woman—for by God's day, I WILL know—whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy.—Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice, which she saw but could not avoid,—permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment—"The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated, with kindling anger,—"Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord and the truest-hearted gentleman in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant queen.

Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her majesty when the hunting party should go forward, and their astonishment may be imagined, when instead of seeing Elizabeth advance towards them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her, walking so rapidly, that she was in

the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosed by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half dead, yet still lovely female, whom the queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed towards her, under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill.—"Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around—"Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smouldering chasm, which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half-uttered, half-intimated congratulations of the courtiers, upon the favor of the queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur, that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead features, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet-call, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment-seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As at the blast of that last trumpet the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to

burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou has practiced on me—on me thy sovereign—on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises—by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think—defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man!—My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester?—Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient,"

"Patient—God's life!" exclaimed the queen, "name not the word to me—thou know'st not what of he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own

wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless —no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the queen, "didst not thou, thyself, say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest; "Oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath—and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire—shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandoned her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my liege, pardon!—or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her, and was about to fly towards Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had re-assumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle—to deal with her as the worst of criminals—"But spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the queen, moved by a new impulse; "What hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the queen.—"My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by

compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the queen briefly answered, "Ladies, under favor, no,—You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues—our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest.—Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her."

"By Our Lady!" said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, "she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own lady-birds of daughters."

So saying, he carried her off, unresistingly and almost unconsciously; his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light-brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The queen followed him with her eye—she had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a sovereign's accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who have witnessed it. "My Lord of Hunsdon says well," she observed, "he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe."

Rob Roy in the Tolbooth at Glasgow.

(From "Rob Roy." Chapter XXIII.)

The magistrate [Bailie Nicol Jarvie] took the light out of the servant-maid's hand, and advanced to his scrutiny, like Diogenes in the street of Athens, lantern in hand, and probably with as little expectation as that of the cynic, that he was likely to encounter any special treasure in the course of his researches. The first whom he approached was my mysterious guide, who, seated on a table with his eyes firmly fixed on the wall, his features arranged into the utmost inflexibility of expression, his hands folded on his breast with an air betwixt carelessness and defiance, his heel patting against the foot of the table, to keep time with the tune which he continued to whistle, submitted to Mr. Jarvie's investigation with an air of absolute confidence and assurance which, for a mo-

ment, placed at fault the memory and sagacity of the acute investigator.

"Ah!—Eh!—Oh!" exclaimed the Bailie. "My conscience!—it's impossible!—and yet—no!—Conscience!—it canna be!—and yet again—Deil hae me, that I suld say sae!—Ye robber—ye cateran—ye born deevil that ye are, to a' bad ends and nae gude ane!—can this be you?"

"E'en as ye see, Bailie," was the laconic answer.

"Conscience! if I am na clean bumbaized—*you*, ye cheat-the-wuddy rogue—*you* here on your venture in the tolbooth o' Glasgow?—What d'ye think's the value o' your head?"

"Umph!—why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, it might weigh down one provost's, four bailies', a town-clerk's, six deacons', besides stent-masters'——"

"Ah, ye reiving villain!" interrupted Mr. Jarvie. "But tell ower your sins, and prepare ye, for if I say the word——"

"True, Bailie," said he who was thus addressed, folding his hands behind him with the utmost *nonchalance*, "but ye will never say that word."

"And why suld I not, sir?" exclaimed the magistrate—"Why suld I not? Answer me that—why suld I not?"

"For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvie.—First, for auld langsyne; second, for the sake of the auld wife ayont the fire at Stuckavrallachan, that made some mixture of our bluids, to my own proper shame be it spoken! that has a cousin wi' accounts, and yarn winnles, and looms and shuttles, like a mere mechanical person; and lastly, Bailie, because if I saw a sign o' your betraying me, I would plaster that wa' with your harns [brains] ere the hand of man could rescue you!"

"Ye're a bauld desperate villain, sir," retorted the undaunted Bailie; "and ye ken that I ken ye to be sae, and that I wadna stand a moment for my ain risk."

"I ken weel," said the other, "ye hae gentle bluid in your veins, and I wad be laith to hurt my ain kinsman. But I'll gang out here as free as I came in, or the very wa's o' Glasgow tolbooth shall tell o't these ten years to come."

"Weel, weel," said Mr. Jarvie, "bluid's thicker than water; and it liesna [lies not] in kith, kin, and ally to see

motes in ilka other's een [eyes] if other een see them no. It wad be sair [sore] news to the auld wife below the Ben of Stuckavrallachan, that you, ye Hieland limmer [rascal], had knockit out my harns, or that I had kilted you up in a tow. But ye'll own, ye dour deevil, that were it no your very sell [self], I wad hae grippit the best man in the Hielands."

"Ye wad hae tried, cousin," answered my guide, "that I wot weel; but I doubt ye wad hae come aff wi' the short measure; for we gang-there-out Hieland bodies are an unchancy [unreliable] generation when you speak to us o' bondage. We downa bide the coercion of gude braid-claith about our hinderlans, let-a-be breeks o' free-stone, and garters o' iron."

"Ye'll find the stane breeks and the airn garters—ay, and the hemp cravat, for a' that, neighbor," replied the Bailie. "Nae man in a civilized country ever played the pliskies [tricks] ye hae done—but e'en pickle in your ain pock-neuk—I hae gi'en ye warning."

"Well, cousin," said the other, "ye'll wear black at my burial."

"Deil a black cloak will be there, Robin, but the corbies [ravens] and the hoodie-craws, I'se gie ye my hand on that. But whar's the gude thousand pund Scots that I lent ye, man, and when am I to see it again?"

"Where it is," replied my guide, after the affectation of considering for a moment, "I cannot justly tell—probably where last year's snaw is."

"And that's on the tap of Schehallion, ye Hieland dog," said Mr. Jarvie; "and I look for payment frae you where ye stand."

"Ay," replied the Highlander, "but I keep neither snaw nor dollars in my sporran [purse]. And as to when you'll see it—why, just when the king enjoys his ain again, as the auld sang says."

"Warst of a', Robin," retorted the Glaswegian—"I mean, ye disloyal traitor—Warst of a'!—Wad ye bring popery in on us, and arbitrary power, and a foist and a warming-pan, and the set forms, and the curates, and the auld enormities o' surplices and cerements? Ye had better stick to your auld trade

o' theft-boot, black-mail, spreaghs and gillravaging [plunder] —better stealing nowte [cattle] than ruining nations."

"Hout, man—whisht wi' your whiggery," answered the Celt; "we hae ken'd ane anither mony a lang day. I'se take care your counting-room is no cleaned out when the Gillon-a-naille come to redd up the Glasgow buiths, and clear them o' their auld shop-wares. And, unless it just fa' in the preceese way o' your duty, ye maunna see me oftener, Nicol, than I am disposed to be seen."

"Ye are a dauring villain, Rob," answered the Bailie; "and ye will be hanged, that will be seen and heard tell o'; but I'se ne'er be the ill bird and foul my nest, set apart strong necessity and the skreigh of duty, which no man should hear and be inobedient. And what the deevil's this?" he continued, turning to me—"Some gillravager that ye hae listed, I daur say. He looks as if he had a bauld heart to the highway, and a lang craig [neck] for the gibbet."

"This, good Mr. Jarvie," said Owen, who, like myself, had been struck dumb during this strange recognition, and no less strange dialogue, which took place betwixt these extraordinary kinsmen—"This, good Mr. Jarvie, is young Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, only child of the head of our house, who should have been taken into our firm at the time Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone, his cousin, had the luck to be taken into it"—(Owen could not suppress a groan)—"But howsoever—"

"Oh, I have heard of that smaik," said the Scotch merchant interrupting him; "it is he whom your principal, like an obstinate auld fule, wad make a merchant o', wad he or wad he no,—and the lad turned a strolling stage-player, in pure dislike to the labor an honest man should live by. Weel, sir, what say you to your handiwark? Will Hamlet the Dane, or Hamlet's ghost, be good security for Mr. Owen, sir?"

"I don't deserve your taunt," I replied, "though I respect your motive, and am too grateful for the assistance you have afforded Mr. Owen, to resent it. My only business here was to do what I could (it is perhaps very little) to aid Mr. Owen in the management of my father's affairs. My dislike of the commercial profession is a feeling of which I am the best and sole judge."

"I protest," said the Highlander, "I had some respect for this callant [lad] even before I ken'd what was in him; but now I honor him for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and sic like mechanical persons and their pursuits."

"Ye're mad, Rob," said the Bailie—"mad as a March hare—though wherefore a hare sude [should] be mad at March mair than at Martinmas, is mair than I can weel say. Weavers! Deil shake ye out o' the web the weaver craft made. Spinners! ye'll spin and wind yoursell a bonny pirn [bobbin]. And this young birkie [gallant] here, that ye're hooing and hounding on the shortest road to the gallows and the deevil, will his stage-plays and his poetries help him here, d'ye think, ony mair than your deep oaths and drawn dirks, ye reprobate that ye are?—Will *Tityre tu patulæ*,* as they ca' it, tell him where Rashleigh Osbaldistone is? or Macbeth, and all his kernes and galla-glasses [fighting men], and your awn to boot, Rob, procure him five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due ten days hence, were they a' rouped [sold by auction] at the Cross,—basket-hilts, Andra-Ferraras, leather targets, brogues, brochan, and sporrans?"

"Ten days," I answered, and instinctively drew out Diana Vernon's packet; and the time being elapsed during which I was to keep the seal sacred, I hastily broke it open. A sealed letter fell from a blank enclosure, owing to the trepidation with which I opened the parcel. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr. Jarvie's feet, who lifted it, examined the address with unceremonious curiosity, and, to my astonishment, handed it to his Highland kinsman, saying, "Here's a wind has blown a letter to its right owner, though there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand."

The Highlander, having examined the address, broke the letter open without the least ceremony. I endeavored to interrupt his proceeding.

"You must satisfy me, sir," said I, "that the letter is intended for you before I can permit you to peruse it."

"Make yourself quite easy, Mr. Osbaldistone," replied the mountaineer with great composure;—"remember Justice

* The first words of Virgil's First Eclogue.

Inglewood, Clerk Jobson, Mr. Morris—above all, remember your vera humble servant, Robert Cawmil [Campbell], and the beautiful Diana Vernon. Remember all this, and doubt no longer that the letter is for me."

I remained astonished at my own stupidity.—Through the whole night, the voice, and even the features, of this man, though imperfectly seen, haunted me with recollections to which I could assign no exact local or personal associations. But now the light dawned on me at once; this man was Campbell himself. His whole peculiarities flashed on me at once,—the deep, strong voice—the inflexible, stern, yet considerate cast of features—the Scottish brogue, with its corresponding dialect and imagery, which, although he possessed the power at times of laying them aside, recurred at every moment of emotion, and gave pith to his sarcasm, or vehemence to his expostulation. Rather beneath the middle size than above it, his limbs were formed upon the very strongest model that is consistent with agility, while from the remarkable ease and freedom of his movements, you could not doubt his possessing the latter quality in a high degree of perfection. Two points in his person interfered with the rules of symmetry; his shoulders were so broad in proportion to his height, as, notwithstanding the lean and lathy appearance of his frame, gave him something the air of being too square in respect to his stature; and his arms, though round, sinewy, and strong, were so very long as to be rather a deformity. I afterwards heard that this length of arm was a circumstance on which he prided himself; that when he wore his native Highland garb, he could tie the garters of his hose without stooping; and that it gave him great advantage in the use of the broad-sword, at which he was very dexterous. But certainly this want of symmetry destroyed the claim he might otherwise have set up, to be accounted a very handsome man; it gave something wild, irregular, and, as it were, unearthly, to his appearance, and reminded me involuntarily of the tales which Mabel used to tell of the old Picts who ravaged Northumberland in ancient times, who, according to her tradition, were a sort of half-goblin, half-human beings, distinguished, like this man, for courage, cunning and ferocity. . . .

When, however, I recollected the circumstances in which we formerly met, I could not doubt that the billet was most probably designed for him. He had made a marked figure among those mysterious personages over whom Diana seemed to exercise an influence, and from whom she experienced an influence in her turn. It was painful to think that the fate of a being so amiable was involved in that of desperadoes of this man's description;—yet it seemed impossible to doubt it. Of what use, however, could this person be to my father's affairs? I could think only of one. Rashleigh Osbaldistone had, at the instigation of Miss Vernon, certainly found means to produce Mr. Campbell when his presence was necessary to exculpate me from Morris's accusation.—Was it not possible that her influence, in like manner, might prevail on Campbell to produce Rashleigh? Speaking on this supposition, I requested to know where my dangerous kinsman was, and when Mr. Campbell had seen him. The answer was indirect.

"It's a kittle [ticklish] cast she has gien me to play, but yet it's fair play, and I winna baulk her. Mr. Osbaldistone, I dwell not very far from hence—my kinsman can show you the way—leave Mr. Owen to do the best he can in Glasgow—do you come and see me in the glens, and it's like I may pleasure you, and stead [help] your father in his extremity. I am but a poor man; but wit's better than wealth—and, cousin" (turning from me to address Mr. Jarvie), "if ye daur venture sae muckle as to eat a dish of Scotch collops, and a leg o' red-deer venison wi' me, come ye wi' this Sassenach [Saxon] gentleman as far as Drymen or Bucklivie,—or the Clachan [inn] of Aberfoil will be better than ony o' them,—and I'll hae somebody waiting to weise [tell] ye the gate [way] to the place where I may be for the time—What say ye, man? There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

"Na, na, Robin," said the cautious burgher, "I seldom like to leave the Gorbals. I have nae freedom to gang among your wild hills, Robin, and your kilted red-shanks—it disna become my place, man."

"The devil damn your place and you baith!" reiterated Campbell. "The only drap o' gentle bluid that's in your body was our great-grand-uncle's that was justified at Dum-

barton, and you set yourself up to say ye wad derogate frae your place to visit me! Hark thee, man—I owe thee a day in harst [harvest]—I'll pay up your thousan pund Scots, plack and bawbee [penny and farthing], gin [if] ye'll be an honest fallow for anes, and just daiker [stroll] up the gate wi' this Sassenach."

"Hout awa' wi' your gentility," replied the Bailie; "carry your gentle bluid to the Cross, and see what ye'll buy wi't. But, if I *were* to come, wad ye really and soothfastly pay me the siller?"

"I swear to ye," said the Highlander, "upon the halidom [saintship] of him that sleeps beneath the gray stane at Inch-Cailleach."

"Say nae mair, Robin—say nae mair.—We'll see what may be dune. But ye maunna [must not] expect me to gang ower the Highland line—I'll gae beyond the line at no rate. Ye maun meet me about Bucklivie or the Clachan of Aberfoil,—and dinna forget the needful."

"Nae fear—nae fear," said Campbell; "I'll be as true as the steel blade that never failed its master. But I must be budging, cousin, for the air o' Glasgow tolbooth is no that ower salutary to a Highlander's constitution."

"Troth," replied the merchant, "and if my duty were to be dune, ye couldna change your atmosphere, as the minister ca's it, this ae wee while.—Ochon, that I sud ever be concerned in aiding and abetting an escape frae justice! it will be a shame and disgrace to me and mine, and my very father's memory forever."

"Hout tout, man! let that flee stick in the wa'," answered his kinsman; "when the dirt's dry it will rub out.—Your father, honest man, could look ower a friend's fault as weel as anither."

"Ye may be right, Robin," replied the Bailie, after a moment's reflection; "He was a considerate man the deacon; he ken'd we had a' our frailties, and he lo'ed his friends.—Ye'll no hae forgotten him, Robin?" This question he put in a softened tone, conveying as much at least of the ludicrous as the pathetic.

"Forgotten him!" replied his kinsman—"what suld ail

me to forget him?—a wapping weaver he was, and wrought my first pair o' hose.—But come awa', kinsman.

> Come fill up my cup, come fill up my cann,
> Come saddle my horses, and call up my man;
> Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
> I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee.

"Whisht, sir!" said the magistrate, in an authoritative tone—"lilting and singing sae near the latter end o' the Sabbath! This house may hear ye sing anither tune yet.—Aweel we hae a' backslidings to answer for.—Stanchells, open the door."

The jailer obeyed, and we all sallied forth. Stanchells looked with some surprise at the two strangers, wondering, doubtless, how they came into these premises without his knowledge; but Mr. Jarvie's "Friends o' mine, Stanchells—friends o' mine," silenced all disposition to inquiries. We now descended into the lower vestibule, and hallooed more than once for Dougal, to which summons no answer was returned; when Campbell observed with a sardonic smile, "That if Dougal was the lad he kent him, he would scarce wait to get thanks for his ain share of the night's wark, but was in all probability on the full trot to the pass of Ballamaha—"

"And left us—and, abune a', me mysell, locked up in the tolbooth a' night!" exclaimed the Bailie, in ire and perturbation. "Ca' for forehammers, sledge-hammers, pinchers, and coulters; send for Deacon Yettlin, the smith, an let him ken that Bailie Jarvie's shut up in the tolbooth by a Highland blackguard, whom he'll hang up as high as Haman——"

"When you catch him," said Campbell, gravely; "but stay—the door is surely not locked."

Indeed, on examination, we found that the door was not only left open, but that Dougal, in his retreat, had, by carrying off the keys along with him, taken care that no one should exercise his office of porter in a hurry.

"He has glimmerings o' common sense now, that creature Dougal," said Campbell;—"he ken'd an open door might hae served me at a pinch."

We were by this time in the street.

"I tell you, Robin," said the magistrate, "in my puir mind, if ye live the life ye do, ye suld hae ane o' your gillies door-keeper in every jail in Scotland, in case o' the warst."

"Ane o' my kinsmen a bailie in ilka burgh will just do as weel, cousin Nicol.—So, gude-night or gude-morning to ye; and forget not the Clachan of Aberfoil."

And without waiting for an answer, he sprung to the other side of the street, and was lost in darkness. Immediately on his disappearance we heard him give a low whistle of peculiar modulation, which was instantly replied to.

"Hear to the Hieland deevils," said Mr. Jarvie; "they think themselves on the skirts of Benlomond already, where they may gang whewing and whistling about without minding Sunday or Saturday." Here he was interrupted by something which fell with a heavy clash on the street before us—"Gude guide us! what's this mair o't?—Mattie, haud up the lantern—Conscience; if it isna the keys!—Weel, that's just as weel—they cost the burgh siller, and there might hae been some clavers [talk] about the loss o' them. O, an Bailie Grahame were to get word o' this night's job, it would be a sair hair in my neck!"

As we were still but a few steps from the tolbooth door, we carried back these implements of office, and consigned them to the head jailer, who, in lieu of the usual mode of making good his post by turning the keys, was keeping sentry in the vestibule till the arrival of some assistance, whom he had summoned in order to replace the Celtic fugitive Dougal.